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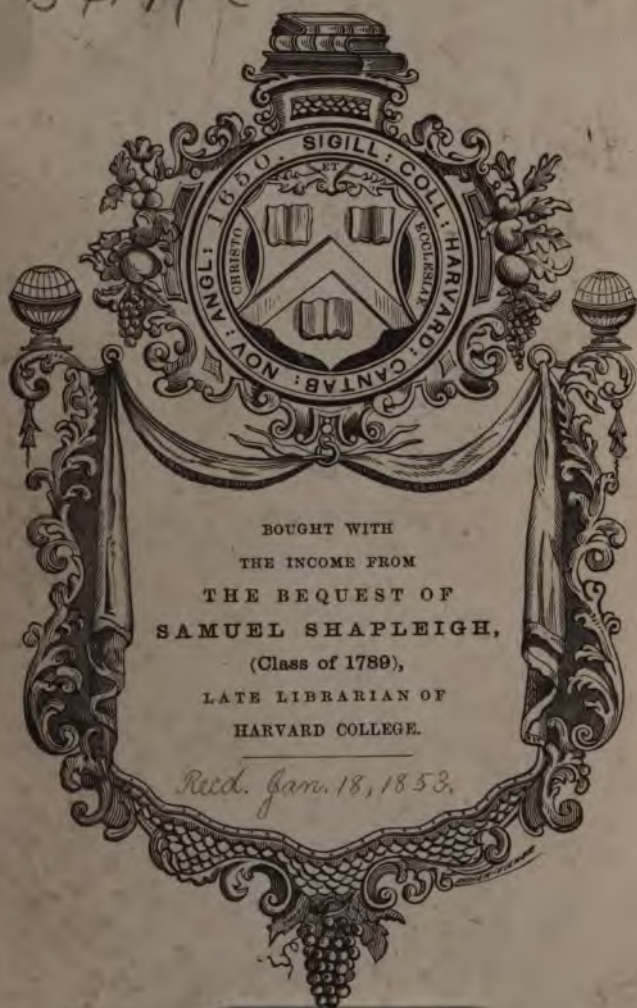
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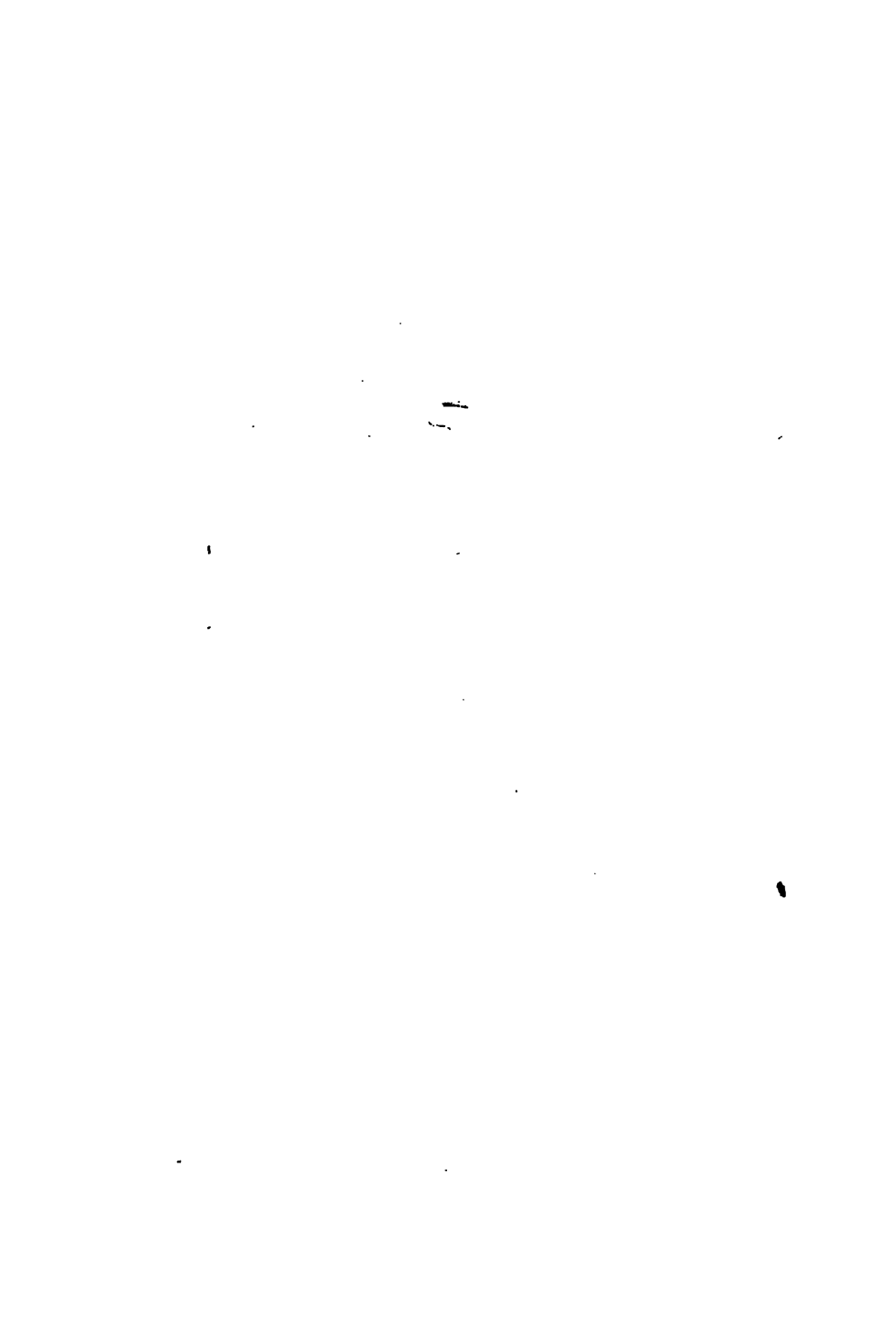
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W. A. GOODALL.

THE MINOR DRAMA:

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST POPULAR

PETITE COMEDIES, VAUDEVILLES, BURLETTAS,
FARCES, TRAVESTIES, ETC.,

WITH CRITICAL REMARKS.

*ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, CASTS OF
CHARACTERS, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.*

EACH DRAMA EMBELLISHED WITH AN ILLUSTRATIVE
ENGRAVING.

VOLUME V.

CONTAINING

COCKNIES IN CALIFORNIA,		WHO SPEAKS FIRST,
BOMBASTES FURIOSO, ✓		MACBETH TRAVESTIE,
THE IRISH AMBASSADOR, ✓		DELICATE GROUND,
THE WEATHERCOCK, ✓		ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD,

With a Portrait and Memoir of W. A. Goodall.

NEW-YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.,

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

11434. 14

with the sketch for the order
book read alone

A MEMOIR
OF
MR. WILLIAM A. GOODALL,
(Written for the Minor Drama.)

MR. GOODALL is by birth a Philadelphian; and, strange as it may appear upon record, the Quaker city of William Penn, whose ancestors repudiated as immoral the idea of a theatrical performance, and looked upon a Theatre as the house of the "*Evil One himself*," has given birth to a large majority of American actors of eminence—Forrest, Murdoch, J. R. Scott, Ingersoll, Miss C. Wemyss, Charles Burke, Mrs. S. Chapman, Toots Raymond, Mrs. W. H. Smith, ALL the Jefferson family, ALL the Warrer family, and so long a list of et cetera that we have not space to enumerate them; so let us return to Mr. Goodall. He was born on the 17th of May, 1830. The son of a respectable mechanic, he was himself placed out to learn a trade, and made his first attempt at acting as a member of the Murdech Dramatic Association, as Pierre, in *Venice Preserved*, in 1847. Here it was that he first displayed those wonderful powers of imitation that have so often astonished his audience, and in pursuit of which, as we learn from himself, he first ventured behind the scenes of a regular theatre. Mr. Anderson, the Tragedian, was the reigning star whose style he wished to show to his amateur friends; and he made an application to honest John Reed, Captain of the Supernumeraries of the Walnut-st. Theatre, to be enlisted as one of his recruits at the enormous price of twenty-five cents per night, for services rendered. Being a good looking young fellow, he was at once taken into the service, and had the honor of carrying a spear (without a banner), in the

play of *Glencoe*, at the Walnut-st. Theatre, in 1848, under the management of Mr. E. A. Marshall. Mr. Collins succeeded Mr. Anderson, and, in the piece of *Teddy the Tiler*, Mr. Thorne, who was to have acted the part of the Valet, was suddenly taken sick, and no one being within call to supply his place, John Reed was asked if one of his awkward squad could furnish a representative for a part of five or six lines. Our young hero, in whose heart ambition seems to have been the predominant passion, at once stepped forward as a volunteer, and in that humble part made his bow as an actor, in a regularly appointed Theatre. Having obtained a chance to show what he could do, if permitted, the young wag gave so excellent an imitation of Collins in his replies, that the house roared with laughter; and he left the Theatre fully convinced that he had obtained a great triumph. In the flush of success, he ventured to ask Mr. George Lewis, the Prompter, if he would allow him to recite on the occasion of his Benefit. This was denied, as inadmissible on the part of a novice, and in violation of the rules of the Theatre; but the recollection of the manner in which he hit off Collins' peculiarity of style the night before, induced Lewis to propose that he should give imitations of Mr. E. Forrest, Mr. Collins, and others. To this he at once acceded. His success was complete; nearly every imitation was repeated by the call of the audience, and some of them three times. The ornamental painter now resolved to lay aside his brushes and his paint pots, and assume the sock and buskin. He was offered an engagement for general utility at four dollars per week, and continued to lead the ballet and act small parts, at the Walnut-st. Theatre, until, by his attention and great improvement, he attracted the notice of other managers; and Mr. E. A. Marshall refusing to advance his very small salary of four dollars, to six, he was engaged by Mr. Barnum, of the Philadelphia Museum, at fifteen dollars per week, and in the revival of the so termed moral drama of the *Drunkard*, his performance of *Edward Middleton* established him firmly in the favor of his audience, as an actor of more than common pro-

mise. Mr. Barnum, who then contemplated altering the American Museum in New York, so as to include under its walls a splendid theatre, under the *nomme de guerre* of Lecture Room, requested Mr. Wemyss, then his Director of Theatrical Amusements, to journey as far as Philadelphia to see him in that piece, and then to say whether he thought it could be acted with effect in New York. The result was, the Drunkard was fixed upon to open the new Museum, and on the 17th of June, 1850, Mr. Goodall made his first appearance in New York as Edward Middleton. Mr. Hamblin saw him there, and with that keen judgment which at once distinguishes rising talent, sent for him, and offered him an engagement at the Bowery Theatre. Goodall, to his credit, stated that although highly flattered by the notice of Mr. Hamblin, he was bound to Mr. Barnum until the 4th of July; upon which the parties separated, each entertaining a higher opinion of the other, to meet again at that time, when Mr. Hamblin engaged him as the Juvenile Tragedian. On his first appearance he played Macduff in *Macbeth*, and Estevan in the *Broken Sword*, at the Bowery Theatre, where he is now one of the reigning favorites.

In person, Mr. Goodall is below the standard height; but he possesses a good although slight figure, and a face, the muscles of which are so totally under his command that it is capable of almost any expression; while his voice is one of the most musical we have ever heard. He seems fully aware of this, and has acquired a very bad habit, in tragedy, of dwelling upon his words, as if he loved to hear the last tones vibrating on his own ear. It is one of those faults which a very little careful attention would soon correct. He is a young man so highly gifted by nature for the profession of his choice, that we shall be disappointed if he does not reach its highest honors; and it will be his own fault if he does not, and at no very distant period, become one of the brightest ornaments of the Stage.

F. C. W.



COCKNIES IN CAL.

9
THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXXIII.

COCKNEYS IN CALIFORNIA.

"A Piece of Golden Opportunity."

IN ONE ACT.

BY J. STIRLING COYNE, ESQ.

**ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.**

NEW-YORK.

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Adelphi.</i>	<i>National.</i>	<i>Olympic.</i>	<i>Broadway.</i>
<i>Anthony Chiffins.</i>	Mr. Munyard.	Mr. W. Chapman.	Mr. Conover.	Mr. Hadaway.
<i>Jacob Bunker...</i>	" F. Bedford.	" Fardey.	" Nickiason.	" E. Shaw.
<i>The Monkey...</i>	" Mitchenson.	" Colladine.		Mons. Wiethoff.
<i>Walter Chiffins.</i>	" Woodward.	Mast. Chapman.	Mast. Edwards.	Miss Wallis.
<i>Peter.....</i>	" Linden.	Mr. Seymour.		
<i>Mrs. Chiffins....</i>	Mrs. F. Matthews.	Mrs. G. Chapman.	Miss Clarke.	Mrs. Watts.
<i>Julina.....</i>	Miss Turner.	Miss Miles.		Miss Carman.

COSTUMES.

ANTHONY CHIFFINS.—Nankeen trousers, long white waistcoat, black short skirted coat, small white hat, long haired black wig.

JACOB BUNKER.—Large brown trousers, high boots, canvass frock, black belt blue handkerchief, red, wig, glazed hat.

THE MONKEY.—

WALKER CHIFFINS.—Nankeen dress, straw hat.

PETER.—Canvass trousers, red shirt, straw hat.

MRS. CHIFFINS.—Travelling plain dress, straw bonnet, black silk shawl.

JULINA.—Slave's dress.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

COCKNEYS IN CALIFORNIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A wild woody scene in California.*

CHIFFINS *holloos outside, and then enters, n., carrying on his back his son, WALKER, a warming pan in either hand; he is followed by MRS. CHIFFINS, who carries an infant in her arms.*

Chif. Hol-loa-a-a! Ah! nobody hears me—nobody's coming!—It's useless holloaing any longer. There's not an omnibus, a cab, or even a wandering policeman to be found in this desolate place. Mrs. Chiffins, my dear, it's my opinion that we're all lost—every individual of this interesting little group.

Mrs. C. Oh! dear Chiffins, don't say so.

Chif. It's a melancholy fact, though. We're so utterly lost, that I doubt if that active and intelligent officer, Forrester, armed with a search warrant could possibly find us in this forest.

Mrs. C. Why don't you shout again, then?

Chif. I've been shouting, Mrs. Chiffins, till I have nearly shouted the last particle of voice out of my manly bosom.

Mrs. C. Then, what is to become of us?

Chif. That's precisely what I don't know.

Mrs. C. For my part, I wish I had never quitted my little shop at Hoxton.

Chif. Hah! You have no spirit of enterprise, Mrs. Chiffins; you would have been quite content to spend your life dispensing brandy-balls, peg-tops, gingerbread and ballads, to the rising generation of Hoxton.

Mrs. C. Aye, that I would!—and it would have been better if you had stuck to your school, too.

Chif. Academy!—*Mrs. Chiffins*—say *my* academy, for the instruction of ingenious youth in the polite arts of reading, writing, turning the mangle, and other branches of useful knowledge. The tree of knowledge is a fine tree, no doubt; but you know I've been digging at its roots for ever so long, without getting any fruits from it, and so I'm determined to try my luck at the gold diggings in California, where the precious dust is so abundant, that any body may have a warming-pan full for the scooping of it up.

Mrs. C. Ah! *Chiffins*, they've been throwing that precious dust in your eyes. For my part, I don't think there's any such place in the world as Californy.

Chif. What!—would you go to set your face again the map of the world?—Do you suspect Guy's Geography, ma'am?

Mrs. C. I suspect its only fit for Guys.

Chif. *Mrs. Chiffins*, my dear, I'm ashamed of your geographical incompetency. I'll venture to say, that my youngest pupil, little Cicero Chiffins, who reposes on your maternal bosom, could tell you where California is—if he could speak. However, here we are; and if we hadn't lost Zekiel Flum, our Yankee guide, this morning, in the forest, I calculate we should have been now somewhere in the neighborhood of the gold diggings.

Mrs. C. I shouldn't have cared so much for the Yankee, if he hadn't carried off our mule and baggage along with him. Oh dear!—I'm really able to walk no further!—little Cicero is such an uncommonly solid child of his age—

Chif. And his brother, Walker, who is three sizes larger, has nearly broken the paternal back.—D'ye hear me, Walker, what part of speech are you, sir?

Wal. A noun substantive, father.

Chif. Very good! and what is a noun substantive?

Wal. Any thing that stands by itself.

Chif. Then you had better dismount, and stand by yourself, for I can carry you no longer.—(*drops the boy from his back.*)

Mrs. C. Chiffins!—Chiffins!—are you a father?

Chif. Father!—A word which signifies to be—to do—and to suffer. Yes—I certainly believe I am a father,—But though I've got the feelings of a father, I haven't got the back of an elephant.

Mrs. C. Ah, well! I dare say our sufferings will soon be over. [CAPTAIN BUNKER *heard singing at a distance.*

Chif. Hark!—Isn't that a voice?—My ears don't deceive me.

Mrs. C. No—you may trust to your long ears, Chiffins—it is a voice.

Chif. And one that I have heard before.—Hey! I see the California nightingale moving this way through the trees.
[CAPTAIN BUNKER *sings without, L.*

SONG.

AIR—"Soldier Laddie."

Sell you tables—sell your chairs;
Sell your mangles—
Sell your mangles;—
Sell your feather beds—who cares?
We'll have spangles—
We'll have spangles!

Chif. Goodness!—No—it never can be! my old friend Captain Jacob Bunker, of "The Uncle of the Thames," Gravesend steamer!

Mrs. C. Captain Bunker!

Chif. A magnificent man, Mrs. Chiffins!—with a heart in which the philanthropy of at least half a dozen Benevolent Societies has been bottled off.

Enter CAPTAIN BUNKER, L.

(*Sings.*) Come with shovel, pick, and spade,
Pan and ladle;—pan and ladle;
Digging gold's your only trade!
Bring a cradle;—bring a cradle.

Chif. Hah!—It is the gallant Bunker himself.

Bun. Hey!—stop her!—who hails Bunker?—Hollo! hollo!—Chiffin's, my boy!—You in California?

Mrs. C. Oh, Captain!—this is a blessed meeting! If you hadn't come, we should have perished here, like the babes in the wood.

Chif. My dear friend! Allow me!—(*shakes* BUNKER'S

hand.) I may truly say I'm delighted to see you.—Been long in this magnificent country, captain?

Bun. About six weeks.

Chif. Six weeks!—What a heap of gold you must have scraped up in the time!—how many bushels a day, on the average?

Bun. Why—a—not many. Confidentially speaking, I've been out of luck; and haven't hit on the right diggins yet—but never mind—[sings]—"there's a good time coming,"—and plenty of gold—but very little to eat.

Chif. Oh! well—I'm not particular about my victuals.

Mrs. C. Ah, Chiffins!—I told you how it would be—What's to become of our poor babes now? we might as well have sent them to the Union.

Bun. Hollo! hollo!—Don't hang out signals of distress so soon; I've got a stock of provisions in my hut, a little way up the valley; as long as they last you're welcome to share them.

Chif. There spoke the gallant Bunker, once the darling of his crew!

Bun. Turn ahead, and away we goes, then!

Chif. Come, Mrs. C., exert your native energies, my angel!—and you, Walker, follow in the footsteps of your parental pa.

TRIO.

Air.—"Twas in the merry month of May."

Bun. Nobody at home will stay,
Digging for gold is all the fun;
We shoulder our spades and march away,
And off' to Californy run.
The Yankee trader leaves his store,
The Nigger swears he'll work no more;
Even the thief gives up his priggins
To try his hand in these hero diggins.

(*Together.*) Nobody now, &c.

Mrs. C. The ladies, too, as I am told,
To show that they are not at all afraid,
Are shortly to be enrolled—
The Californian Gold Brigade.
The laundresses the troop will join,
And lend their hand in the washing line;
While every housemaid in the muster
Will prove herself a rare good duster!

Nobody now, &c.

Chif. Three old women—the one was lame,
The second was deaf, the third nigh blind,—
To follow the men they were all game,
And vow'd they'd none of 'em stay behind.

Our wills are good—but alack-a-day!
At digging gold, we'll have a try for it;
For where there's a will there's always a way,
And we'll dig a bit, although we die for it!
Nobody now, &c.

[*Exeunt, BUNKER, CHIFFINS, WALKER, and Mrs
CHIFFINS, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the mountains.*—At back, the river is seen rushing down a mountain gorge amongst rocks and trees. Nearer to the spectator, *L.*, a small hut composed of branches of trees; on the same side, a hammock, slung under a tree. On *R.* a fire on the ground, over which hangs a camp kettle, suspended from a rude triangle. English, Spanish, American, Indian, Mexican, and Negro people, employed in the various operations of digging and washing the earth for gold. PETER, a Negro man, *R.*, JULINA, his wife, sitting *L.* with black child. Diggers come forward, with wooden bowls and little baskets containing gold; the others collect around them, and the new comers exhibit lumps of gold.

CHORUS OF GOLD DIGGERS.

Gold, gold, gold!
The yellow ore we find;
In love, in peace, in war,
'Tis gold that rules mankind.

Dig, dig, dig!
And turn the teeming soil.
For heaps of shining gold,
Shall well reward our toil.

SOLO.

The soldier spills his blood;
The sailor ploughs the main;
The student wastes the lamp;
The precious ore to gain.

Chorus.

Dig, dig, dig! &c.

At the end of the chorus all the gold diggers resume their occupations, and go off gradually at different sides.—PETER and JULINA remain.

Pet. Julina!

Jul. What am dat, Peta?

Pet. It strike me berry hard—dis'ere colour gen'lman dam fool, to stay for nigga help any longer wit massa Bunker. What for I dig for him when ebbery body in Callumfornia dīg for himself?

Jul. Berry true, Peta—berry true!

Pet. Tell you what, Julina!—You and me go to the ribber, and wash out a sack of gold dust on our own account.

Jul. Oh! golly! Peta!—dat would be nice! But if Massa Bunka find out, won't he be mad?

Pet. Dam Massa Bunker! dis child can pick more gold dan him.

Jul. But you know, Peta, he hire you for fifty dollars a month.

Pet. Hi, hi, hi, hi!—Fifty dollars—paid in advance—hi, hi, hi! Dam Massa Bunker!—come along, Julina!

Jul. Oh! stop bit;—what am do wid lilly Peta?

Pet. Why, put him to sleep in de hammock; he'll lie dar, safe as a coon in a holler tree.—(PETER puts child into hammock.)—Bless him, how handsome he grow;—de wool on his little head curl so tight he can't shut his eyes.—Now come along, Julina.

[PETER takes a wooden bowl, and exit with Julina,
L. As soon as they are gone a monkey descends from a tree, *L.*, goes to the hammock and takes out the child, with which he escapes as CHIFFINS enters, followed by BUNKER, MRS. CHIFFINS, and WALKER, *L.*

Chif. Well, I declare, a man can never see the world at home. Why, this beats Hornsey Wood all to nothing.

Bun. Here we are, my boy, on my settlement! That's the river Sacramento—and there are the gold-seekers—Yankees, Mexicans, Niggers, Spaniards—all digging for gold on the banks.

Chif. What a prodigious run for gold on your banks!

Bun. And there's my hammock, ma'am, under that gum tree, where I turn in at night.

Mrs. C. Dear me, Captain, 'tis so small!—I should think you could scarcely turn in it.

Bun. Well, ma'am, it is certainly rather narrow for a

man of my tonnage, but I made it so on purpose to dodge the mosquitoes; for when I turn in they must turn out; there ain't room for more than half-a-dozen of them to lodge along with me.

Chif.—(utters an exclamation of sudden pain,)—Oh! oh!—what's that?

Bun. Stop—stop!—it's one of them—(catches a mosquito on *Chiffins'* neck)—only a small fellow—not much larger than a wasp. Some of them run as big as sparrows

Chif. Mosquitoes as big as sparrows!

Bun. Regular nippers, my boy! that could draw blood from an anchor fluke; and the worst of them is, they'll never touch a seasoned settler while there's a stranger's skin to be had for the biting.

Chif. Heaven preserve our tender skins!—what's to become of us, if we're to be served up as a banquet for these Californian vampires?

Mrs. C. (who has seated herself on a bank, &c., starts up, exclaiming) Oh! oh! oh!—Captain—look there!—what is it?—that little shiny thing wriggling through the dry leaves?

Bun. Oh! ma'am, don't be alarmed—it's only a green snake; we make eel pies of 'em in these parts—and werry good imitations of the real Twit'nams they are.

Mrs. C. Green snakes!—eel pies!—a-ah! I could never abide them.

Chif. I hope, Captain, we shan't have many of these visitors here.

Bun. Oh! nothing to speak of—only a few scorpions and toads, and venomous spiders. You must keep a sharp look out, too, in your shoes, when you get up in the morning, for the centipedes—they chaps with a hundred feet.

Chif. A hundred feet in my shoes! Ecod! I don't pity them if they've got corns among them.

Bun.—(calling)—Julina! Dash my paddles, where can the black wench be?—I hope she hasn't left me to cook my own dinner.—(calls)—Peter!—the nigger rascal's gone too! Never mind—the kettle's on the fire yonder; all we want is something to fill it—so I'll just step and see what I've got in the locker.

[Exit, &c.]

Chif. Bravo!—the gallant Bunker is like the pelican of the wilderness;—he's "the sweet little cherub that sits

up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Chiffins." Walker, you good-for-nothing particle, don't stand there, sir, with your hands in your breeches' pockets, like a note of admiration, but put more sticks on the fire, and make the kettle boil directly.

Wal. Yes, father—that I will.—(*The boy goes to fire, gathers sticks, and put them on.*)

Mrs. C. And while the Captain's away, I'll step into the cabin, and make myself fit to be seen. Cicero's fallen asleep, so I'll lay the dear little fellow in this hammock here till I return.

Chif. Give him to me, my dear.—(*takes infant from Mrs. CHIFFINS.*)—Bless him! he's his pa's own image.—(*he places the child in the hammock; Mrs. CHIFFINS goes into the hut, &c.*)—Well, matters mayn't turn out so bad after all; and if I have only the luck to hit upon a vein of nice nubbly gold, shan't I make them stare when I go home!

Enter CAPTAIN BUNKER, L., with a dead crow, and re-enter at the same time Mrs. CHIFFINS from the hut. WALKER drops asleep.

Bun. D—n the rascal!—some of these piratical gold-diggers have discovered where I had stowed away my provisions in a hollow tree, and havn't left me as much as would victual a mouse-trap.

Chif. What says the gallant bunker?—Have the victuals vanished, and our prospect of dinner been merely a dissolving view?

Bun. No—no, my boy—not so bad as that. Luckily I fell in with a Yankee fellow, who carries on a trade in stomach fixins, as he calls 'em, here in the diggins. I gave the fellow an ounce of gold-dust for this Californian turkey.

Mrs. C. [*examining the bird.*] Californian turkey! Captain!—The villain has sold you an old crow!

Bun. Dash my paddles!—you don't say so?

Chif. [*examining the bird.*] It's a decided case of caw! caw!—but under existing circumstances, we can't insist upon that remarkable fact. So, Mrs. Chiffins, my dear, have the goodness to cook the bird as a turkey, and the gallant Bunker will pluck the crow with that cheating

Yankee when he catches him.—[*gives bird to Mrs. CHIFFINS.*]

Bun. Burn my biler! I'll keelhaul the rascal. But, I say, we must go to work for the dust, or we'll have to go without breakfast to-morrow. Can you dig, Chiffey!—can you dig, my boy?

Chif. Dig—a verb active—imperative mood.—Let us dig. I don't think I ever tried, Captain.

Bun. Never mind—I'll dig, and *you* shall wash.—You can wash—can't you?

Chif. I rather think I can? Ask Mrs. Chiffins how I wash the children in the morning. Ecod, I'll wash the whole face of California for you, if you like!

[*BUNKER takes a spade, L.*]

Bun. Come along, then; we'll try a fresh digging up the bed of the river, and be back to dinner by the time the turkey is cooked.

Chif. Stop, Captain! as the bed of the river is likely to be damp, I'd better take my warming-pan.—[*takes warming-pan.*]—Farewell, Maria Jane Matilda! I'll fetch you back an apronful of the precious material.

Mrs. C. Chiffins, dear! I must give you a kiss for luck before you go.

Chif. Amiable weakness!—[*kisses her.*]—There!—Grammatically speaking, I could never *decline* a kiss—even from my wife. Now, Captain, lead with your spade, and I'll follow suit!

[*Exit BUNKER, R. S. E., followed by CHIFFINS.*]

Mrs. C. Well, if Chiffins picks up a handsome fortune here, I'm determined I'll be a lady—a real lady—for I'll have breakfast every morning in bed.—[*goes to kettle and looks into it.*]—Dear me!—I shall want more water.—Walker!—Walker!—What are you sleeping for?—Get up, and pluck the fowl, while I go and fetch some water from the river.

Wal. [*waking and yawning.*]—A-aw!—I am coming!

Mrs. C. Mind you pluck it nicely, Walker; do you hear?

Wal. Oh! yes, I hear.—[*Exit Mrs. CHIFFINS with pitcher, L. S. E.*]—I don't see why I should be kept here plucking of this old duck when father, and everybody is

digging for gold ; I'm big enough—I am ; and I'll go and have a game in Tom Tiddler's ground, as well as the rest —[*runs off, L.*]

[*The monkey appears, carrying a large stone ; he goes to the kettle which is on the fire ; takes the crow out of it, and puts the stone in place of it in the kettle. He then scampers off with the bird.*]

Enter MRS. CHIFFINS, L., *with a pitcher of water.*

Mrs. C. Walker!—Walker!—I'll lay my life the good for-nothing boy has fallen asleep again—[*looks about.*]—No, he hasn't. Bless me ! he's not here.—Where can he be ? If he should have strayed away into the forest—[*calls*]—Walker, Walker!—Oh dear, oh dear ; what terrible news this will be for poor Chiffins, when he returns !

Enter BUNKER, R. S. E.,

Oh ! Captain ; I'm in such a fright.—My boy,—poor little Walker,—is missing !—Have you seen anything of him ?

Bun.—[*wiping his eyes.*]—No, ma'am !

Mrs. C. Good gracious—What's the matter with you ? —There are tears in your eyes.—Is it the boy ?

Bun. [*weeping.*]—No, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Then it's Anthony !—it's Chiffins !—it's my husband !—something has happened to him.—Tell me *all* !

Bun. [*blubbing.*]—Poo, hoo, hoo, ho-o-o-o !

Mrs. C. I know 'tis something dreadful.—Why don't you speak ?

Bun. [*blubbing.*]—Poo, hoo, hoo, ho-o-o-o !

Mrs. C. Captain !—I'm a woman of robust mind, and can bear to hear the worst.—I—feel a something that tells me—I am—I am—now—now—

Bun.—[*sobbing.*]—An interesting widow, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Oh, Captain Bunker !—That *is* a blow !

Bun. So it is, ma'am—But you mustn't give way, Mrs. Chiffins !—you must keep the steam up, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Tell me how the fatal accident happened.

Bun. Why ma'am—it's a short, but melancholy tale, ma'am.—The late Mr. Chiffins, and myself, had hit upon a nice fresh spot on the river bank, a little way above the Big Falls, ma'am—and were digging, and washing tre-

mendous,—when Mr. Chiffins, in the enthusiasm of finding a grain of gold,—slipped from the bank, ma'am, into the river; and before you could say Jack Robinson the poor fellow was caught by the rapids, and carried bang over the Falls, like a pine log, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Oh! Captain Bunker!—if it had been in Hoxton, I could have borne my bereavement with pleasure—I mean, with resignation—but in a foreign land, what is to give me comfort?

Bun. Comfort!—[*aside.*]—I didn't think of that!—Jacob Bunker never saw lovely woman in distress without bearing up to her assistance.—Dash my paddles!—Mrs. Chiffins, I'll marry you myself.

Mrs. C. You, Captain!—you can't be serious; you can never mean such a thing.

Bun. What Jacob Bunker says, he means, ma'am; and what he means, ma'am, he does, ma'am! so I say again, I'll marry you.

Mrs. C. Don't Captain Bunker!—pray don't.

Bun. I will ma'am.—Gravesend expects every man will do his duty!—whereby—you being a lonely widow, it's my duty to make you happy.

Mrs. C. Ah! I shall never be happy again—never!—at least for some time.—Oh, my—excuse me—Bunker!

Bun. [*aside.*]—She calls me her Bunker!

Mrs. C. You can't know my feelings—you never lost a husband.

Bun. No, ma'am; I can't say as I ever did.

Mrs. C. Poor Chiffins! I never knew his value until now, that I have lost him.—[*weeps.*]

Bun. Keep up the steam—ma'am—keep up the steam—I've got a little cordial here that will do you good—[*fetches brandy bottle from hut, and pours out brandy into tin cup.*] Now, ma'am—try the least drop of this rever.

Mrs. C.—[*takes cup, and drinks.*]—Oh! Captain—this is indeed—consoling!

Bun. Try another drain, ma'an.

Mrs. C. Not for the world, Captain!

[*She holds the cup; Captain pours more in.*]

Bun. [*drinks from the bottle.*]—Ah, that is the real renovator!—splendid brandy, but I've chalked "Pis'n" on the

bottle, to keep the pirates that cruize about these parts from tapping it—*[replaces bottle in hut.]*

Mrs. C. Captain Bunker, you must feel that situated as we are, it would not be proper for me to remain here.

Bun. Why, ma'am, that's a delicate point I've been turning in my mind; and I've just recollected there's a village four or five miles from here, where you may remain for a few days, till we get some account of the boy, who, I daresay, has fallen in with some of the digging parties.—I'll convoy you there myself, ma'am; and as I've got confoundly tired of the place, I'll bid farewell to my trim built cottage for ever.

Mrs. C. Oh, Captain! you're our only protector now; so I throw myself and innocent babe altogether on your hands.

Bun. Thank you, ma'am.—I feel the weight of the compliment; whereby, I think we'd better start directly.

Mrs. C. Whenever you please, Captain.

Bun. Avast though!—I must first write a note to all inquiring friends.—*[he takes a board near the door of hut, and writes with chalk upon it; reads while he writes. "Sailed from these diggings—Captain Bunker, and Mrs. Chiffins—D. I. O."—There's my ticket. [Mrs. Chiffins has taken the child out of the hammock; Bunker hangs the board against the hut.]—Now then, Mrs. Chiffins, turn ahead! and away we goes, ma'am!*

[Exeunt, BUNKER and MRS. CHIFFINS, L. U. E.]

The monkey appears carrying the black child, which he places in the hammock, and escapes. CHIFFINS is heard outside, calling—"Where's the gallant Bunker?" He then enters, without a hat, torn coat, his clothes and hair wet.

Chif. Where—where's the gallant Bunker? Where's my Maria Jane Matilda? What an aquatic spectacle I've made of myself! Hey! Where's Mrs. Chiffins? why is she not here to receive her dripping husband to her arms? *[Sees the writing on the board—takes it.]—What's this?—[reads.]—"Sailed from these diggings: Captain Bunker and Mrs. Chiffins." Oh, yes! 'tis as plain as chalk can be!—[reads.]—"Captain Bunker and Mrs. Chiffins—D. I. O."—[Drops the board.]—Oh! oh! it's all over! I'm*

a deserted *mary*, as the French say. The only frield I had in this *quarter*, has carried off my *better half*; the Gravesend Sea Serpent has absconded with my Maria Jane Matilda, and confesses his crime upon this board, in chalk. They've taken the children, too.—[*sees child in hammock.*]—Hey! no—they've left little Cicero; he's here.—[*snatches up child, and starts back horrified, when he sees its black face.*]—The blessed image of its pa it is! Ha! oh! Day and Martin! what's this? Cicero turned as black as a beetle! Hah! some dark business has been going on here! this isn't my child—on the *face* of it. I disown it! I disclaim the young imposter! its not mine! there—there!—[*thrusts it under the clothes in the hammock.*] Oh, dear! what is to become of me! I'm sorry, now, I didn't let myself be drowned! I oughtn't to have shouted for help when I was in the water—nor I wouldn't, if I had known what was before me. However, its not too late to put a full stop to my melancholy existence. I'll commit suicide! nothing shall prevent it. I'll blot myself out of Nature's copy-book, and rub the name of Anthony Chiffins from the slate of life. But how! • Suppose I throw myself over the Falls again. No! I tried that once, and I didn't like it. If I knew the private residence of some hungry bear, I'd call on him about supper time.—[*searching about.*]—or, if I could only find a piece of rope, I might end my woes in a noose.—[*goes to hut, and finds the brandy-bottle.*]—What's this—hey!—[*reads.*]—P-i-z-n, "Pis'n!" Ha! poison! Kind fortune, my fate is in my hand! Think of your wrongs, Chiffins! think of your wife bolted! your clothes lost, and your warming-pan gone! Hah! I'm wound up to desperation! I wonder how much of the mixture makes a dose. Never mind—[*takes a mouthful out of the bottle.*]—'Pon my life! I rather like the flavor of the deadly potion. I'll make all sure by another pull.—[*drinks.*]—There! I'm done for now! I've swallowed enough to poison a buffalo! Oh, Maria Jane Matilda, you've done a pretty job of work!—[*sings, half crying* .

SONG.

AIR—" *Jeannette and Jeannot.* "

My wife has run away, and has left me here alone,
In the wilds of California, to make my grievous moan;

The salt tears from my eyes—trickle down in streams of woe.

Maria Jane Matilda, 'twas a shame to use me so—

Maria Jane Matilda, 'twas a shame to use me so!

[*Spoken.*] I don't think the deadly potion has begun to take effect yet. No—no! I must have another drain of the baneful beverage.—[*takes a long draught.*]—There! I think that's a settler!—[*sings, as he gets drunk.*]

Oh! womankind is false—as it always used to be;

And friendship's only gammon—for so it proved to me;

So I've drunk a pint of piz'n—but I fear 'tis rather slow.

Maria Jane Matilda, 'twas a shame to use me so—

Maria Jane Matilda, 'twas a shame to use me so!

Well, it's really very extraordinary—I don't feel a bit the worse for what I've taken. The only sensation I'm conscious of, is a sort of merry-go-round in my head—and—a remarkable inclination in my feet to start off in a polka. Ha! ha! ha!—[*dances a few steps.*]—No, no—it won't do! This levity at such an awful moment is really disgraceful. Hic! I'm not gone yet—though I ought to be. What, if I can't go—what, if I won't go? Oh, dear! perhaps I'm poison proof!—No—I feel I'm going now—yes, yes—oh, dear—my head—my legs!—ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh! Maria Jane Matilda, how could you—how could you desert your own Chiffins, and forsake the buzzum that beat for only you? Hic! There!—I'm going—going—gone!—[*slips down.*]—Hooray!—I wish I was back in Hoxton, thrashing the boys. Order!—silence!—First class come up for punishment!

Enter BUNKER, L. U. E.

Bun. Dash my paddles! I forgot my brandy-bottle, and I can't leave without it.

Chif. [*Perceiving him.*] Hah!—the villain Bunker!—the sea-serpent of the Thames!—[*gets up.*]—Hah!—assassin!—fresh-water pirate!—you are come to dare the vengeance of your injured friend!

Bun. Hollo!—hollo! Chiffins! Dash my precious paddles! here's a go!

Chif. Aye! Chiffins stands before you in the agonies of death, sir, with vengeance in his heart and a bottle in his hand. The same fatal weapon shall destroy us both. There!—[*throws the bottle at BUNKER, who avoids it.*]

Bun. Avast there!—what does it all mean?

Chif. Revenge!—[*he collars BUNKER, and they struggle.*]—I'll have it—your life, base Bunker—your life!

[*MRS. CHIFFINS runs in L. U. E.—she screams when she sees CHIFFINS.*]

Mrs. C. Heavens! it is—it is my Chiffins!

Bun. [*Flinging him off.*] Don't go near him, ma'am! he's mad—stark mad!

Chif. No—don't come near me.

Mrs. C. Oh, goodness! We thought you were drowned, Anthony.

Chif. Well, ma'am, so I was; but not finally drowned.

Mrs. C. Oh, never mind, so as you are safe, dear!—[*goes to embrace him—he pushes her back.*]—Oh, Anthony!

Chif. No—no—never! The heart that once truly loved never forgets—that you bolted with the base Bunker!

Bun. The base Bunker!

Mrs. C. Did you say bolted, Chiffins?

Chif. Yes, ma'am; “bolted” was the word. Haven't I the confession of the destroyer of my happiness engrossed there in chalk?—[*points to the board.*]

Mrs. C. Why, I heard you were drowned, and as I couldn't stay in this horrid place, Captain Bunker kindly offered to protect me to the nearest village.

Bun. Yes, Mrs. Chiffins sailed under my convoy. Jacob Bunker only did his duty by lovely woman in distress.

Chif. [*To BUNKER.*] My dear friend! allow me to call you once more the gallant Bunker!—[*shakes his hand warmly.*]—Only you die, and leave a widow, and see if I won't do as much for her.

Mrs. C. Now, Anthony dear, are you satisfied?

Chif. Perfectly: that is, no—no—no! There's a little ebony angel yonder in the hammock.—[*BUNKER takes the black child out of hammock, as PETER and JULINA enter.*]
—That's not our little Cicero?

Jul. No, sar, dat lilly Peta!—[*takes child from BUNKER.*]
—Dis nigga lady tank you berry much, sar.

[*MRS. CHIFFINS runs to meet WALKER, who is entering with the child, L. U. E.*]

Chif. But where's our precious babe?

Mrs. C. Here he comes, with Walker; the good-for-

nothing little scamp strayed away, and where do you think we found him? but in the river, washing for gold dust in his new boots.

Chif. Then all my troubles are over!—hold, no!—I forgot, in the excitement of the moment, the horrible fact that I'm poisoned.

Bun. }
Mrs. C. } Poisoned!

Chif. Yes; when I thought you had betrayed me, I swallowed a deadly potion—enough to kill a dozen buffaloes. I'm in my last agonies this moment, though I don't feel them. Oh, Maria Jane Matilda, receive your doting husband's parting breath!—*[he embraces her.]*

Mrs. C. Why, Chiffins, your parting breath has a strong smell of brandy.

Chif. Yes, my angel, the fatal draught was very nice.

Bun. Where did you get it, my boy?

Chif. Oh, there—in that bottle—I found it yonder—and oh!

Bun. *[Picks up bottle.]* Why, dash my paddles, this is my brandy-bottle! I chalked "P'IZN" upon it, to keep the fellows who cruise about here from meddling with it. Cheer up, my boy, there was nothing worse in it than brandy.

Chif. Brandy!—oh!—my real Cogniac life-protector! What a relief your words are to me! Embrace the gallant Bunker, my dear! Walker, you ungrateful vagabond, why are you not on your knees, sir, thanking the preserver of your pa's precious life?

Mrs. C. Oh, dear! Anthony, I've got so many frights and turns since I came into this horrid country, that I know I shall never survive another day in it.

Chif. Well, my dear, I'm disgusted with the place myself, and I say, let us return to Hoxton directly.

Bun. And I'll go with you, my boy.

Chif. Come along, then!—"there's a good time coming," Captain; and the weather is favorable for going with half a coat. Have you got our little relative pronouns all right, Mrs. Chiffins?

Mrs. C. Quite right, Anthony.

Chif. And the Californian turkey? Don't forget the turkey!

Mrs. C. [*Uncovering the kettle.*] Oh, gracious! the turkey's gone!

All. Gone!

Mrs. C. Yes; and whosoever nas taken it, has left this stone in the kettle.—[*takes the stone out of kettle.*]

Chif. Inhuman monster!

Bun. [*Taking the stone.*] Why, dash my paddles, this is a lump of gold!

All. Gold!

Mrs. C. Who ever could have put it there?

Chif. That's no business of ours. I always told you that luck would come to us in a lump at last, and here it is.

Bun. Now, then, ring the bell, and away we goes again!

Chif. Stop! I must make a slight alteration in your card—[*takes the board.*]—Where's your steel-pen, Captain?—[*BUNKER gives him a piece of chalk.*]—"Sailed from these diggins: Captain Bunker—[*writes.*]—Mr. and Mrs. Chiffins, family, and suite.—P. S.—And don't mean to come back ever again." Now move on, Captain!

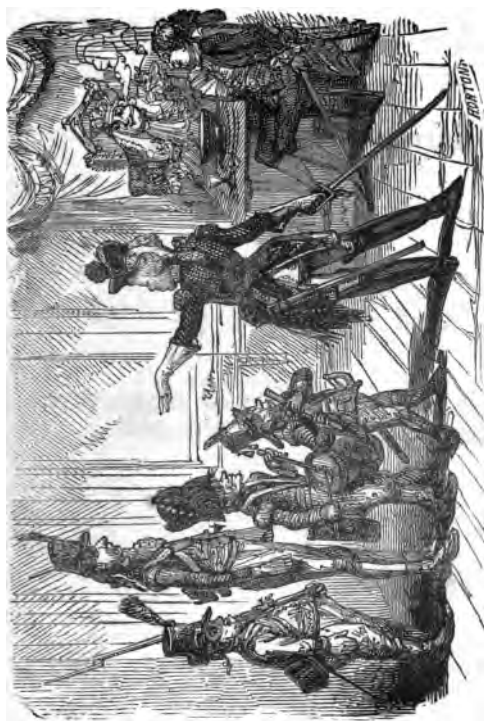
The DIGGERS, male and female, enter at every side.

Bun. Hold on, Chiffey, my boy! here come our friends from the diggins. Good-bye—good-bye, lads and lasses! I'm going to seize the golden opportunity of bidding farewell to Californy; but, before we start, let us finish off with Every body's Independent and Grand National Californian Fandango.

Dance of Characters and Gold Diggers.

CURTAIN DESCENDS.





BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

"Begone, brave army! and don't kick up a row."

9

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXXV.

(No. 34 is misplaced after No. 39.)

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

A Burlesque Tragic Opera,

IN ONE ACT.

William
BY THOMAS BARNES RHODES.

**WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.**

NEW-YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

1. *What is the main purpose of the text?*

2. *What is the main idea of the text?*

3. *What is the main problem of the text?*

4. *What is the main solution of the text?*

5. *What is the main conclusion of the text?*

6. *What is the main result of the text?*

7. *What is the main finding of the text?*

8. *What is the main implication of the text?*

9. *What is the main contribution of the text?*

10. *What is the main limitation of the text?*

11. *What is the main strength of the text?*

12. *What is the main weakness of the text?*

13. *What is the main advantage of the text?*

14. *What is the main disadvantage of the text?*

15. *What is the main benefit of the text?*

16. *What is the main cost of the text?*

17. *What is the main risk of the text?*

18. *What is the main opportunity of the text?*

19. *What is the main challenge of the text?*

20. *What is the main goal of the text?*

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THERE is possibly no piece of the kind that has held longer possession of the Stage, excited more shouts of laughter, and been received with more approbation than Bombastes Furioso. In that peculiar walk of the Drama denominated Burlesque it stands pre-eminent. The language and incidents abound with wit, and what is technically called "stage situation," while there is no apparent labor for effect.

The piece is a favorite with the "dramatis personæ," and the greatest comedians that ever lived have been engaged in it; ~~Edson~~, Mathews, Harley, Munden, Oxberry, and in the United States, H. Placide, Fisher, Hilson, &c. Mr. Placide is the most prominent General Bombastes of the present day, by whom the piece is very frequently brought forward.

The great demand for Bombastes Furioso, together with its scarcity, was the inducement for its publication;—it is printed from a rare London edition, for a copy of which we are indebted to Mr. D. S. Palmer, of the Olympic Theatre.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden, 1830.	Park, 1841.
<i>Artaxominous</i>	Mr. Mathews.	Mr. H. Placide.
<i>Fusbos</i>	" Taylor.	" Nickinson.
<i>Bombastes</i>	" Liston.	" J. Fisher.
<i>Distaffina</i>	Mrs. Liston.	Mrs. Vernon.
<i>Attendants, Drummer, Fifer, and two or three Soldiers of different sizes</i>		

COSTUMES.

ARTAXOMINOUS, *King of Utopia*.—Full dress, court suit, powdered wig.

FUSBOS, *Minister of State*.—The same.

GENERAL BOMBASTES.—A general's military suit. Jack boots, comic powdered wig and pigtail, sword and sash, general's hat and plume. *Second dress*: Morning gown and slippers.

ATTENDANTS.—Full dress court suits.

ARMY.—A long drummer, a short fifer, and two or three soldiers of different dimensions, all dressed in caricature.

DISTAFFINA.—Colored chintz gown, open in front, crimson balmaineo petticoat white muslin apron, mob-cap, white muslin handkerchief.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*;
L. C. *Left of Centre*.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Palace.*

ARTAXOMINOUS in his Chair of State.—*A Table, set out with bowls, glasses, pipes, &c.—Attendants on each side.*

TRIO.

AIR—"Tekeli."

1st Att. What will your Majesty please to wear ?
Or blue, green, red, black, white, or brown ?

2d Att. D'ye choose to look at the bill of fare ?

Art. Get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down.

2d Att. Here is soup, fish, or goose, or duck, or fowl,
or pigeons, pig, or hare ;

1st Att. Blue, green, or red, or black, white, or brown,
What will your Majesty, &c.

Art. Get out of my sight, &c.

[*Exeunt Attendants, R. and L.*

Enter FUSBOS, L., and kneels to the King.

Fus. Hail, Artaxominous ! ycleped the Great !
I come, an humble pillar of thy state,
Pregnant with news—but ere that news I tell,
First let me hope your Majesty is well.

Art. Rise, learned Fusbos ! rise, my friend, and know,
We are but middling—that is, but *so so*.

Fus. Only *so so* ! Oh, monstrous, doleful thing !
Is it the mulligrubs affects the king ?
Or, dropping poisons in the cup of joy,
Do the blue devils your repose annoy ?

Art. Nor mulligrubs, nor devils blue are here,
But yet we feel ourself a little *queer*.

Fus. Yes, I perceive it in that vacant eye,
The vest unbuttoned, and the wig awry :
So sickly cats neglect their fur-attire,
And sit and mope beside the kitchen fire.

Art. Last night, when undisturbed by state affairs,
Moist'ning our clay, and puffing off our cares,
Oft the replenished goblet did we drain,
And drank, and smoked, and smoked and drank again ;
Such was the case, our very actions such,
Until at length we got a drop too much.

Fus. So, when some donkey on the Blackheath road
Falls, overpowered, beneath his sandy load,
The driver's curse unheeded swells the air,
Since none can carry more than they can bear.

Art. The sapient Doctor Muggins came in haste,
Who suits his physic to his patients' taste ;
He, knowing well on what our heart is set,
Hath just prescribed "to take a morning whet ;"
The very sight each sick'ning pain subdues,
Then sit, my Fusbos, sit, and tell thy news.

Fus. [*Sits L. of table.*] Gen'ral Bombastes, whose re-
sistless force

Alone exceeds by far a brewer's horse,
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth !

Art. Does he ? by jingo ! then we'll drink his health.

[*Drum and fife, R.*]

Fus. But hark ! with loud acclaim, the fife and drum
Announce your army near ; behold, they come !

[*Drum and fife again, R.*]

*Enter BOMBASTES, R., attended by one Drummer, one Fifer,
and two Soldiers, all very materially differing in size.*

Bom. [*To Army.*] Meet me this ev'ning at the Barley-
Mow ;

I'll bring your pay, you see I'm busy now :
Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row.

[*Exeunt Soldiers, R.*]

[*To the King.*] Thrashed are your foes—this watch and
silken string,

Worn by their chief, I as a trophy bring ;

I knocked him down, then snatched it from his fob ;
 " Watch, watch ! " he cried, when I had done the job ;
 " My watch is gone," says he—says I, " Just so ;
 Stop where you are—watches were made to go."

Art. For which we make you Duke of Strombello.

[Bombastes kneels—the King dubs him with a pipe, and then presents the bowl.]

From our own bowl here drink, my soldier true ;
 And if you'd like to take a whiff or two,
 He whose brave arm hath made our foes to crouch,
 Shall have a pipe from this, our royal pouch.

Bom. *[Rises.]* Honors so great have all my toils repaid !
 My liege, and Fusbos, here's " Success to trade." X

Fus. Well said, Bombastes ! since thy mighty blows
 Have given a quietus to our foes,
 Now shall our farmers gather in their crops,
 And busy tradesmen mind their crowded shops ;
 The deadly havoc of war's hatchet cease ;
 Now shall we smoke the calumet of peace.

Art. I shall smoke short-cut, you smoke what you please.

Bom. Whate'er your majesty shall deign to name,
Short cut or long to me is all the same.

Bom. & Fus. In short, so long as we your favors claim,
Short cut or long to us is all the same.

Art. Thanks, gen'rous friends ! now list whilst I impart,
 How firm you're locked and bolted in my heart :
 So long as this here pouch a pipe contains,
 Or a full glass in that there bowl remains,
 To you an equal portion shall belong ;
 This I do swear, and now—let's have a song.

Fus. My liege shall be obeyed.

[Advances and attempts to sing.]

Bom. Fusbos, give place,
 You know you haven't got a singing face ;
 Here nature, smiling, gave the winning grace.

SONG.—BOMBASTES.

AIR—" *Hope told a flatt'ring Tale.*"

Hope told a flattering tale,
 Much longer than my arm,
 That love and pots of ale,
 In peace would keep me warm :

The flatt'rer is not gone,
 She visits number one :
 In love I'm monstrous deep ;
 Love ! odds bobs, destroys my sleep.

Hope told a flattering tale,
 Lest love should soon grow cool ;
 A tub thrown to a whale,
 To make the fish a fool :
 Should Distaffina frown,
 Then love's gone out of town,
 And when love's dream is o'er,
 Then we wake and dream no more. [Exit, L.

[The King evinces strong emotions during the song, and at the conclusion starts up.]

Fus. What ails my hege ? ah ! why that look so sad ?

Art. [Coming forward.] I am in love ! I scorch, I freeze,
 I'm mad !

Oh, tell me, Fusbos, first and best of friends,
 You, who have wisdom at your fingers' ends,
 Shall it be so, or shall it not be so ?
 Shall I my Griskinissa's charms forego,
 Compel her to give up the regal chair,
 And place the rosy Distaffina there !
 In such a case, what course can I pursue ?
 I love my Queen and Distaffina too.

Fus. And would a king his general supplant ?
 I can't advise, upon my soul I can't.

Art. So when two feasts, whereat there's naught to
 pay,

Fall unpropitious on the self-same day,
 The anxious Cit each invitation views,
 And ponders which to take or which refuse ;
 From this or that to keep away is loth,
 And sighs to think he cannot dine at both. [Exit, L.

Fus. So when some school-boy, on a rainy day,
 Finds all his playmates will no longer stay,
 He takes the hint himself—and walks away. [Exit, R.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARTAXOMINOUS, L.

Art. I'll seek the maid I love, though in my way
 A dozen gen'als stood in fierce array !

Such rosy beauties nature meant for kings ;
Subjects have treat enough to see such things.

SONG. *

AIR—"Paddy O' Carroll."

My love is so pretty,
So lively and witty,
None in town or city
Her hand would disgrace !
My lord of the woolpack,
His coachman would pull back,
To get a look full smack
At her pretty face.
Mathematical teachers,
Stiff methodist preachers,
And all the gay creatures
That ran about town—
Great foreign ambassadors
Never can pass her doors,
But my sweet lass deplures
So much renown. Fal de ral, &c.

Though she drives a wheelbarrow,
Through streets wide and narrow,
The school-boys from Harrow
May laugh if they dare.
Nor tasteful Grassini,
Nor Billingtonini,
Divine Catalina,
With her can compare.
Nor head with a mitre,
Nor Belcher the fighter,
Can find out a brighter
Than my pretty maid.
But my words are mere playthings,
Neat trim holiday-things,
They cannot half say things
Enough for my love. Fal de ral, &c.

She's young and she's tender,
She's tall and she's slender,
As straight as a fender
From the top to the toe.
Eyes like stars glittering,
Mouth always tittering,
Fingers to fit a ring
Ne'er were made so.

* This comic song was not written by the author of the piece.

Her head like a holly-bow'r,
 Cheeks like a cauliflower,
 Nose like a jolly tower

By the sea-side.

Then haste, oh ye days and nights,
 That I may taste delights,
 And with church holy rites

Make her my bride. *Fal de ral, &c.*

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside of a Cottage.*

Enter DISTAFFINA, R.

Dis. This morn, as sleeping in my bed I lay
 I dreamt, (and morning dreams come true, they say,)
 I dreamt a cunning man my fortune told,
 And soon the pots and pans were turned to gold !
 Then I resolved to cut a mighty dash ;
 But, lo ! ere I could turn them into cash,
 Another cunning man my heart betrayed,
 Stole all away, and left my debts unpaid.

Enter ARTAXOMINOUS, L.

And pray, sir, who are you, I'd wish to know ?

Art. Perfection's self, oh, smooth that angry brow !
 For love of thee I've wandered through the town,
 And here have come to offer half a crown.

Dis. Fellow ! your paltry offer I despise ;
 The great Bombastes' love alone I prize.

Art. He's but a Gen'ral—damsel, I'm a King ;

Dis. Oh, sir ! that makes it quite another thing.

Art. And think not, maiden, I could e'er design
 A sum so trifling for such charms as thine.

No ! the half crown that tinged thy cheeks with red,
 And bade fierce anger o'er thy beauties spread,
 Was meant that thou shouldst share my throne and bed.

Dis. [*Aside.*] My dream is out, and I shall soon behold
 The pots and pans all turn to shining gold.

Art. [*Puts his hat down to kneel on.*] Here on my knees
 (those knees which ne'er till now
 To man or maid in suppliance bent,) I vow
 Still to remain, till you my hopes fulfil,
 Fixed as the monument on Fish-street hill.

Dis. [*Kneels.*] And thus I swear, as I bestow my hand,
As long as e'er the Monument shall stand,
So long I'm yours—

Art. Are then my wishes crowned?

Dis. La, sir! I'd not say no for twenty pound:
Let silly maids for love their favors yield,
Rich ones for me—a king against the field.

SONG.—DISTAFFINA.

AIR—"Paddy's Wedding."

Queen Dido at
Her palace gate
Sat darning of her stocking, O;
She sung and drew
The worsted through,
Whilst her foot was the cradle rocking, O,
(For a babe she had
By a soldier lad,
Though hist'ry passes it over, O;)
"You tell-tale brat,
"I've been a flat,
"Your daddy has proved a rover, O.

"What a fool was I
"To be cozened by
"A fellow without a penny, O;
"When rich ones came,
"And asked the same,
"For I'd offers from never so many, O.
"But I'll darn my hose,
"Look out for beaus,
"And quickly get a new lover, O;
"Then come, lads, come,
"Love beats the drum,
"And a fig for Æneas the rover, O."

Art. So Orpheus sung of old, or poets lie,
And as the brutes were charmed, e'en so am I.
Rosy-cheeked maid, henceforth my only queen,
Full soon shalt thou in royal robes be seen;
And through my realms I'll issue this decree,
None shall appear of taller growth than thee;
Painters no other face portray—each sign
O'er ale-house hung shall change its head for thine.
Poets shall cancel their unpublished lays,
And none presume to write but in thy praise.

Dis. [*Produces a bottle and glass, &c.*] And may I then,
without offending, crave

My love to taste of this, the best I have?

Art. Were it the vilest liquor upon earth,
Thy touch would render it of matchless worth.
Dear shall the gift be held that comes from you;
Best proof of love—[*Drinks.*]—'tis full proof Hodges' too:
Through all my veins I feel a genial glow,
It fires my soul—

Bom. [*Within, L.*] Ho, Distaffina, ho!

Art. Heard you that voice?

Dis. Oh, yes; 'tis what's-his-name,
The General; send him packing as he came.

Art. And is it he? and doth he hither come?
Ah, me! my guilty conscience strikes me dumb,
Where shall I go? say, whither shall I fly?
Hide me, oh, hide me from his injured eye!

Dis. Why, sure, you're not alarmed at such a thing!
He's but a General, and you're a King.

[*Artaxominous secretes himself in a closet, R.*]

Enter BOMBASTES, L.

Bom. Loved Distaffina! now by my scars I vow,
Scars got—I haven't time to tell you how;
By all the risks my fearless heart hath run,
Risks of all shapes from bludgeon, sword, and gun,
Steel traps, the patrol, bailiff shrewd, and dun;
By the great bunch of laurels on my brow,
Ne'er did thy charms exceed their present glow!
Oh, let me greet thee with a loving kiss— [*Sees the hat.*]
Hell and the devil! say whose hat is this?

Dis. Why, help your silly brains, that's not a hat.

Bom. No hat?

Dis. Suppose it is, why what of that?
A hat can do no harm without a head!

Bom. Whoe'er it fits, this hour I doom him dead;
Alive from hence the caitiff shall not stir—

[*Discovers the King.*]

Your most obedient, humble servant, sir.

Art. Oh, General, oh!

Bom. My much loved master, oh!
What means all this?

Art. Indeed, I hardly know—

Dis. (R.) You hardly know!—a very pretty joke,
If kingly promises so soon are broke!
Arn't I to be a queen, and dress so fine?

Art. (L.) I do repent me of the foul design;
To thee, my brave Bombastes, I restore,
Pure Distaffina, and will never more
Through lane or street with lawless passion rove,
But give to Griskinissa all my love.

Bom. (c.) No, no; I'll love no more: let him who can
Fancy the maid who fancies ev'ry man.
In some lone place I'll find a gloomy cave,
There my own hands shall dig a spacious grave,
Then all unseen I'll lay me down and die,
Since woman's constancy is—all my eye.

TRIO.

AIR—"Oh, lady fair."

Dis. Oh, cruel man, where are you going?
Sad are my wants, my rent is owing.

Bom. I go, I go, all comfort scorning;
Some death I'll die before the morning.

Dis. Heigho, heigho, sad is that warning;
Oh, do not die before the morning.

Art. I'll follow him, all danger scorning;
He shall not die before the morning.

Bom. I go, I go, &c.

Dis. Heigho, heigho, &c.

Art. I'll follow him, &c.

[*Exeunt*, L.]

SCENE IV.—A Wood.

Enter FUSBOS.

Fus. This day is big with fate; just as I set
My foot across the threshold, lo! I met
A man, whose squint terrifick struck my *vlew*;
Another came, and, lo! he squinted too;
And ere I reached the corner of the street,
Some ten short paces, 'twas my lot to meet
A third who squinted more—a fourth, and he
Squinted more vilely than the other three.

Such omens met the eye when Cæsar fell,
 But cautioned him in vain ; and who can tell
 Whether those awful notices of fate
 Are meant for kings, or ministers of state ?
 For rich or poor, old, young, or short or tall,
 The wrestler Love trips up the heels of all.

SONG.

AIR—" *My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*"

My lodging is in Leather-lane,
 A parlor that's next to the sky ;
 'Tis exposed to the wind and the rain,
 But the wind and the rain I defy :
 Such love warms the coldest of spots,
 As I feel for Scrubinda the fair ;
 Oh, she lives by the scouring of pots,
 In Dyott-street, Bloomsbury-square.

Oh, was I a quart, pint, or gill,
 To be scrubbed by her delicate hands,
 Let others possess what they will
 Of learning, and houses, and lands ;
 My parlor that's next to the sky
 I'd quit her blessed mansion to share ;
 So happy to live and to die
 In Dyott-street, Bloomsbury square.

And, oh, would this damsel be mine,
 No other provision I'd seek ;
 On a *look* I could breakfast and dine,
 And feast on a *smile* for a week.
 But ah ! should she false-hearted prove,
 Suspended, I'll dangle in air ;
 A victim to delicate love,
 In Dyott-street, Bloomsbury square.

[Exit, L.]

Enter BOMBASTES, preceded by a Fifer, playing "Michael Wiggins."*

Bom. Gentle musician, let thy dulcet strain
 Proceed—play Michael Wiggins once again,—
 Music's the food of love ; give o'er, give o'er,
 For I must batten on that food no more. [Exit Fifer]
 My happiness is changed to doleful dumps,
 Whilst, merry Michael, all thy cards were trumps.
 So, should some youth, by fortune's blast decrees,
 Possess at least a pound of Cheshire cheese,

* The remainder of the part of Bombastes is usually performed in a morning gown and slippers.

And bent some favored party to regale,
Lay in a kilderkin or so of ale;
Lo! angry fate, in one unlucky hour,
Some hungry rats may all the cheese devour,
And the loud thunder turn the liquor sour.

[Forms his sash into a noose.

Alas! alack! alack! and well-a-day,
That ever man should make himself away;
That ever man for woman false should die,
As many have, and so, and so—won't I;
No, I'll go mad! 'gainst all I'll vent my rage,
And with this wicked wanton world a woful war I'll wage.

[Hangs his boots to the arm of a tree, and taking a scrap of paper, with a pencil writes the following couplet, which he attaches to them, repeating the words.

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face."
Thus do I challenge all the human race.

[Draws his sword and retires up the Stage.

Enter ARTAXOMINOUS, L.

Art. Scorning my proffered hand he frowning fled,
Cursed the fair maid, and shook his angry head.

[Perceives the boots and label.

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face."
Ha! dost thou dare me, vile obnoxious elf;
I'll make thy threats as bootless as thyself;
Where'er thou art, with speed prepare to go
Where I shall send thee—to the shades below!

[Knocks down the boots.

Bom. [Coming forward.] So have I heard on Afric's
burning shore

A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

Art. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.

Bom. Am I then mocked? Now by my fame I swear,
You shall have it—There!

[They fight.

Art. Where?

Bom. There, and there.

Art. I have it, sure enough—Oh ; I am slain ;
I'd give a pot of beer to live again :
Yet, ere I die, I something have to say :
My once loved Gen'ral, prithee, come this way !
Oh ! oh ! my Bom— [Falls on his back.]

Bom. —bastes he would have said ;
But ere the word was out his breath was fled.
Well, peace be with him, his untimely doom
Shall be thus marked upon his costly tomb :
“ Fate cropped him short—for, be it understood,
“ He would have lived much longer—if he could.”
[Retires again up the stage.]

Enter FUSROS, L.

Fus. This was the way they came, and much I fear,
There's mischief in the wind—what have we here ?
King Artaxominous bereft of life !
Here'll be a pretty tale to tell his wife.

Bom. A pretty tale, but not for thee to tell,
For thou shalt quickly follow him to hell ;
There say I sent thee, and I hope he's well.

Fus. No, thou thyself shalt thy own message bear ;
Short is the journey, thou wilt soon be there. [They fight.]

* DUET.

AIR—“ *Weippert's Fancy.*”

Bom. I'll quickly run you through.

Fus. No, hang me, if you do !

* I think I know a trick can equal two of that ;

My sword I well can use,

So mind your P's and Q's.

Bom. I thank you, sir ; but I must caution you of that.

AIR—“ *Lord Cathcart's Favorite.*”

Fus. 'Tis a pleasure to fight

With a man so polite,

Then hear in return what I'll do, sir ;

I'll take down aught you'll say

In the will-making way,

And be your executor, too, sir.

* This duet is sometimes omitted.

Bom. Oh, sir, there's no need
For so friendly a deed,
But I hope for yourself you're provided;
Since your worldly affairs
Will devolve to your heirs,
As soon as the point is decided,
Then come on while you can,
Meet your fate like a man—
Bombastes shall ne'er be derided.

Bom. Oh, Fusbos, Fusbos, I am diddled quite,
Dark clouds come o'er my eyes, farewell, good night!
Good night, my cock, my soul's inclined to roam,
So make my compliments to all at home.

[Lies down by the King.]

Fus. And o'er thy grave a monument shall rise,
Where heroes yet unborn shall feast their eyes;
And this short epitaph that speaks thy fame,
Shall also there immortalize my name:
"Here lies Bombastes, stout of heart and limb,
Who conquered all but Fusbos—Fusbos him."

Enter DISTAFFINA, L.

Dis. Ah, wretched maid! oh, miserable fate!
I've just arrived in time to be too late;
What now shall hapless Distaffina do?
Curse on all morning dreams, they come so true.

Fus. Go, beauty, go, thou source of wo to man,
And get another lover where you can:
The crown now sits on Griskinissa's head;
To her I'll go—

Dis. But are you sure they're dead?

Fus. Yes, dead as herrings—herrings that are red.

FINALE.

Dis. Briny tears I'll shed.

Art. *[Rising.]* I for joy shall cry, too:

Fus. Zounds! the King's alive;

Bom. *[Rising.]* Yes, and so am I too.

Dis. It was better far

Art. Thus to check all sorrow;

Fus. But, if some folks please,
Bom. We'll die again to-morrow.

Dis. Tu ral, lu ral, la,
Art. Tu ral, lu ral, laddi ;
Fus. Tu ral, lu ral, la,
Bom. Tu ral, lu ral, laddi.

[They take hands and dance round repeating Chorus.]

THE END.





IRISH AMBRASSADOR.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXXVII.

No. 36^y is misplaced after No. 34.)

THE IRISH AMBASSADOR.

A Comedy

IN TWO ACTS.

BY JAMES KENNEY.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The "IRISH AMBASSADOR" was introduced to the American Public by the late Tyrone Power, and the comedy returns the compliment wherever and whenever it is brought before us, by calling up the jovial image, and renewing the pleasant memory of that happiest of Irish performers. The first personator of *Sir Patrick O'Plenipo* stands apart in the recollection of all modern frequenters of the Theatre, a cabinet picture by itself, neatly framed, in glowing color, and so like life that we all remember him as a personal friend, with whom we have passed many happy hours. We do not seem to have known him on the stage, with make-believe scenery and the glare of the foot-lights, but as the cheerfulest of boon companions, with whom it was our good fortune to have been intimately acquainted, and to have passed many of the most delightful evenings of our lives. Other men *act* the Irishman, Power *was* the Irishman: whether gentle or simple, (as an admirable critic in a contemporary magazine described him,) the attorney or the tailor, the country gentleman or the rustic, the valet or the ambassador, he was the finest, the most natural, the most attractive actor of his time. He gave perpetual freshness to a range of parts liable to a monotonous treatment. Without much reference to the wit or poverty of his author, he flooded the scene with the abundant sunshine of his own ample humor, and the poorest subordinates who played with him brightened, like the happy insects of summer, in his enlivening glow. He has had many successors, and (it is but justice to him and them) to say he has had no equal. Among those to whom have fallen different corners of his mantle, we may mention, as among those who have inherited the most considerable shares—one of the cleverest of modern *playwrights and rattling performers*, Mr. John Brougham; Mr.

Hudson, with a genial warmth of performance akin to **Power's** felicity of temperament; Mr. Collins, with his telling delivery of the songs, and, broad and rude, but constantly refining, Mr. **Barney Williams**.

The "Irish Ambassador" is, and will long continue to be, as a wine-cask from the savor of excellent vintage it has once held, an acceptable piece, from the recollection of the popular performer by whom it was ushered before the world.

C. M.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Philadelphia.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>	<i>Broadway, 1850.</i>
<i>Sir Patrick O'Plenipo</i>	Mr. T. Power.	Mr. Brougham.	Mr. Collins.
<i>Grand Duke</i>	" Walstein.	" Fredericks.	" Fredericks.
<i>Rodolph</i>	" Murdoch.	" Dyott.	" E. Shaw.
<i>Count Morenos</i>	" Rowbotham.	" H. Placide.	" Whiting.
<i>Baron Lowencraft</i> ..	" Watson.	" Fisher.	" Thompson.
<i>Olmutz</i>	" Kent.	" Povey.	" Hind.
<i>Herman</i>	" Crutar.	" Jones.	" Byrne.
<i>Officer</i>	" Gallott.	" King.	" Naish.
<i>Attendants</i>			
<i>Lady Emily</i>	Mrs. Maywood.	Miss Kate Horn.	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Isabella</i>	" Rowbotham.	Mrs. Abbott.	Miss Kate Horn.

COSTUMES.

SIR PATRICK.—*First dress:* Undress uniform. *Second dress:* Full dress aide-de-camp; scarlet coat, black pantaloons with gold or silver lace.

GRAND DUKE.—*First dress:* Green coat, white breeches, military boots. *Second dress:* The same, with star, stockings and shoes.

RODOLPH.—*First dress:* Undress frock coat, breeches, and high boots. *Second dress:* Full Austrian uniform.

COUNT MORENOS.—Handsome court suit.

BARON LOWENCRAFT.—The same.

HERMAN.—Plain court suit.

OFFICER.—Handsome uniform.

HUNTSMEN.—Green frock coats, and high boots.

LADY EMILY.—*First dress:* Handsome morning dress. *Second dress:* Rich ball dress.

ISABELLA.—Rich travelling pelisse. *Second dress:* Handsome ball dress.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

THE IRISH AMBASSADOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An elegant apartment.*

Enter LADY EMILY *and* PRINCE RODOLPH.

Lady E. Begone, dear Rodolph, I entreat—the sun is high and all the world will be stirring.

Rodolph. So soon, Emily? This impatience looks unkind.

Lady E. Think what you are exposed to. You will be missed at the castle, and should any one meet your highness at such an hour— [Casting her eyes down.

Rodolph. Your respect is admirable. But set your fears at rest. My highness has little to apprehend, methinks: though the house is yours, an affair of gallantry with my wife, my Princess, will not ultimately dishonor either my highness or yours.

Lady E. Ultimately! But who knows we are married, at present—and if we betray it prematurely, what may be the consequence? A Grand Duke, a great German potentate like your uncle, is not to be trifled with. Are you not the heir apparent to his sovereignty? And though you may plead that his own son was alive when you married me, and that for five long years you were positively dying for me, excellent reasons as they were with me, they will have very little weight with him. I fear we shall be discovered, Rodolph, and I, no doubt, shall be sent back to my native country, covered with shame and disgrace.

Rodolph. [With energy.] Never!

Lady E. Oh! yes, you'll be very heroic, I dare say;



Lady E. Adieu !

[*Rodolph about to exit—Herman stops him.*

Herman. Your highness cannot pass this way.

Rodolph. Why ?

Herman. There is company in the drawing-room.

Lady E. And who are they ?

Herman. The Count Morenos and his daughter, Donna Isabella.

Rodolph. The Spanish Envoy !

Lady E. Ah ! when did he arrive ?

Herman. Last night, madam.

Rodolph. You know him, then.

Lady E. Perfectly ; at Paris we became intimately acquainted. Take care *he* doesn't remember you ; for he is so thoroughly diplomatic—so full of scrutiny and finesse—not a word or look can escape his observation. A smile, a sigh, a gesture, a glance of the eye, or a ruffle of the eyebrow, might betray our secret to him at once.

Rodolph. Nay, I only fear your discovering *his* secret ! But he waits for you ; adieu, my only beloved.

Lady E. Till this evening.

Rodolph. Sooner, if possible.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An elegant saloon, with two portraits, male and female—Folding doors open, showing a garden.*

Enter COUNT MORENOS *and* ISABELLA.

Count. Now, Isabella, be wary, be cautious ; don't commit me ; don't on any occasion betray the motive of our journey.

Isabella. Why how should I, papa, when I don't know myself ?

Count. That's nothing ; a penetrating politician will discover it at second hand.

Isabella. Will he ? Then I'll look very grave and steady.

Count. That won't do ; he'll know it's assumed.

Isabella. Then I'll laugh, papa ; I'll do nothing but laugh—ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Count. No, no, no ! That's a broader mask than the other—that will never do.

Isabella. Bless me !—then what will do, papa ?

Count. Let me consider.

Isabella. Consider!—La! what about? Didn't my grandmamma teach me that honesty was the best policy—and will you go and teach my grandmamma, papa?

Count. Profanation! Do you compare an old woman to a minister of state?

Isabella. Yes, I do, papa; and, for all I know, it's a very apt comparison.

Count. Go, go—you are a simpleton.

Isabella. It may be so; but I'm quite sure—present company always excepted—a great minister may be too cunning by half; and if ever a new-fashioned one should start, downright honest and straight forward, he'd beat all the old *conundrums* put together.

Count. Silence: I hear the Lady Emily coming. Once more I say, don't commit me.

Enter LADY EMILY.

Lady E. Count Morenos, and my charming Isabella! What an agreeable surprise to meet you again in this country!

Count. A journey of pleasure, madam! Purely a journey of pleasure, to show my daughter the country; and I was determined to pay you our first visit, for we are just arrived—

Isabella. [*Surprised.*] Papa!

Count. [*Frowns at her.*] Just alighted from our carriage, and I protest that the journey has agreed with me surprisingly.

Isabella. Don't say so, papa—I declare you were as restless as if you had been in a high fever; always talking about Lowencraft, the Saxon Envoy; always asking questions about him, and calculating whether he had arrived before you—and what could it signify?

Count. Nothing—nothing at all, child—mere idle curiosity. What *should* it be, eh! madam?

Isabella. La! papa, Lady Emily is thinking of matters of much more importance. Now, do tell Lady Emily what *is* going forward. We are going to make a stir—I'm sure we are—for papa whispered to me to carry all my best ball dresses with me,

Count. I whispered you, child?

Isabella. Yes, you did, papa—and he has given me pearls and diamonds, and a magnificent full dress mantle, made exactly on the model of those worn by the maids of honor at the Queen's marriage.

Count. [*Aside.*] The devil!

Isabella. And I shouldn't at all wonder if something of the same sort—

Count. *Isabella!*

Isabella. Well, papa, don't vex yourself; only let them open the ball—only let me hear the music, and begin the gallopade—and when my feet are once in motion, my tongue shall be as quiet—I'll not utter a syllable, either of dresses, or mantles, or the Saxon ambassador, or—or—apropos, my dear Lady Emily. [*Talks to her apart.*]

Count. [*Aside.*] Never let an ambassador travel with a loquacious daughter; the murder's out—so I may as well confess, and make the best of it.

Lady E. What is all this, Count? Make mysteries with me?

Count. By no means, madam; I am only vexed my daughter's giddiness robs me of the credit of treating you with that prompt and ample confidence I intended. In brief, then, madam, the affair that brings me hither is no less than a marriage between Prince Rodolph and the Princess of our illustrious house!

Lady E. Impossible!

Isabella. Don't say so; don't wake me from the delightful dream! And why not tell me, papa? What need of secrecy—the bells will ring, the trumpets will blow?

Count. And your tongue will drown them all, I warrant. But I tell you no, child—there are obstacles.

Lady E. Obstacles?

Count. Formidable ones!

Lady E. [*Aside.*] I breathe again.

Count. I have discovered, from my own peculiar sources of information, that Saxony has the same instructions.

Lady E. [*Aside.*] Another rival!

Isabella. Only think of Saxony!

Count. Baron Lowencraft is expected every moment—a subtle competitor, madam—our reputation is critically at stake. If we may canvass your support—if we can but recruit such wit and beauty in our cause?

Lady E. Oh, sir, you overrate me sadly ; but as far as I am concerned, depend upon it, your rival shall have no advantage over you.

Count. That's generous, madam. I have also to request as an additional favor, madam, that during my stay here, you will allow my daughter to remain with you.

Lady E. Willingly. | *Takes Isabella's hand.*

Isabella. That's because he's afraid of me.

Count. May be so ; I have cause enough, be assured—not on her own account, but on the score of a certain gentleman she knows of, that, go where we will, we are sure to find upon our road.

Isabella. What of that, papa ? It's quite by accident, I'm certain.

Count. I don't believe it. A giddy, crazy-pated Irishman, madam, that will never suit me for a son-in-law.

Isabella. And why not ?

Count. And why not ! Hasn't he thrown away the most glorious opportunities ?—isn't he the son of a great diplomatist ?—hasn't he been attached to two great embassies ?—and when he was at Madrid with his father didn't I give him lessons myself ?—but all to no purpose ; he'll never make a statesman, never !

Isabella. So much the better, papa ; if he did, I should hate him. Oh, who would be the wife of an ambassador, to be every day consulting one's lord what look one is to put on for the day ; never daring to utter a syllable, but running all the world over with one's mouth shut, just like a Columbine in a Pantomime ? Shocking ! I could not endure it, and so I told him.

Count. You did ?

Isabella. I did.

Count. Why, then, you shall never have him, I am determined ; and in confiding my daughter to you, madam, I trust I may bid defiance to Sir Patrick O'Plenipo.

Lady E. Sir Patrick O'Plenipo ?

Isabella. Sir Patrick O'Plenipo.

Lady E. Is he the gentleman you fear ?

Count. The gentleman I have reason to fear, madam.

Enter HERMAN.

Herman. Sir Patrick O'Plenipo!

Isabella. Oh, delightful!

Count. There—how comes he here again?

Lady E. Really, Count, it is impossible for one to say.

[*Aside.*] He'll discover all, but I can't dismiss him.
Show him in. [*Exit Herman.*]

Count. I told you, madam, he follows us everywhere. Surely he could have no other design—yet I could almost suspect—

Lady E. Pshaw! what should you suspect, sir?

Isabella. I suspect he's a very clever fellow!

[*Retires up.*]

Lady E. [*Aside.*] And so do I.

[*Comes down.*]

Count. [*Aside.*] I'll have an eye upon him. [*Retires up.*]

Enter SIR PATRICK.

Sir P. Where is she? Ah, my dear Lady Emily; lucky man I am to behold you once again, when so many of your admirers at home are breaking their hearts for you.

Lady E. Your usual gallantry, Sir Patrick!

Sir P. By my honor, madam, since your ladyship left us, we have petitioned for an export tax upon beauty, and that, in our next treaties, the British be made contraband all over the world.

Count. Bravo!

Isabella. Bravo! [*Isabella and Count come down.*]

Sir P. Is it possible? Do I see the beautiful Donna Isabella? I am overwhelmed with joy and confusion.

Count. And if you are overwhelmed with confusion, Sir Patrick, it isn't the first time, I'll answer for you.

Sir P. And is it there you are? There spoke the dandiest of diplomatists—and there you are again with your long head, your piercing eye, and penetrating nose, that can rummage out the contents of our simple craniums as if they were roasted potatoes.

Count. Why, the contents of some craniums—

Sir P. Don't be personal; to be sure I was an infant in your hands, and yet, most sagacious Don Cavalier, I'll

bet you a hogshead of Seville oranges you can't guess the nature of my important mission, at this moment.

Count. You intrusted with an important mission?

Sir P. Faith, I am, and it's a very grave negotiation.

Lady E. [*Aside.*] Imprudent!

Sir P. Ah! you're surprised now; you think me a blundering blockhead—hardly to be trusted with an ambassador's pack-saddle—but let me tell you, Count, they have a different opinion of me at the Court of St. James. I am employed, ladies, and here I am come to astonish the Germans with my own natural born diplomacy.

Count. You will astonish them, I dare say?

Sir P. You may say that, I *will* astonish them.

Isabella. Is this possible, Sir Patrick? You, ambassador—you?

Sir P. You may say that, my beauty!

Count. With secret instructions?

Sir P. With secret instructions—and, as you probably may be able to assist me in the business, I'll explain my secret instructions to the whole company.

Lady E. [*Alarmed.*] Sir Patrick!

Sir P. Madam? We'll be colleagues and coadjutors.

Lady E. But your mission, sir, may be at variance.

Sir P. Then, madam, we'll be colleagues and coadjutors against each other, and an explanation is the more necessary.

Count. Certainly—certainly!

[*Nods and smiles at Lady Emily.*]

Sir P. You see what an innocent I am—but you have the fascination of the rattlesnake, and your prey drops into your mouth. Learn, then, that in a month from this time, the gay old Duchess of Dazzlecourt marries her darling little daughter—and pretty work there will be among the tailors, milliners, and mantua-makers. Grosvenor Square ladies will be astonished with a fête and fancy ball, combining the costumes of every nation within the reach of an ambassador—not from the vague licentious wardrobes of the opera and the play-houses, but from the original and authentic sources: and finding your humble servant inclined for a short excursion to foreign parts—"To you, Sir Pat," said

the Duchess, (she always calls me Sir Pat, in her good humor,) "to your known taste and experience I confide this important mission"—and here I am, with full powers to treat with civil and military, soldiers and sailors, countesses, and all others. I am carefully to investigate all their habiliments from top to toe—that is, all who have any claim to rank with the picturesque and beautiful; and upon consideration, Count, that will not interfere with you at all, at all!

Lady E. Admirable!

Count. [*Aside.*] An artful story.

Isabella. Upon my word, Sir Patrick, how you do go on.

Sir P. By my soul, I do go on—I have gone on—and will go on. Barring a slight accident on the road, a most auspicious journey I have made of it.

Lady E. An accident!

Sir P. Oh, a trifle! Travelling, as on such an occasion I ought, like the wind, and like a pretty smart gale of wind, I happened to come in contact with a most formidable sort of a German equipage; a landau they call it; a bronze upon wheels, madam: a fine, substantial specimen of gothic architecture: and taking the south wall at right angles, down comes the whole magnificent edifice, and presently out pops its respectable tenant from the ruins, inquiring what the devil I was about. About a delicate affair, said I—begging your pardon; your tenement blocked up the high road, and an ambassador is bound to lose no time, and so I put it out of the way, and now I'll go on my way, and away I went—which I I am sure your honor will think a most satisfactory apology.

Count. [*Significantly.*] Oh, certainly! And so you travel over seas, upset landaus, and run along the road like a gale of wind, to verify costumes for a fancy ball?

Sir P. Don't disparage my commission, Count, 'tis a very delicate charge, as I told the gentleman looking out at the window, with an eye flashing fire, and the other eclipsed with his periwig; and I repeat it—to contemplate the drapery of a lovely creature in the abstract. *forgetting* all the rest of her beautiful identity, a man *must have the clear head and metaphysical constitution of*

an Irishman to undertake it. I appeal to my own Donna Isabella?

Isabella. You do? Why, then, I must say, of all the rigmorole stories—

Sir P. Och, for shame on you! [*Retires up.*]

Count. [*Aside to Lady Emily.*] You can't believe all this?

Lady E. Not literally, perhaps.

Sir P. [*Comes down.*] Now he's plotting with her ladyship.

Isabella. Why, don't you see he doubts your story?

Sir P. Doubts! why he'd doubt his own father!

Isabella. What, my grandpapa?

Sir P. Yes, and your grandmamma, and the whole generation with all my heart; I know the ways of his excellency, and yet I have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Lady E. [*Aside to the Count.*] Now you see, so far, his real object is evident enough. [*Looking at Isabella.*]

Count. I'm not sure of that! [*Looks significantly at Lady Emily, then approaches Sir Patrick.*] You intend, Sir Patrick, to be presented to the Grand Duke, of course.

Sir P. Devil a bit! Here is the potentate I negotiate with, and if we could only get the proper signature to a certain treaty of alliance,—[*The Count appears in thought.*]—defensive and offensive?

Lady E. Patience, Sir Patrick; you know the terms on which the lady is to be obtained, and I trust you will soon prove your claim to her; but that is a matter you and I must discuss between ourselves, that is if you dare trust yourself to a tête-à-tête with me.

Sir P. Madam, a Plenipotentiary is prepared for anything.

Lady E. Enough—you shall have due notice. Come, Isabella, I must show you to your apartment, and for a while will leave the politicians to entertain each other.

[*Exit with Isabella.*]

Count. [*Aside.*] His character may have changed; I suspect him and must put him to the proof at once. [*Turning towards him with assumed frankness and affability.*] Well, Sir Patrick, here you are.

Sir P. And here you are, and here we both are!

Count. The same open, sprightly, agreeable young fellow you used to be.

Sir P. [*Bowing.*] Oh, blarney—oh, nonsense!

Count. 'Tis the truth, as all who know you will witness; but as to your story of the fancy ball?

Sir P. Faith, that is the truth also.

Count. If you hold me unworthy of your confidence on this occasion, I must tell you frankly, any hopes you may have entertained as to Isabella are categorically at an end.

Sir P. Don't tantalize me, Count; didn't you break off the treaty? Now you are beginning with a fresh ultimatum.

Count. Sir, my objections have no such reference; I must have a son-in-law who can unite with me in the course I have so successfully chosen. Ay, sir, and one competent to distinguish himself.

Sir P. And haven't I had the best intentions in life?—and if I have again taken up the sword, isn't that the real arbiter eligantiarum of all your politicians? Commend me to a negociation by beat of drum—I'll engage to conduct an epistolary one with any statesman in Europe.

Count. No, sir; to trim the political balance with a nice hand, and secure tranquillity by address and diplomatic dexterity, that is the glorious aim of my ambition?

Sir P. And wasn't that the glorious aim of my ambition?—and didn't I try myself to oblige you, Count?—but my taste for Burgundy and good-fellowship was the ruin of my hopes—in "vino veritas," and come to the wrong truth instead of the right—or right instead of the wrong; and when I should have been trimming the political balance, by the power, I have lost my own!

Count. And yet, Sir Patrick, you may be on the road to reformation—I have a shrewd notion you *are*—and if you only thought proper to confide to me the true nature of your present business here?

Sir P. And haven't I confided it to the whole company?

Count. Nonsense!

Sir P. Haven't I confided it to the landladies and

chambermaids, and picked up the choicest collection of bibs and tuckers?

Enter OLMUTZ.

Count. Recollect, sir, who you are talking to.

[*Olmutz comes down; makes a grave and proud salute; appears mysterious—Sir Patrick observes him.*

Sir P. Perhaps I interrupt business?

Olmutz. Could I speak a word in private with the Count Morenos?

Sir P. By all means; consider me, as every body else does, an absent gentleman. [*Observing an old picture.*] Ha! a dignified old dowager, a noble specimen for the Duchess. [*Takes out tablets and sketches.*] Never mind me, fire away! [*Sits and sketches, up stage.*

Olmutz. [*Approaches Count.*] I this moment called at your hotel, and was desired to follow you here.

Count. Well, what news? Shall I have an audience with the Prince?

Olmutz. I have done what was in my power, but am sorry to say the Prince cannot receive you this morning.

Count. That's unfortunate: a very heavy disappointment; have you any idea of his reason?

Olmutz. None.

Count. Is the Saxon Envoy arrived?

Olmutz. He is not, your excellency.

Count. That's favorable; and can I take no advantage of it!—no means of seeing the Prince?—does he receive nobody?

Olmutz. Nobody, except a stranger, whom I have no knowledge of, and who, it seems, is just arrived from London—one Sir Patrick O'Plenipo.

—*Sir P.* I've got it; I think she squints. [*Sketching.*

Count. Hush! not so loud; are you sure of what you say?

Olmutz. Positive; I have a letter for him—a letter from the Prince.

Count. A letter from the Prince?

Olmutz. Who charged me to deliver it with all possible secrecy, and I am now on my way to his hotel.

Count. You may spare yourself the trouble—there he is.

Olmutz. That the gentleman? If he's your excellency's

friend, your business is settled; he's in the greatest favor with the Prince. I have no doubt he can do anything with him.

Count. I'm thunderstruck! Fulfil your errand, and leave us.

Sir P. Now, whether that be a gown or a petticoat, devil burn me, if I can tell! *Count.* is that a gown or a petticoat?

Olmutz. [*Nods to Count, and cries "Hem!"—approaches Sir Patrick.*] I believe I have the honor of addressing Sir Patrick O'Plenipo?

Sir P. At your service, sir.

Olmutz. Here is a letter which his highness, the Prince, charged me to deliver you with all possible secrecy.

[*Offers letter.*]

Sir P. Isn't it a blunder you're making?

Olmutz. Read the address.

Sir P. [*Takes it.*] 'Tis myself, indeed.

Olmutz. And I hope you will bear witness to his highness that I've fulfilled his intentions.

[*Exit, with much parade.*]

Sir P. Good-day—good-by! He is as mysterious as a hieroglyphic; and as to his highness, *Count*, I know no more of him than his great grandmother.

Count. Indeed! then you must regard his letter as a prodigious condescension.

Sir P. Faith I do; and as I perceive you are onerous on the subject, may be you'd like to open it?

Count. You anticipate the contents.

Sir P. An invitation to dinner, no doubt; he has found out our tastes are congenial.

Count. What, dine with him on the day of arrival: 'tis without precedent!

Sir P. Is it? Then I'll originate it; and I'll engage there'll be plenty of precedents afterwards. Do me the favor, *Count*, to satisfy your curiosity, while I take a finishing touch at my old woman.

[*Sketching.*]

Count. Oh, since you insist upon it. [*Opens the letter and reads.*] "I cannot receive Sir Patrick at my own apartments."

Sir P. And who the devil asked him?

Count. [*Reading.*] "But I beg of him to meet me in the

park at one o'clock, when I will escape the hunting party, for the purpose of obtaining a few moments' conversation on a subject he is well aware of. In the mean time, I shall rely on his discretion."

Sir P. None of your fun : finish it—fire away.

Count. "RODOLPH !" I have finished.

Sir P. You have read it all ?

Count. Every syllable.

Sir P. And would you have the complaisance to explain the meaning ?

Count. The meaning is evident : the Prince has refused an audience to everybody—even to me, on earnest solicitation—yet, forsooth, he is to meet you in private, and alludes to the purpose ; on which, it appears, there is already an understanding between you.

Sir P. He has it all to himself, then.

Count. And you insist you came here—

Sir P. In search of the picturesque.

Count. In search of a fiddlestick !

Sir P. Why not, if it's national and characteristic ?

Count. Sir Patrick, this is passing the bounds of decorum and respect ; but since you defy me, sir—since you can thus trifle with an old friend—I tell you, young sir, that I can prevent this interview.

Sir P. Oh ! but you wouldn't have the malice.

Count. 'Tis my duty, sir ; this secret tampering with the Grand Duke's nephew is extremely irregular : out of all precedent—your inexperience only can excuse it.

Sir P. Keep your temper, Count. [*Aside.*] As usual, I'm playing the very devil here, without knowing it.

Count. And see, sir ; the affair presses, it seems—here comes the Prince in search of you.

Enter RODOLPH, in haste.

Rodolph. 'Tis he—'tis Sir Patrick!—The Spanish Envoy still here !

Count. To meet your highness here is an unexpected good fortune.

Rodolph. The good fortune is on my part, my lord. Eh ! surely isn't it Sir Patrick O'Plenipo ?

Sir P. And your highness' very humble servant.

Count. Your highness knows Sir Patrick ?

Rodolph. Intimately!

Sir P. [*Aside.*] The devil he does!

Rodolph. We were acquainted in London and I hope while he stays here he will consider me as an old friend.

Sir P. Oh, you do me amazing honor. [*Aside.*] Amazing it is: the first time I ever saw him!

Count. [*Aside.*] Didn't know him from his great grandfather! This morning I entreated, through Mr. Olmutz, your secretary—that is, officially, and according to established forms—a moment's audience!

Rodolph. My lord, 'twas unnecessary: to you, I am always visible; come to-morrow—the next day—when-ever you please—and then we'll speak of business. This day we devote to pleasure: to-night we shall have a ball and concert: we shall see *you*, I hope, and Sir Patrick, too. [*To Sir Patrick.*] I think I recollect you are a great musician, a distinguished violincello?

Sir P. 'Tis possible; I never tried!

Rodolph. [*Aside to Sir Patrick.*] Try to get rid of him.

Sir P. His excellency?

Rodolph. [*Nods, then aside.*] Handsomely!

Sir P. Oh! to be sure. [*To Count.*] His highness respectfully requests you'll do us the favor to get out.

Count. Walk out!

Sir P. That is to say, in official language, retire—withdraw—get out of this genteely and quietly—put yourself on the other side of the door for five minutes!

Count. Sir: the solution of this conduct, on both sides, is by no means difficult; but your triumph, be assured, is of short duration. [*Aside.*] The Grand Duke shall know of it instantly. [*Bows to Prince, and exits, angry.*]

Sir P. Away.

Rodolph. Ha! ha! Your proceedings, sir, are summary, indeed; and now to business. You come immediately from London?

Sir P. Immediately.

Rodolph. And you have communicated to Lady Emily the instructions you are charged with?

Sir P. Every syllable of the matter.

Rodolph. I may commence, then, without reserve. In the first place, here are two portraits. [*Giving them.*]

Sir P. The two portraits I see: Spanish and German;

the German has red hair—your fancy, I suppose—it is of no consequence: that is a matter of taste. Two beauties they are!

Rodolph. I resign them entirely; and let me entreat you to deliver them immediately—into whose hands I need not tell you.

Sir P. I beg your highness' pardon.

Rodolph. Enough! Time presses; the presence of *Morenos* sufficiently explains my situation, and I rely with confidence on your own address and discernment. [*Distant horns.*] I hear the hunters. [*Turns aside.*]

Sir P. What the devil is all this about? I can't understand a word of it. [*Horns out.*] 'Tis clear we are bothered alike.

Rodolph. [*Returning.*] One thing I had forgot.

Sir P. Yes! [*Aside.*] Now I'll perceive it.

Rodolph. And it is certainly favorable to us.

Sir P. That's lucky!

Rodolph. From what providential occurrence I cannot guess, the Saxon Envoy is not yet arrived: a circumstance that affords us time and opportunity.

Sir P. True: and if it would only afford us a bit of a clue—you understand?

Rodolph. No, I don't.

Sir P. Oh! we are bothered alike.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isabella. Oh! my dear Sir Patrick, such a bustle!—don't you hear it?

Sir P. I do.

Isabella. Horsemen, and dogs, and lancers, and the Grand Duke himself, all returning from the chase, and coming to refresh themselves at Lady Emily's.

Rodolph. We are ruined!

Sir P. Old Don *Morenos* has certainly informed against us.

Rodolph. Impossible! Did you then disclose the object of our meeting?

Sir P. Not a word of it, upon my honor.

Rodolph. Then we are safe. Your resources are well known to us, and you will easily disguise from the Grand Duke the object of our meeting.

Sir P. Make yourself easy; if the Grand Duke dis covers that from me he'll be wiser than I am. [*Horns.*] Here is his highness.

Enter GRAND DUKE, leading LADY EMILY; the COUNT MORENOS, BARON LOWENCRAFT, HUNTSMEN and ATTENDANTS.

Duke. This impromptu sort of visit, Lady Emily, is, I fear, rating your complaisance a little too freely; but the Count Morenos praised your park and gardens so warmly, I really could not resist its allurements.

Lady E. Your highness honors and obliges me.

Duke. They have had their attractions for my nephew, too, it seems; and our meeting here is in good time. Rodolph, let me present to you Baron Lowencraft, the Envoy from Saxony, who is this instant arrived, and was impatient to pay his respects to you.

Baron. To be frank with your highness, I had hoped and intended to enjoy this honor much earlier, but an unlucky accident happened to my carriage, and compelled me to a delay, which may have occasioned some surprise.

Sir P. This is the little man I tumbled into the mud.

Rodolph. And how did it happen, sir?

Baron. To be candid with your highness, I haven't the least idea. The road was excellent: and to tell you the honest truth, I suspect it was done intentionally: a crazy, unceremonious sort of a gentleman, in a little stout English cabriolet, and speaking in a wild, outlandish accent, with a grave smirk upon his face, which I shall not easily forget. [*Noticing Sir Patrick, who appears much amused.*] Eh! why surely here he is! here is the very gentleman!

Sir P. Is it there you are? Sir, I have to beg ten thousand pardons, and I should have staid to assist you, as in duty bound, but as I observed I had done you no serious mischief, and having a business on hand that admitted of no delay—

Lady E. and Rodolph. Sir Patrick!

Count. [*Aside.*] I guessed as much.

Baron. Enough! 'twas an accident.

Sir P. 'Pon my honor, only an accident.

Baron. 'Twas an accident, and there's an end of it.
From the Court of London, I presume?

Sir P. From the court-end, if you please.

Rodolph. [*Aside to him.*] Excellent!

Lady E. [*Aside.*] Intrepid creature!

Count. [*Aside.*] A bold step, indeed; catching a grace beyond the reach of art. [*To Grand Duke.*] I trust your highness is satisfied?

Duke. [*Nods to him, and addresses Sir Patrick.*] Excuse me, sir; but pray, how does it happen that a British Envoy should be in my presence without having introduced himself?

Sir P. Please your highness, my presence at court has always been most unfortunate, and my business on this occasion entitled me to no such honor—as the Count Morenos can answer for me.

Count. Certainly. Oh! dear me, he merely comes about the decorations of a fancy ball!

Duke. A fancy ball!

Sir P. Nothing else in life.

Count. To settle the trimmings of a doublet!

Sir P. Brocades and flounces, gores, gussetts, and shoulder straps.

Duke. A singular mission, truly!

Count. This assurance is incalculable!

Duke. [*Aside to Count.*] The truth must be detected. [*To Sir Patrick.*] We have a ball to-night, sir, and shall be happy to see you.

Sir P. Most proud of the honor, though it has already been done me by his highness the Prince.

Count. [*Aside to Grand Duke.*] You hear, sir.

Duke. So much the better. Come then, my friends, the day is still fresh, and we'll return to our sports.

[*Horns sounded; Exeunt all through centre, except Sir Patrick, who takes Isabella from under Count's arm, and exits.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A saloon in the Palace; Ball Room; Music of Quadrille.*

Enter COUNT MORENOS and ISABELLA.

Count. This way, my child.

Isabella. Oh! papa, don't detain me; such a beautiful ball: I can't bear to leave it; pray let me go back!

Count. I tell you no! I must consider.

Isabella. What a room for an English country dance; and how I long for a real, downright German waltz! Indeed, papa, I'm losing all my time.

Count. [*In reverie.*] This Sir Patrick is an unaccountable fellow; he has now ingratiated himself with the Grand Duke, as with the Prince. Have I been deceived in him? Is he become such a master of our art? His coolness surprises me; and what is still more difficult in our practice, he has a confounded hypocritical gayety of his own, that beats us all hollow. On our return home there was he amusing the Grand Duke with a parcel of Irish stories. He even made an extempore epigram on the Lord Chamberlain, which, I thought, must have settled his business. Quite the contrary: his highness laughed like a lunatic. [*Music.*]

Isabella. [*Looking out.*] Pa, pa, pa! the waltz is beginning.

Count. Patience, girl; the Prince isn't come.

Isabella. What of that? I am engaged the very first waltz.

Count. What, engaged yourself; and to whom?

Isabella. La! papa, you know to whom.

Count. You have done very wrong in a matter of such importance; you have acted rashly. To Sir Patrick, I suppose?

Isabella. To be sure, papa!

Count. The fellow's impudence is past bearing. I forbid you to dance with him.

Isabella. But I have promised him : I must declare off, then.

Count. Declare ! No—declare nothing !

Isabella. I may have a dance with him, then ?

Count. By no means—no ! My decision will depend on the production of a certain weighty document. I must find the chamberlain, for the purpose of learning how Sir Patrick has passed his time in the palace ; and whether you are not to dance with him, or whether you are, requires a deal of nice consideration.

[*Music—exit pompously.*]

Isabella. [*Looking out.*] There now ; and there's Sir Patrick looking out for me. Oh ! dear, he comes ! Now then to give him a thorough diplomatic reception. [*Music.*]

Enter SIR PATRICK.

Sir P. What, my little colleague, is this the way you serve me ? Are you giving me the slip ? Have you forgot your promise ?

Isabella. Promise ! What promise ?

Sir P. The promise to dance with me ; don't you remember ?

Isabella. By no means ; I acknowledge no engagement whatever ; there was nothing signed between us, and the ratification of the treaty depends upon the production of a certain weighty document.

Sir P. Upon what ?

Isabella. A document ! I must see the chamberlain to know how you have passed your time at the palace, and whether I am to dance with you, or whether I am not, depends upon a deal of nice consideration ! [*Retires up.*]

Sir P. A mighty accomplished petticoat politician ; but whether she's in for foreign affairs, or for my home department, or what may be the nature of the document in question, are points for a future Congress, and to me the most interesting of all my complicated transactions !
[*Turns about.*]

Re-enter COUNT.

Count. Where is the chamberlain ?

Sir P. How the devil do I know?

Count. You here, Sir Patrick! Which way did you enter?

Sir P. Which way? Why, from the dinner table, to be sure; the door is wide enough.

Count. The dinner table of whom?

Sir P. Of his highness, to be sure. Do you think I dine with lackeys?

Count. What, a public dinner?

Sir P. Public—public! What, and I there without you! No, sir; the Grand Duke knows his station better; pot-luck, sir, nothing in the world else. Riding home with the Grand Duke, and happening to venture a joke or two upon German cooking, he insisted upon curing me of my prejudices immediately.

Count. [*Distressingly.*] That was his object?

Sir P. And the pleasure of my company. He saw I didn't stand upon any ceremony, and a most pleasing little party we had; and then such interesting conversation—

Count. With the Prince?

Sir P. With the prince and the ladies: chiefly on the subject of my mission.

Count. [*Significantly.*] I understand!

Sir P. The picturesque and beautiful.

Count. [*Aside.*] Again!

Sir P. These matters, no doubt, are beneath you; but for the ladies, you know—

Count. Hark ye, Sir Patrick; I own I never gave you credit for half the address and ability you have displayed this day; but my prejudice is now at an end, and to convince you of it, confide to me frankly the true motives of your mission! do this, and my daughter is your's.

[*Isabella comes down.*]

Sir P. What, my dear little Donna?

Isabella. Impossible! Oh! Sir Patrick, what good news—what generosity—and you don't fall on your knees!

Sir P. Oh! yes, I was just about it; only you see—

Count. You hesitate.

Sir P. Hesitate! Not at all; only pause for a moment. Such an unexpected happiness, and on such unexpected

conditions, in my particular circumstances, you must feel, Count, that whether I can accept of it, or whether I cannot, requires a deal of nice consideration.

Isabella. [*Angrily.*] Consideration!

Count. Undoubtedly! [*To Sir Patrick.*] Think for a moment.

[*Leads Isabella up the stage.*]

Sir P. Think! think! It is easy to say think, but what am I to think about? What will I do now? What information can I give him, unless it is a twentieth edition of the picturesque and the beautiful? All the secret I have is that I have no secret at all; but am as great a blockhead as ever; he has become so superannuated, he won't believe me: and if he did, out breaks the politician again, and he will despise me, and cheat me of my little Donna. Safe's the word, then; and since I'll get nothing in exchange, I will preserve my honor and swagger through it.

Count. [*Coming down.*] Well, Sir Patrick, the lady is impatient—are you decided?

Sir P. [*With affected dignity.*] I am, Count; but situated as I am—I may say circumstanced, you will forgive me—but placed as I am between love and duty, the struggle has been most critical—I may say most tremendous—but that good opinion with which I have inspired your excellency, and which fills me with a pride certainly unfelt before—the character, the merit, you are pleased to ascribe to me—all this and much more, I say, your excellency, all this I never will forfeit; private feeling must yield to public duty; and to preserve your esteem and my own, to my sensibilities, and feeling a reciprocity of sentiment that—damn the word more can I say on the subject.

[*Turns up.*]

Isabella. I'm thunderstruck!

Count. [*Aside.*] He soars above us all! [*Aloud.*] Refuse my daughter—revolt against my friendship! But I will make a friend of him yet! I'll to the Secretary, and devise some covert attack! He'll be a great character!

[*Exit.*]

Isabella. He's an ungrateful blockhead.

Sir P. Don't be angry, my charmer: behold me at your feet.

Isabella. You may rise; it is to no purpose.

Sir P. Don't condemn me without a hearing.

Isabella. I have heard you, sir! What, when our happiness depends upon you, and you refused me!

Sir P. Upon my honor, then, in my place you would have done the same, and a great deal more. To you my heart is open: and now I'll just tell you why I didn't communicate the secret—but you'll not betray me?

Isabella. Oh, certainly not!

Sir P. Why, then, come here and look me in the face.
[*Pause.*] The devil a secret I have to communicate! Now, you'll not tell any one?

Isabella. For shame! trying your Jesuitical nonsense upon me, too—you that used to be honesty itself; but I foresaw it.

Sir P. I am as honest as ever I was, and nothing to boast of either. 'Tis your beauty that has caught the infection; and I have discovered that in a great political family, the only way of disguising the truth is to tell it. Here I am in the thick of some great discussion, like a blundering parenthesis, or a comma misplaced, making nothing but cross-readings and confusion; but don't, now, like a little despot as you are, insist upon my using my tongue in spite of my teeth—at all, at all!

Isabella. It's mighty well—but haven't you had a secret interview with the Prince? And what was it about?

Sir P. I'd be very glad to know that myself. His highness paid me a compliment or two upon my arrival, and immediately handed me a couple of portraits—very elegant.

Isabella. A couple of portraits!

Sir P. Here they are. [*Gives them.*] Look at them, and then you'll know as much of them as I do.

Isabella. Richly set in diamonds; and, as I live, one of them the Saxon Princess I met at Geneva, and the other the cousin of our king of Spain!

Sir P. There it is now; you see, my charmer, the secret is all on your side.

Isabella. And why were they given to you?

Sir P. May be you can tell me that also: for 'tis more than his highness could. Here are a couple of portraits, says he—are they, says I—let me entreat you, sir, said he,

to deliver them, into whose hands I needn't tell you—and he didn't; but you threw a light at once upon the whole business—they are presents to the two ambassadors.

Isabella. Well, I dare say.

Sir P. That I shouldn't have hit upon it before now—and faith, a very handsome compliment; your father, no doubt, will be flattered with it. Och! it will set us all right again. Take it, my charmer—take him the Spanish lady, and tell him 'tis myself that sent it, with the Prince's compliments.

Isabella. That I will; and you promise me this—that it is nothing but a little commission extempore, and that you never will be a great politician?

Sir P. I can refuse you nothing.

Isabella. I am satisfied; and when I come back, I will dance with you in spite of the whole Cabinet Council, or a Royal Proclamation! [*Exit.*]

Sir P. Daylight comes at last; and, apropos, here comes the Saxon; for fear of blundering, hadn't I better wait my cue? It's that I'll do.

Enter BARON LOWENCRAFT.

Baron. [*Aside.*] Here he is; now to give him an opportunity. Good evening, Sir Patrick. [*Sir Patrick bows.*] Perhaps I may not come unseasonably? [*Bowing.*]

Sir P. By no means.

[*A short pause,*

Baron. [*Aside.*] He's silent, a sign he has a great deal to say. [*Pause of mutual silence; inquiring looks; Baron motions to sit down. Sir Patrick assents, and they take seats; silence after being seated, till Baron becomes impatient.*] I fear your journey has fatigued you?

Sir P. Not at all; I hope you have recovered from your roll in the mud?

Baron. Perfectly. [*Pause again.*] I—a—ah—oh—

Sir P. You were speaking, sir.

Baron. I have just seen the Count Morenos.

Sir P. Have you though? I hope you found him in a good humor.

Baron. To say the truth, sir, by no means in a good humor with you; from which I judge that you and I might probably make some approaches.

Sir P. [*Draws nearer.*] By all means; I hope, sir, we shall be intimate—have some pleasant days together.

Baron. [*Aside.*] A good sign. Then, Sir Patrick, to be honest with you—

Sir P. If you please.

Baron. As to our own success, we are comparatively indifferent, but that the Spaniard should carry it—

Sir P. The Spaniard!

Baron. That would be humiliating to both of us therefore, if we could only understand each other it would be a great advantage.

Sir P. On my side, certainly; I've understood nothing yet.

Baron. As we narrow the competition, in the first place, then, what is the Prince's opinion, and what is your's?—that is all I ask.

Sir P. Well, upon my honor, that's not much. Why, then, to be candid with you, it would be no easy matter for me to give an opinion on the subject; and with regard to the sentiments of the Prince, here is a little present which will no doubt explain them, and which I take it to be my business to present to your excellency.

[*Gives portrait.*]

Baron. What! the portrait of the Princess returned by you, from Prince Rodolph?

Sir P. From his highness himself, with his kind compliments.

Baron. This is decisive!

Sir P. It is all settled.

Baron. [*With emphasis.*] Sir, the indecorum of such conduct is as unbecoming your character, as that of the Prince!

Sir P. Oh! the devil pursues me still.

Baron. The Grand Duke, the whole court, shall know of what you have done.

[*Going.*]

Sir P. My lord, as you are going to tell the whole court, may be you'd be so good as to begin with me, if you please?

Baron. I'm made at once your dupe and laughing-stock; 'tis a national insult. Spain shall make common cause with Saxony, and the Court of St. James shall make us mutual satisfaction.

Sir P. Why, then, if you go to that, sir, the Court of St. James is not to be intimidated either by Spain or Saxony.

[*Both put on their hats together, and face each other—pausing.*

Baron. Sir, you have exceeded your credentials.

Sir P. You may say that, sir!

Baron. And you will find you have compromised both yourself and your country. [Exit.

Sir P. Good-by, sir—go to the devil, sir!—My old character will stick to me through thick and thin; and here is the third continental war I have been on the point of provoking, in my diplomatic situation. To the best of my discernment, I have brought my unfortunate friend, the Prince, into as great a scrape as myself, and stand by him I will—partly to behave like a gentleman, and partly because I begin to have a mighty longing to know the rights of the business.

Enter RODOLPH and LADY EMILY.

Rodolph. We are lost—undone! A measure so abrupt, so unwarranted—oh, is it possible? Are you here, sir—do you know the danger that surrounds us?

Sir P. 'Tis for that I remain, your highness.

Lady E. Such conduct, sir, is noble, and only what I expected; in you, I am sure we shall have a friend to the last.

Rodolph. A friend! when I was on the point of telling you that the storm, now ready to burst upon us, is of his raising, and that coming unaccredited, as he does, it will be well if he escapes a dungeon!

Sir P. Och, the powers!

Lady E. What has he done?

Rodolph. Without authority—without advice! You know our great hope was to gain time by temporising with the Envoys of Spain and Saxony?

Lady E. Certainly.

Rodolph. Would you believe it, he has dismissed them both, without the slightest ceremony!

Lady E. Is it possible?

Rodolph. Of course, they are furious.

Lady E. [*With firmness.*] Upon consideration, he was quite in the right.

Sir P. I was! blessings on your sex; the petticoats never desert me!

Lady E. 'Twas the only thing left for us; it must have happened sooner or later, and why stand shilly-shally?

Sir P. That's the politics after my own heart.

Lady E. How did he venture to make you a party in such a step?

Rodolph. 'Twas in spite of myself, and without ever apprising me. You know the portraits I promised to send you?

Sir P. [*Aside.*] To send her ladyship!

Lady E. They were of the rival Princesses?

Rodolph. They were; and he has returned them in my name, to their respective ambassadors.

Lady E. I understand perfectly.

Sir P. [*Aside.*] You're mighty lucky!

Lady E. Oh! sir, how greatly I am obliged to you.

Sir P. Indeed, you are not, madam; much less than your ladyship imagines.

Rodolph. 'Tis certain you have placed us in a strange dilemma. What is to be our conduct to the Grand Duke—is the truth to be disclosed at once?

Sir P. By all means, I vote for that; tell the truth—tell the truth!

Lady E. 'Tis a critical proceeding.

Sir P. No matter; an *eclaircissement* at all hazards; my first and last word is an *eclaircissement*.

Rodolph. Be it so, then; we must confess all, and throw ourselves upon his august clemency.

Sir P. Ay, upon his august clemency.

Rodolph. And since that is your advice, do you, my friend, take upon yourself—

Sir P. Me?

Lady E. Oh, yes, Sir Patrick, you must, indeed.

Sir P. I beg your pardon, but you see I have done a great deal in the business already.

Rodolph. You certainly have.

Lady E. And could you now desert us?

Sir P. Never!

Rodolph. To you falls, of course, the task—having gone so far, there can be no reason why you shouldn't proceed.

Sir P. There you are right—no reason on earth—and, if you insist on it, will you just give me a hint?

Rodolph & Lady E. Certainly, certainly!

[*They retire up, but attend to what is passing.*]

Enter ISABELLA.

Isabella. So, sir, I came to look for you; pretty business you have been about, you keep your promise finely!

Sir P. Is the ball begun? I'm ready.

Isabella. Yes, sir, but I am not!—Ball, indeed; pretty time to talk of that! I've just come from my father.

Sir P. Oh! I guess Saxony and he are fuming like a brace of bulls!

Isabella. Fuming!—no, sir—he ought to be!—but quite the contrary; he's cool and reconciled. "Child," says he, "Sir Patrick has defeated me, and in so masterly a manner, I could not have believed it; but I must do him justice; and I not only forgive him, but look upon him as altogether worthy to be my son-in-law."

Sir P. Beautiful! Oh, virtue is its own reward!

Isabella. "That is," says my father, "provided he takes care that Saxony has no advantage."

Sir P. Oh! there are witnesses that I have taken care of that already! and let me now secure the prize.

[*Goes to take her hand.*]

Isabella. [*Withdrawing.*] I beg your pardon, this may be very well for my father—but where is your engagement to me, sir? You have been the main spring of a great intrigue, it seems; and proved yourself a negotiator of the most determined talents.

Sir P. For the first time, as I hope for mercy.

Lady E. Forgive him this once, and I'll engage he'll never offend again.

Sir P. That you may safely answer for.

Isabella. Would you believe it, madam, my father offered him my hand on condition of his disclosing the real secret of his business here, and he refused it!

Lady E. Is it possible? Such heroic devotion!

Rodolph. Generous, indeed!

Sir P. Oh! you make me blush. 'Twas a matter of

duty—I may say, of necessity—but situated as I am—I may say, circumstanced—the struggle was tremendous!

Lady E. And for my sake, you must forgive him?

Rodolph. For both our sakes!

Isabella. Well, if I must—but you'll look after Saxony?

Sir P. He's packing up his linen at this moment, and will be packing off in his post curricule. Come along, my little Donna. [*Music.*]

Enter GRAND DUKE.

Duke. One moment, Sir Patrick; I am sorry to interrupt either business or pleasure, but for the present, the ladies must excuse you—you and I must have a word or two. [*To Rodolph.*] I must beg your highness to wait for me in my cabinet.

Lady E. [*Aside to Sir Patrick.*] This is the crisis; now for one bold effort! [*Exit with Isabella.*]

Rodolph. [*Also aside.*] I leave you with my last hope. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. Mighty convenient and genteel!

[*The Grand Duke walks about in great disquiet.*]

Duke. Within, there!

[*An Officer enters, to whom he speaks aside.*]

Sir P. That's the captain of the guard; matters begin to grow serious; and here I am, with everybody's sins on my shoulders, and no friend but my natural born genius! Is it a conspiracy? If they had dropped me but a hint—sure and they did—that is the business—

[*Recollecting.—The Duke dismisses the Guard and seats himself.*]

Duke. Approach, Sir Patrick. [*He obeys.*] It is high time that I knew something of your intentions. You came, it seems, without any ostensible mission; yet, since your arrival this morning, you are the universal topic, and I hear of nothing but you, and you have thrown the whole court into confusion.

Sir P. Then, upon my honor, your highness, the whole court has returned the compliment.

Duke. Yes, sir, the Saxon Envoy, the Spanish Envoy, both are loud in their complaints against you—I myself am startled and astonished at the influence you have obtained with my nephew.

Sir P. Not more than I am, take my word for it.

Duke. Your success in that quarter has exceeded your hopes—but I expect from you, without further delay, a specific explanation.

Sir P. What do you say?

Duke. A specific explanation.

Sir P. Oh! why, then, in two words, we confess.

Duke. You confess!

Sir P. We confess all, and throw ourselves upon your august clemency.

Duke. But what do you confess!

Sir P. That's a puzzler!

Duke. That is precisely what I wish to know.

Sir P. And that is most unlucky; for, with the best intentions imaginable, 'tis precisely what I find it impossible to inform your highness.

Duke. Beware, sir! you appear to be on the very verge of contumely.

Sir P. Oh! by my honor, to be wanting in respect to a potentate that gives such dinners and wines as your highness, is not the character of an Irish privy counsellor.

Duke. Must I come to the point, then?

Sir P. If you please, and you'll oblige me.

Duke. As England has been so busy in frustrating the views of Spain and Saxony, I insist on being explicitly informed whether she has any distant views of her own.

Sir P. Then, explicitly, none, and please your highness, that I am intrusted with.

Duke. You surprise me more and more!

Sir P. [*Aside.*] I am getting deeper in the mire.

Duke. And are you, sir—[*Rises.*—to come into my estates with your specious machinations—bring disorder into my family—and embroil me with two powerful kingdoms I desire to remain in friendship with—having only some indirect and subordinate object of your own!

Sir P. [*Aside.*] Oh! furies!

Duke. But things must not remain in this state. The only means of reconciling Spain and Saxony to our abrupt rejection of their overtures, is an immediate selection—and he must abide by it. So it be a lady of rank and birth, under the circumstances, I shall be satisfied. This I commit to that skill and influence you have already

evinced; the mischief you have done you must repair, and, as you have not chosen to be recognized in an official character, you will not be surprised if your person be made the security for its accomplishment. *[Exit.]*

Sir P. Your humble servant! So, by the way of a wind-up to all my extraordinary diplomatic feats, here I am a prisoner of state, and the only way of keeping my neck out of a noose, is by getting the Prince into one. It grows mighty serious, for his highness appears to be a very sensible young man, and may not be at all disposed to accommodate us.

Enter LADY EMILY.

Lady E. Well, Sir Patrick, what is your news?

Sir P. Beautiful, my lady, beautiful—that is, if his highness is a man of taste, and of a domestic turn—if not, I don't know what may be your ladyship's position, but my affair is settled.

Lady E. To the point, my dear Sir Patrick: what is the Grand Duke's impression of our conduct?

Sir P. Why, in the first place, mine has been exceedingly irregular.

Lady E. Oh, that, of course!

Sir P. Yes, that seems a settled point! And in the next place, to satisfy both Spain and Saxony, to prevent a scene of bloodshed and desolation, and preserve the tranquillity of Europe, the Prince is immediately to make a choice.

Lady E. To make a choice?

Sir P. To prevent blunders, I'll quote his own words—instantly to make a choice and abide by it.

Lady E. My dear Sir Patrick!

Sir P. So it be a lady of birth and rank, under the circumstances, says he, I shall be satisfied.

Lady E. Oh, heavens! is it possible you have brought him to that?

Sir P. Without the slightest difficulty. You have played the devil, said he, speaking to me, and must repair the injury you have done; to your amazing abilities I commit the whole affair—intimating I'd be in a pretty scrape if I made a botch of it.

Lady E. A scrape! oh, you dear, clever, accomplished

creature: well might the Princess eulogise your extraordinary talents!

Sir P. The Princess, too! My name is up—which would do mighty well, if my neck was not in jeopardy.

Lady E. Don't be uneasy, Sir Patrick; you have done quite enough, the rest I take upon myself.

Sir P. You will?

Lady E. I'll fly to the Grand Duke—behold me, sir, I will exclaim, ready to sacrifice myself to the safety of your country!

Sir P. Oh, magnanimous!

Lady E. To appease Spain and Saxony—to save the Prince all unnecessary trouble—to rescue my friend Sir Patrick, from an untimely end—

Sir P. Me, I could not suffer it.

Lady E. Behold me ready to immolate myself. [*Stops suddenly.*] My heart fails me.

Sir P. Oh, the devil! Courage, my dear lady.

Lady E. But, no! I won't shrink.

Sir P. I wouldn't.

Lady E. After what he has said, he can't repulse me.

Sir P. He can't.

Lady E. I'll disclose the truth.

Sir P. Yourself?

Lady E. Myself—I will appeal to his justice and his honor.

Sir P. Yes.

Lady E. A few moments will decide our fate—either we are all lost, or at the pinnacle of success and fortune! [*Exit.*]

Sir P. Oh! she'll be recorded in history as a heroine of the first calibre. It's going to be decided, and as I have so ably manœuvred the whole transaction, I should like to get an inkling what it's all about. I must be a party in the business, that's certain; may be I'd credentials from the Foreign Office after dinner, and I'd forgot them—but whether I have or have not, whether I have a stamped reputation as a man of genius, or lost it forever, depends upon this awful moment. What are they about now? I hear a bustle; I tremble for the lady's sake.

Enter BARON LOWENCRAFT.

Baron. Oh, my dear sir! [*Takes Sir Patrick's hand.*]

Sir P. Oh, my dear friend!

Baron. Wish me joy.

Sir P. I do.

Baron. You have succeeded for me—done all I desired of you.

Sir P. I have?

Baron. You have! [*In a whisper.*] My rival is foiled, and I am satisfied, I shall acquaint my sovereign with the part you have taken in this affair, and if ever you have occasion for his services, you may command them.

Sir P. Don't trouble yourself; I am not one of your paltry—

Baron. Hush!

Enter COUNT MORENOS and ISABELLA.

Count. My dear friend, I congratulate you! here, my daughter is yours!

Sir P. Do you say so?

Count. You deserve her—you have admirably conducted this business, and you have accomplished my utmost wishes.

Sir P. You have succeeded?

Count. No, no—you have taken care of that! [*In a low voice.*] But at least you have defeated Saxony, and saved my honor in the tenderest point.

Isabella. Didn't I insist upon it? He couldn't help it.

Sir P. Sure, I couldn't.

Count. And now I confess, sir, that genius defies all instruction; you have this day shown a firmness, a finesse, in the midst of older disciplinarians, that has completely routed them. Your countrywomen, it seems, bear the palm from us all.

Sir P. Lady Emily?

Count. Lady Emily and you, may now judge for yourselves, the value of a profound, accomplished, diplomatic talent.

Sir P. I have prodigious proofs of it, certainly. [*Aside.*] My reputation is divided.

Enter RODOLPH, the GRAND DUKE, and LADY EMILY.

Rodolph. Victory! victory! My dear Sir Patrick, all

is discovered, all sanctioned, and you can no longer disguise your services.

Sir P. I don't; I'm too proud of them.

Duke. [*Half aside to Sir Patrick.*] Sir Patrick, this has been cleverly managed; but though they pretend that they are married, I'll wager one hundred dollars they are not.

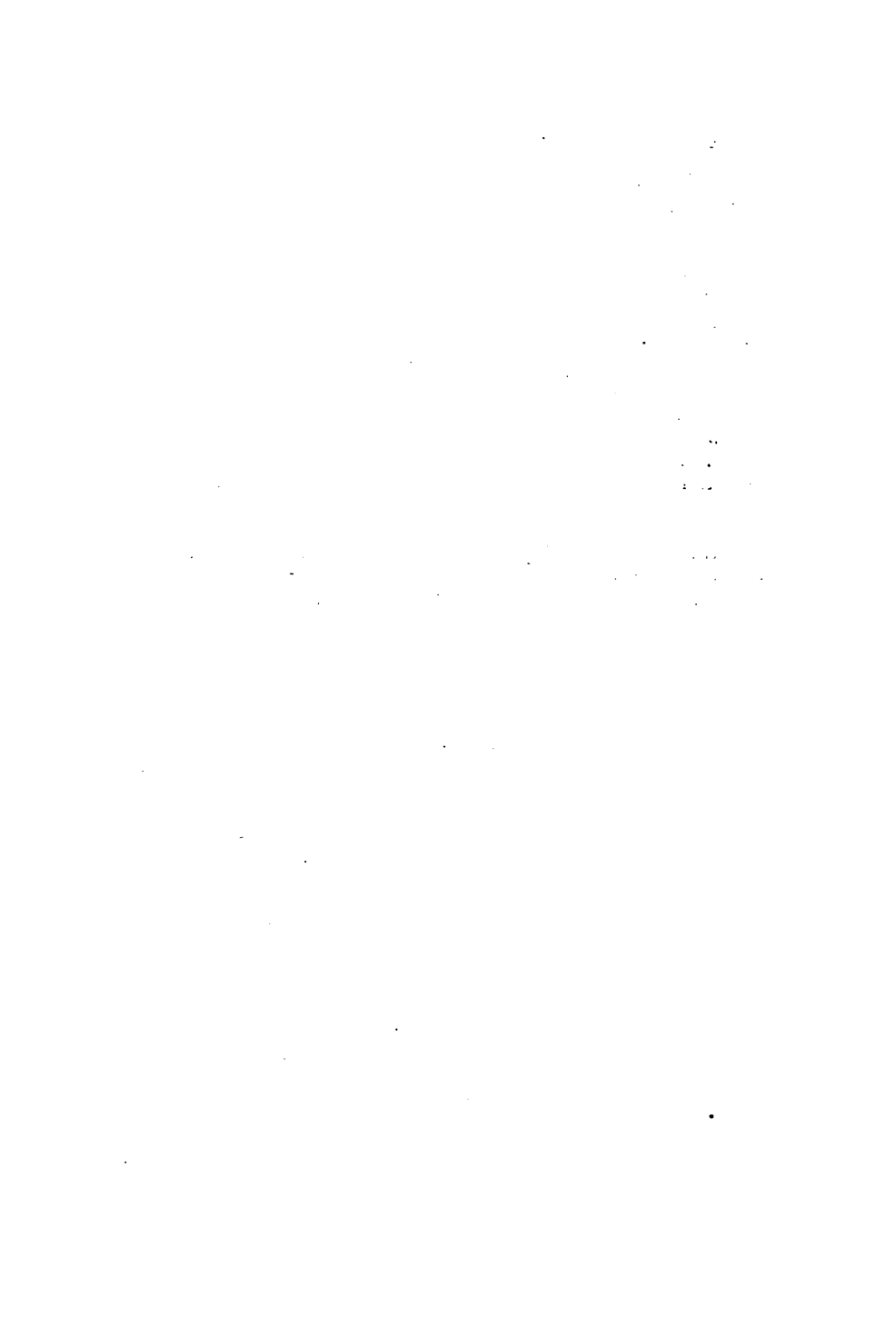
Rodolph. [*Aside to Sir Patrick.*] Done!

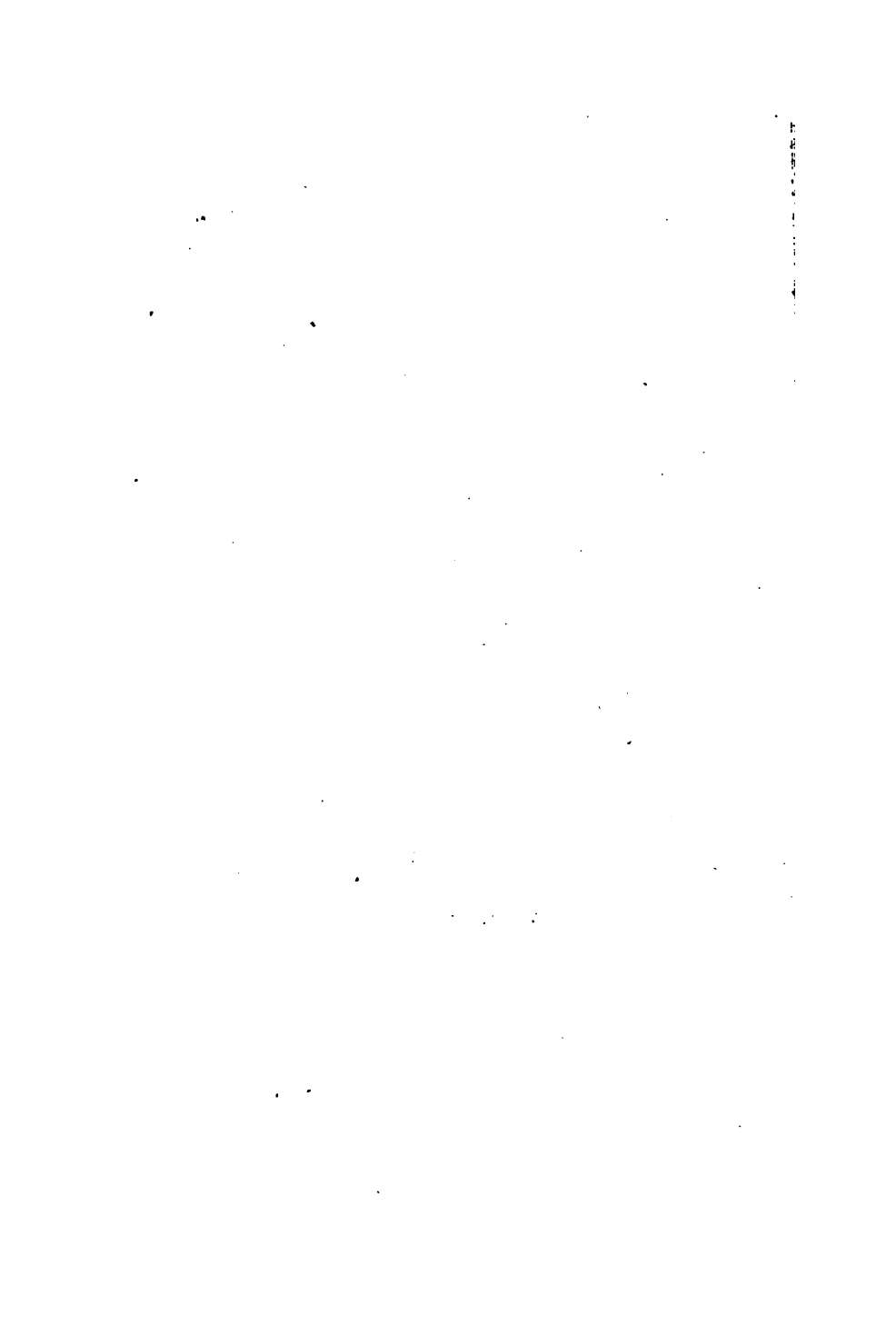
Sir P. Done! we'll produce the certificate.

Duke. [*Aside.*] Hush!—At all events, 'tis admirably managed. [*To the Ambassadors.*] I hope, gentlemen, we shall now part friends; and you, Sir Patrick, I trust, will no longer disguise yourself in a career so worthy of you; and, as the affair is settled, to-morrow it shall be published in full in our official journal.

Sir P. Then I shall not know what I have been doing till to-morrow—that will be as well; all I have done will then be unfolded for the information of the public—*[Aside.]*—and myself at the same time—and I hope that my patrons at home, as well as my rivals abroad, will ratify the success of their IRISH AMBASSADOR.

THE END







THE WEATHERCOCK.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXXIX.

(No. 38 is misplaced after No. 36?)

THE WEATHERCOCK.

A Farce

IN TWO ACTS.

John Till

BY J. T. ALLINGHAM.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.



Figure 1. Relationship between the number of trials and the number of correct responses.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

If any stage character could become universally popular with the American Public, it is *Mr. Tristram Fickle*, the hero of "The Weathercock;" for he is, in rapid succession, a pleader, a player, an apothecary, a soldier, a gardener, a quaker, and a beau—and by his lightning-like transfers from one business to another, *Mr. Fickle* would baffle the constantly repeated question in our streets "What are you doing now?"—for he is hardly a minute to be found in the same pursuit. He is the quicksilver rattler of the Stage—well contrasted with the positive old gentleman, his father, and more particularly with *Briefwit*, who is slow of speech, reserved, and husbands his animal energies with becoming gravity and decorum. These characters are justified as to dramatic merit and capability by the eminent performers by whom they have been personated; including Bannister, immortal Jack, the elder Mathews, Harley, and for the lady characters, Miss Foote, and Miss De Camp, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kemble. The language of "The Weathercock" is neat, pertinent, and substantial, like that of all the earlier race of English farces—the changes of scene and incident are rapid and spirited—keeping the attention of the audience constantly on the alert, and the situations are strong and telling. No farce, properly cast, would better bear revival and frequent repetition before our vivacious and novelty seeking public of play-goers.

C. M.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury-Lane, 1806.</i>	<i>1827.</i>
<i>Old Fickle</i>	Mr. Cherry.	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Tristram Fickle</i>	" Bannister.	" Harley.
<i>Briefwit</i>	" Mathews.	" J. Russell.
<i>Sneer</i>	" Purser.	" Hughes.
<i>Gardener</i>	" Maddocks.	" C. Jones.
<i>Barber</i>	" Evans.	" E. Vining.
<i>Servant</i>	" Webb.	" Smith.
<i>Varicella</i>	Miss De Camp.	Miss Foote.
<i>Ready</i>	Mrs. Scott.	" Weston.

COSTUMES.

OLD FICKLE.—Respectable old-fashioned brown suit, white silk stockings, old man's shoes and buckles, cravat, white curly wig.

BRIEFWIT.—Complete suit of clerical black, a black bushy wig, clerical hat, old man's shoes, black buckles, cane, green eye-glasses.

YOUNG FICKLE.—Snuff-colored small clothes, stockings, black modern coat, white waistcoat. *Second Dress:* Counsellor's gown, wig, bib, and a nosegay. *Third dress:* Officer's coat, hat, sash, and sword. *Fourth dress:* Changes with the Gardener. *Fifth Dress:* A Quaker's white or brown coat, an opera hat, with the sides turned down to resemble a Quaker's, long lanky red hair.

SNEER.—Brown comic livery, blue striped stockings, hair combed smoothly back.

BARBER.—White pantaloons, jacket, apron, &c.

GARDENER.—Blue stockings, black velveteen small-clothes, red waistcoat, blue jacket, green apron, little comic hat, red wig.

SERVANT.—White livery.

VARIELLA.—White carriage morning dress, hat and feathers. *Second Dress:* A Savoyard's complete. *Third Dress:* A Quaker's, complete. *Fourth Dress:* Fashionable white muslin dress.

READY.—A smart chambermaid's gown, apron, cap, handkerchief thrown over her neck.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*;
L. C. *Left of Centre*.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in Fickle's House.*

Enter OLD FICKLE and TRISTRAM, disputing, R.

Old F. (c.) What reputation, what honor, what profit, can accrue to you, from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tri. (R. c.) I am clear out of that scrape now, sir.

Old F. Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and for the noise of drums, trumpets, and hautboys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than ever was heard at the Tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle, down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper, the other day, for barrelling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

Tri. You should not have paid him anything, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, sir; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see

a little steadiness. Fix on some pursuit and follow it with zeal and assiduity; let me see you constant to something, or I'll give you up forever. Your follies have cost me thousands: you have never yet been constant to anything but extravagance.

Tri. Yes, sir, one thing more.

Old F. What is that, sir?

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and, from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy, well said! You make me happy indeed. Let everything that's past be forgotten. I see a resolution of amendment in your looks, that delights me. Come to my heart, joy of my old age. [*Embracing him.*] Now then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law—

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better. I am overjoyed. Give me your hand upon it. Why, 'tis the very thing I wished—a profession, too, in which you are likely to meet with preferment.

Tri. Yes, if I am any judge.

Old F. I was afraid to propose it to you myself, lest the spirit of contradiction, inherent in the breasts of all children, should have made you object to it. Oh, 'tis most fortunate! Now I am happy. [*Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.*] See how his mind is engaged!

Tri. Gentleman of the jury—

Old F. Why, Tristram—

Tri. This is a cause—

Old F. Oh, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you now that I can depend on [*Tristram continues making gestures.*] Yes, he is serious now. I never saw him so much in earnest before.

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause—

Old F. Bravo! bravo! excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

Tri. 'Tis done, sir.

Old F. What! already?

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books, when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning. Well—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber—

Old F. A barber! What! is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one half of my head, sir.

Old F. You will excuse me, if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law; though, to be sure, those who are of that profession, are rather famous for the coolness of their heads.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, the Athenian orator! He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up, after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice—he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force. The throne of Philip trembles while he speaks—he denounces, and indignation fills the bosoms of his hearers—he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin—he threatens the tyrant, they grasp their swords—he calls for vengeance, their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of an orator.

[*Crosses, L.*

Old F. Oh! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench! But come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happily this determination of your's will further it. You have—[*Tristram makes extravagant gestures as if speaking.*]—often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister—

genius he has ! he'll be Lord Chancellor one day or other, I dare be sworn—I am sure he has talents ! Oh, how I long to see him at the bar.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Ser. Mr. Briefwit and Miss Variella.

[*Exit, L.*

Enter BRIEFWIT and VARELLA, L.

Old F. (c.) Ah, my good friend, Mr. Briefwit !

Bri. The aforesaid.

Old F. You are welcome to Whimshall.

Bri. Whimshall—the *locus in quo*—good.

Old F. Miss Variella, I am happy to see you ; I hope your ride has been pleasant. [*Shake hands.*

Var. Oh, delightful, sir : and Mr. Briefwit has been so agreeable.

Bri. Good.

Old F. Ay, he can be very entertaining when he pleases.

[*Aside.*] That's very seldom, though.

Bri. Hum !

Var. (c.) If it had not been for the turnpike-man, I should not have heard a human voice all the way ; but, most fortunately for me, he happened to give sixpence in change, which, when it had undergone a cross-examination, was pronounced "bad." Another being substituted, was likewise examined, and pronounced, "good." "Uttering false coin is felony without benefit of clergy," said my guardian, as he shut the window. I was so astonished at his volubility, that I could make no reply. But I shall make up for my lost time now ; so take care of yourself.

Old F. I'll find one that can talk to you. Come, I'll introduce you to my son. What say you, Mr. Briefwit ?

Bri. Good.

Var. Excuse me, sir. Allow me to adjust my dress, and I will attend you presently. [*Going, R.*

Old F. As you please.

Var. I am more interested in this meeting than they imagine ; and, if he should not receive me as I wish—Oh !—but away, despair ! More forms than Proteus I'll assume to please him, and change as oft as his inconstant mind—most happy if at last he should approve me as myself. [*Exit, R.*

Old F. This is all right: this gives me an opportunity of talking to you a little.

Bri. Consult—take an opinion—good.

Old F. Good,—ay, I hope so. I have to tell you, that my son is one of the most serious studious young men living.

Bri. (L. c.) *Id certum est quod certum reddi potest*: vulgarly in the proverb, “the proof of the pudding is in the eating.”

Old F. Always at his books.

Bri. Good.

Old F. And what now—what, of all things, do you think employs his mind? [*Briefwit looks at him without speaking.*] Come, guess now, what do you think he reads.

Bri. [After a pause.] Books.

Old F. You are not far from the mark there, old Cautious; he does read books,—he studies the law.

Bri. *Dat operam legibus Angliæ*—good.

Old F. Ay, I thought you would say so. The law is a fine profession, is not it? I am sure I have a specimen before me of what the law will do for a man.

Bri. Hum! It will do for a man—good.

Old F. I knew you would be doubly anxious about this match, between your ward and him, when you heard of his having embraced that profession.

Bri. Hum!

Old F. [*Aside.*] Hum! He is more loquacious than ever. Conversation fatigues you.

Bri. *Non liquet*—it appeareth not—

Old F. And when you do speak, there's no understanding you. [*Aside.—Briefwit reads his papers.*] A very entertaining companion, truly. Pray, sir, read out.

Bri. [*Looks at him, and pockets his papers.*] Good.

Old F. So good, that you seem determined to keep it to yourself. Come, we'll go and see my boy, if you please; it's a pity to disturb him, though. Oh! he's so studious, you'll be delighted with him—so steady—so like yourself, he will talk to you in your own way. [*Going, he stops.*] I beg pardon, the law takes precedence of every profession.

Bri. Good. [*Walks off with great gravity, &c.*]

Old F. Very good, indeed. You certainly are one of the most pleasant, agreeable, facetious, conversable, witty

and entertaining disciples of Lycurgus, that ever wore a wig with two tails. [Exit, R.

SCENE II.—*Tristram Fickle's apartment.*—*Musical instruments, books, a telescope, an electrifying machine, a quadrant, globes, &c., all about the room in disorder.—A bust of Cicero on the table, a lawyer's wig on a block, a gown, and a regimental coat and hat.*

SNEER discovered.

Sne. (R.) What's here? another change! Law-books and a bust of Cicero. Well, master of mine, how long will you continue in this mind? A gown and wig, too! why, here's a lawyer's whole stock in trade, and we may open shop immediately. Here he is, as grave as a judge already, I declare.

Enter TRISTRAM FICKLE, L. S. E.

Tri. (L.) The law! By the law how many men reach the highest preferment.

Sne. That they do: the gallows for instance.

Tri. Cicero was a great man; he raised himself by his eloquence, and why should not I? I have a mouth—

Sne. Ay, sir, that you have, and a swallow, too.

Tri. A tongue, and every organ of speech.

Sne. Cicero had a head, or this bust belies him.

Tri. He had a head crammed with knowledge. I'll imitate Cicero.

Sne. And cram your head with knowledge?

Tri. Yes; I will study the law.

Sne. Ah, sir; you must go through a great many trials, then.

Tri. I am convinced that I possess great powers of oratory; I'll prove it to you, Sneer. Now, you fancy yourself a judge.

Sne. No, I don't, indeed, sir.

Tri. I mean that you are to personate a judge: to act the part of a judge.

Sne. I am afraid I shall do it very badly.

Tri. I will try you.

Sne. No; if I am to be the judge, I must try you.

[Goes to back of stage and brings forward a chair.

Tri. Silence in the court. Now you are a judge, I am a barrister going to plead before you. These—*Pointing to the audience*—are the gentleman of the jury. That wig-block opposite is my opponent.

[Puts on his gown and wig.]

Sne. Stop, sir, one moment, if you please. If I am to be a judge, I must have a wig, too; for what's a judge without a wig? *[Fetching a white handkerchief from the table.]* He's a soldier without arms, a baker without an oven, or an apothecary without a cane. Now, if you can fancy me a judge, you can fancy this my wig. *[Throwing the handkerchief over his head, and sitting down in a chair L. c.]* Now let the cause proceed.

Tri. (L.) My lord, my lord, the cause to which I have the honor of claiming your lordship's attention, is a cause which most materially interests all orders of society, inasmuch as it is the cause of violent heats, perpetual broils, and smokings and roastings without number. The cause of all these, my lord, is coals, as I will take upon myself, by many witnesses of unquestionable veracity, to prove to your lordship's entire satisfaction. Coals, my lord, are brought all the way from Newcastle, for the purpose of increasing the domestic comforts of the inhabitants of this great city and parts adjacent. But, my lord, I believe no man will be found bold enough to stand up in your lordship's presence, and declare that it is conducive to the comforts of an inhabitant of this great city, or any of the parts adjacent, as aforesaid, that the cinders, ashes, refuse, or dust, to which these coals are burnt, should be thrown into their eyes, to deprive them of one of the choicest faculties of their nature. No, my lord; better far that these coals were left in the pits from whence they are dug—better that the hands which dig them should drop off—better that the ships which bring them should founder—better that the waggons, on which they are drawn, should be burnt—better that the fires which consume them should be quenched, than an inhabitant of this great city should have his eyes put out by ashes, and, oh! ignoble thought! his mouth made into a dusthole.

Sne. Very fine, indeed, sir. Making a dusthole of a man's mouth, is as fine an idea as ever came into a man's head.

Tri. Then you allow that I am qualified for the law?

Sne. Qualified! I should have thought you had been at it all your life. Why, sir, that speech convinces me that you are able to confound all the judges and jurors that ever sat in Westminster Hall. You see, sir, your opponent here has not a word to say for himself.

Tri. Oh! blessed moment when the dustman almost blinded me; 'tis to that circumstance I owe the discovery of my talents for the bar.

Sne. Ay, sir! At the bar you must look to have dust thrown in your eyes sometimes.

Tri. Yes, I am determined no power on earth shall make me change my mind.

Sne. So you have often said before.

Tri. (c.) Never so firmly as I do now. I am now most absolutely resolved. How do I look in this dress, Sneer?

Sne. But queerish, I think, sir.

Tri. That's awkward, particularly as I am to be a lover. Fetch the looking glass. [*Sneer brings the glass.*] I wish it was the custom to plead in the old Roman toga. These trappings are rather ridiculous. [*Looks in the glass.*] Oh, damn it, I may gain a suit in Westminster Hall, but I shall never gain a suit with the fair.

Sne. No; you must give that suit over, if you are to be suited so. [*Takes the looking-glass to table, r.*]

Tri. Give it over! rather let Westminster Hall be in flames, or inundated again. What do you think of the stage, Sneer?

Sne. Admirable! Your person and features must strike.

Tri. In Romeo.

Sne. Excellent!

Tri. Take the gown and wig. [*Throws them off.*]

Sne. [*Puts them on fantastically.*] Brief let me be.

Tri. Now, my good fellow, do stand up for Juliet.

Sne. I'm well dressed for the part!

Tri. Here, take this stool, and get upon it. [*Sneer gets upon the stool, l. c.*] See how she leans her cheek upon her hand—Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might taste that cheek. Ah! she speaks—yet she says nothing.

Sne. Not a syllable. Come, I wish you would make

haste and get in at the window, for I can't hold out any longer.

Tri. Come down, then, and I'll try a soliloquy.

[*Sneer descends from the stool, and puts down the gown and wig.*]

Tri. I do remember an apothecary—

Sne. Oh, curse him, so do I; he blistered and bled me till he made me as thin as a broomstick. I have reason to remember him.

Tri. An apothecary—physic. How do you like physic, Sneer?

Sne. Not at all, sir. The sight of a vial, pill-box, or gallipot, is enough to throw me into a fever at any time.

Tri. And yet, if you had at this moment a most horrible cholic, and I were a physician, and were to come to you thus, and, after feeling your pulse and shaking my head, were to tell you that you had not half an hour to live, what would you say then?

Sne. Why, if I had the cholic, I should make no scruple of roaring out for a dram.

Tri. Imagine yourself this moment at death's door. I am a physician—I am sent for in haste—I arrive—I judge of your symptoms—I bleed you. Pull off your coat, and let me bleed you.

[*Takes Sneer's hand.*]

Sne. No, sir; we may as well fancy it if you please.

Tri. Well, I bleed you—you mend from that moment—in a few days you recover—you look on me with gratitude—you are a nobleman, or a minister of state—you patronize me—the whole town follows me—I have so much business I can't get through it—I have scarcely time to eat my meals or take my needful rest. Egad! that would be very uncomfortable, though.

Sne. Oh, very, sir. Only think, just as you are sitting down to a fine dinner, with a keen appetite, Alderman Gobblewell's taken with a fit of the gout in the stomach, and must be cured before you eat a morsel.

Tri. I could never bear it; "throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!" One might just as well go for a soldier.

Sne. Ay, and live on gunpowder.

Tri. A soldier! a general! Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Wolfe, Abercrombie, Wellington! These are great names,—they cut a figure

in the page of history. I'll emulate their great example : glory, renown, honor, everlasting fame ; a warlike fury fills my breast, and the rage of ten thousand lions swells my bold heart. [*Pulls off his coat, and snatches a sword.*]
Ha ! ha !— [*Flourishing his sword.*]

Sne. Mercy on me ! would I were out of his way.

Tri. Give me my volunteer coat and hat.

Sne. Here, sir. [*Fearfully, and assisting to put them on.*]

Tri. Now, sir, you are an enemy in the field of battle.

Sne. Who, I, sir ? No, sir, not I ; you know I'm on your side.

Tri. Rascal ! do you contradict me ? Say you are an enemy, or I'll cleave you from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot. [*Attacks him, L.*]

Sne. Oh lord ! mnrdrr ! murder !

Enter BARBER, with shaving implements, L.

Tri. Ha ! what, another of the enemy ?

[*Attacks the Barber.*]

Bar. No, sir ; no enemy, sir—I'm only a poor barber, sir, come to shave your honor's head.

Tri. A barber—vile catiff ! my sword thirsts for nobler blood than thine. [*Cuts the bust of Cicero to pieces.*] Any more of ye, come on.

Enter OLD FICKLE and BRIEFWIT, R.

Tri. Ha ! more of the enemy ! I'm surrounded ; but I'd cut my way through them, if there were a million : come on, dastards.

[*Attacks Old Fickle and Briefwit—the Barber runs off, L.*]

Old F. What ! is he mad ?

Bri. *Non compos mentis.*

Sne. As mad as a Bedlamite, sir.

[*During this time, Tristram keeps attacking Briefwit, Old Fickle, and Sneer.*]

Tri. I am defeated, routed, overthrown, and forced to quit the field ; and now, I will do as many a great general has done before me, retreat. [*Exit, L.*]

Old F. Oh, Tristram ! Tristram !

Bri. Studious—*non constat.*

Old F. Ah !

Bri. Quiet—a false return.

Old F. Oh, dear!

Bri. Steady—error in judgment.

Old F. Oh, damn it, what, can you open your mouth now. [Exit, L.]

Bri. Nonsuited. Good—move the action out of court.

Sne. Poor Cicero is the greatest sufferer; he has had a terrible thwack on the head in this affray, though to my certain knowledge, he never opened his mouth either on one side or the other. [Exit, L.]

Bri. [Making memorandums.] Assault and battery, sword in hand—*Vi et armis*, bodily fear—*Looks at his watch.*—four o'clock; p. m., good. [Exit, L.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment.*

Enter VARIELLA, dressed as a Savoyard, and her Servant,
READY, L.

Var. (c.) So, now I'm equipped.

Rea. (L. c.) Yes, ma'am; and now may a trusty waiting-maid beg to know what secret expedition you are going to undertake, that requires this disguise?

Var. Ah, Ready, you know not how deeply I am interested in the success of it: I shall want your assistance.

Rea. Whatever your orders are, they shall be obeyed, if you will but let me into the secret.

Var. The secret is, that I am in love, then; I fear violently in love. So now I have told you.

Rea. Yes, ma'am; but you have not told me with whom.

Var. Mine is rather a singular case, for of all the men in the world, I love him best to whom I am destined to be married.

Rea. A very extraordinary case, indeed, and a great disappointment to me, ma'am, I assure you; for you certainly cannot want any assistance from me.

Var. You must take this letter for me, and contrive to throw it in his way without his seeing you.

Rea. It shall be done, ma'am.

Var. You must know, Ready, that it was my fortune to meet him at a masquerade. I was dressed as I am now, and he vowed eternal love to me; but I know him to be of so wavering a disposition, that I think it proper to have recourse to stratagem, that I may learn whether his declaration was merely the caprice of a moment, or the offering of a heart capable of feeling as mine does.

Rea. Ah, ma'am, there is but little hope, I fear; but you may depend on my faithful services. [*Exit, L.*]

SONG.—VARIELLA.

Far, far from me my lover flies,
A faithless lover he;
In vain my tears, in vain my sighs!
No longer true to me,
He seeks another.

"So wav'ring his inconstant mind,
That one fond moment passed,
She shall, like me, with sorrow find
He'll fly from her as fast,
To seek another"

Lie still, my heart, no longer grieve,
No pangs to him betray,
Who taught you these sad sighs to heave,
Then laughing went away,
To seek another.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A garden and greenhouse.—The gardener discovered at work in the greenhouse.*

Enter TRISTRAM with his sword in his hand, in his military habit, L.

Tri. (R.) How like a bragging general yon flower rears its head, and nods at me as if in token of defiance. Ha! Oh, Mars, if ever thou didst nerve a warrior's arm, make firm these sinews now, and guide this weapon to my opponent's

heart. [*Cuts down the flower—the Gardener, frightened attempts to hide himself.*] Victory! Victory! [*Sees the Gardener.*] What! an enemy concealed—come on.

Gar. (L. c.) [*On his knees.*] Oh! pray don't hurt me, sir. I am not the person you mentioned. I am Trim, the gardener: no profession in the world is more peaceable than mine.

Tri. True, friend, you say right. You cultivate the harmless earth, and add fresh beauties to sweet nature's face; 'tis a divine employment, and I envy thee thy occupation. A hero! What's a hero without laurels? and they are in a gardener's gift.

Gar. Shall I gather some for you, sir.

[*Rises.*]

Tri. No. I see more honor in that green apron and that pruning-hook, than in all the laurels ever hero won. Here, take these vile habiliments, and give me your's; for, after all, I find, "The post of honor is a private station." Quick, quick! [*He puts on the Gardener's jacket, hat, and apron, and gives his to the Gardener.*] Go; leave these things to my charge. [*Exit Gardener, L.*] Methinks I could live in this place forever. How rich are nature's sweets! A thousand odors, wafted by a zephyr's wing, delight the sense. Here will I make my dwelling.

Enter READY, behind, and throws a letter in his view, R. S. E.

Tri. (c.) Ay, and should this nymph, of my father's recommendation, prove to my fancy, she shall live with me, and be the Flora of this lovely spot. What's here—a wind-fall? [*Takes up the letter.*] Which of the trees might this drop from? I must judge by the fruit. [*Reads.*] "*Tristram Fickle*—" Humph! I have made a conquest of some hovering sylph; let's see what she has to say for herself. [*Reads.*] "*Have you forgotten the little Savoyard, and all the vows you made to her, so soon? And will you give your love to another? Then kill her with a frown, for you shall see her presently.*" Amazing! I know not whether I am most astonished or delighted. I had, long ago, given up all hopes of ever seeing her again; but I am once more to be blessed, and have my ears ravished by the sound of that heavenly voice. Oh! zounds! my father! Now for a very different tune.

Enter OLD FICKLE, R.—*TRISTRAM bows to him as he enters*

Old F. How! what now! what do you think of your self?

Tri. I was not thinking of myself at all, just then, sir

Old F. Is there any hope of your recovering your senses?

Tri. Oh, yes, sir; I am very peaceably disposed now. I saw that my military movements did not exactly please you; so, you see, I have turned my sword into a pruning knife. *[Shows his knife.]*

Old F. Psha! did not you tell me, sir, that you were determined to stick to the law?

Tri. The law! the law! did I speak of the law?

Old F. Yes, sir; the law, I say.

Tri. It must be a long while ago, for I really don't remember it. What was it I said about the law, sir?

Old F. Are you mad yourself, or trying to make me so?

Tri. Neither, sir, I hope; for I am now resolved to learn to cultivate the earth; and am making rapid strides, in acquiring a knowledge of agriculture and gardening. *[Goes to the back of stage, L., takes up a garden-pot, with a flower in it, and examines it, then brings it forward R. C.]* Now, this flower is of the bulbous species.

Old F. (R. C.) I shall most certainly kill him.

Tri. See, sir, these are the chives.

Old F. Hear me, sir!

Tri. Examine the leaves.

Old F. What do you mean by this?

Tri. You see, sir, 'tis polypetalous.

Old F. I cannot bear it any longer.

Tri. What! not bear botany, sir? The first men in the kingdom delight in the science. Not bear botany! you make me blush to hear you say so.

Old F. And you make me blush to think I have suffered myself to be so duped by you, sir; but, from this moment, I have done with you, sir; I give up you and your follies forever. You have exposed me, sir; made me a laughing-stock to my friend; and—

Tri. If I have made your friend laugh, I have done more than any body else could do.

Old F. No trifling, sir; you will find me very serious, I assure you. I shall bring my friend Briefwit to receive your apology; and, if you don't make a satisfactory one, and give me some assurance that you will lay your follies aside, I will disinherit you. You will find I am not to be fooled any more. [Exit, R.]

Tri. Egad! the old gentleman is perfectly right; yes! he is in the right, I say. [*Takes the flower-pot back.*] I am resolved to alter my conduct—I will grow sedate. The church—I'll turn parson. The church is—[*Seeing the letter in his hand.*]—a delightful place to be married in. Ah! my dear little Savoyard, how shall I meet you? what shall I say to you? She will be here presently, and I shall be quite at a loss how to address her; I must think of something to say to her, or I shall look quite like a fool.

OLD FICKLE and BRIEFWIT appear at the back of the scene.

Old F. There he is; how thoughtful and serious he looks now.

Tri. I want words to express myself.

Old F. He wants words; he is thinking of what he shall say to you.

Bri. Good.

Tri. Oh! those eyes of her's will inspire me with wit to address them. [*Old Fickle and Briefwit advance, L.*] The moment she appears, I will fall on my knees, thus. [*Kneeling, c.—Old Fickle and Briefwit advancing on each side of him.*] I will say to her—Oh! most heavenly creature! behold your prostrate lover. Let those eyes, which I dare not look on, beam with pity and forgiveness on a youth, who dies, unless, fair maiden, you vouchsafe to take him to your heart, and call him your's forever. Then will she say, in a tender soul-trembling voice—"Dearest youth, arise." Then I fly into her arms, and embrace her—[*Rises suddenly, and catches Briefwit in his arms.*] By Jupiter! I have made another mistake. [*Turns from him to go off, and runs against his father.*] I beg your pardon, sir, I really did not see you!

Bri. Insane!—*Sed furiosus furore solum punitur.* The second of William and Mary, cap. 1, sect. 12.

Old F. I have done—It's all over—I'll never speak to

him again—hitherto you have only seen a foolish father, but henceforth you shall see a just one. [*Exit, R.*]

Bri. [*Drawing himself up.*] Young man, this is—

Tri. What, sir? what?

Bri. *Contra bonos mores.* Not good! [*Exit, R.*]

Tri. (c.) Well, my business is certainly done now. Yes, 'tis all over with me—he is determined to abandon me. And have I offended the best of fathers? for a woman, too? I'll never speak to a woman again; they are all made up of mischief and magic. Ah! thou vile instrument of my disgrace! thus I give thee to the wind. The syrens—they shall never see me again. [*Tears the letter.*]

Enter VARIELLA, R. U. E.

Var. What do I hear? My letter torn to pieces too! Have I then lost him? But I'll try my power.

SONG.

Have you forgot the masquerade,
Where thus I danced, and thus I played.
And where a thousand times you said,
“I'm your's forever, lovely maid?”

Tira lira la.

Yes, you've forgot the love you feigned,—
Those vows were made but to deceive:
The heart by specious arts once gained,
Without one kind adieu you leave.

Tira lira la.

Now quite forgot, &c., &c.

[*Exit, R.*]

Tri. These are no mortal sounds! No, thou art a divinity, and I must kneel in token of my adoration. [*Kneels, c.*] If I have offended thee, fair saint, let thy displeasure fix me here forever, on the cold earth a prostrate statue. Never shall these eyes, which seek the ground, dare raise themselves to view the heaven of thy charms again, unless that voice, attuned to melody more sweet than Philomela's song, soothe my despair, and bid me cherish hope. [*A pause.*] Nay, speak; am I alive or dead? Pronounce! for on thy lips my sentence dwells. Not one word? [*He looks up.*] She is gone, and I have been talking

to the wind all this while ; but, like another Apollo, I will pursue my Daphne till she turn into a laurel, and then I can give her a good trimming for running away from me.

Re-enter VARIELLA, dressed as a Quaker.—Tristram, turning round, sees her.

Tri. Ah ! who is this ? Pray, young woman, did you see a—Egad, she is very handsome ! Did you see a—a—beautiful—did you see a—a person ?

Var. (R. c.) Yea, verily, I saw a damsel, friend, clad in gaudy apparel.

Tri. (c.) You say true ; very gaudy and fantastical, unlike the modest attire which thy fair form gives grace to.

Var. (c.) [*Aside.*] So ! so !

Tri. Zounds ! what a most delectable creature she is ! I was always fond of the Quakers. There is something so neat about them, such a charming modesty. You did see that person, then ?

Var. Yea, the sight of her flaunting attire did offend my eyes.

Tri. 'Tis a pity such a pair of eyes should be offended. Poor conceited little ape ! Why, you look a thousand times better in that simple dress than she did in all her frippery.

Var. I seek not to look well.

Tri. And therefore thou art a thousand times more lovely. For thy sake, fair maid, I will become a stiff Quaker. Wilt thou introduce me to thy con-ven-ticle ?

Var. Yea ; and it does rejoice me exceedingly, that the spirit doth move thee towards us. Hum !

Tri. Hum !

Var. And will you listen to the good things which are said unto thee ? Wilt thou learn therefrom ? And wilt thou not sigh for the damsel in the colors of vanity ?

Tri. I pray thee think no more of her ; forget her, as I do. I neither like her squinting, her squalling, nor her snub nose.

Var. [*Aside.*] Her snub nose !

Tri. Thou art to her as the rose of the garden is to the poppy of the corn-field. I love thee : yea I do love thee *astonishingly*.

Var. Now thou dost talk improperly, and I must bid thee farewell.

Tri. So soon! When shall I see thee again?

Var. Sooner, perhaps, than thou desirest.

Tri. That is not possible. [*Goes to back of stage, L., plucks a rose, and gives it to her.*] Wear in thy bosom, I beseech thee, this emblem of thyself; and, when it begins to droop and wither, let it remind thee that even so I sicken till I behold thee again.

Var. Before a leaf fades, I will be in thy presence. Farewell.

[*Exit, R.*]

Tri. Then I shall be the happiest of Quakers, for I will straight unto my father, and ask him to give this damsel to me in marriage, for my spirit doth incline unto her. Yea, I say it doth, as it were, move towards her. Oh! I'm so happy, I could dance—[*Dances.*]—and I could jump! No, I must not jump—Quakers do not jump. No, verily, I must not be a jumping Quaker.

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter OLD FICKLE and BRIEFWIT, R.

Old F. (c.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! What a dreadful thing it is to be in company with a man who won't talk. Mr. Briefwit.

Bri. (R. c.) Sir.

Old F. I find I have given you a great deal of trouble in this business, to no purpose.

Bri. True.

Old F. My son has made a fool of me.

Bri. Very true.

Old F. I wish you would take the trouble to give him a little good advice.

Bri. I am a lawyer, not a physician.

Old F. It is a pity that he is so unsteady.

Bri. Doubtless.

Old F. What must I do with him?

Bri. Do?

Old F. Ay,—what do you think he is fit for?

Bri. Bedlam.

Old F. I would send him thither, but the place is filled with your clients.

Bri. Good.

Old F. What an impenetrable hunk it is ! Pray, were you ever found guilty of laughing ?

Bri. I often laugh.

Old F. Where, pray ?

Bri. In my sleeve—good.

Enter SNEER, L.

Sne. Sir, my master will wait on you directly.

Bri. [*Alarmed.*] What !

Old F. Do give him one more trial.

Bri. Rule refused—I am off.

[*Going, R.*]

Old F. How does he seem ?

Sne. Oh, sir, he is quiet enough now.

Old F. He is come to his senses, is he ?

Sne. That is rather doubtful, sir ; but he is very harmless.

Old F. Will he stick to the law ?

Sne. I should suppose so, sir, for he has just got into a fresh suit.

Enter TRISTRAM, L., in the dress of a Quaker.

Old F. (r. c.) What is here ? May I believe my eyes ?

Tri. (c.) If they tell thee that thou seest before thee one of the faithful, verily thou mayest believe what they say, for they speak unto thee that which is true.

Old F. And you are turned Quaker ?

Tri. Yea, a damsel hath wrought my conversion—yea, a fair damsel. Wilt thou give thy consent that I espouse her, and make her a thing of my own ?

Old F. [*To Briefwit.*] You are right. Bedlam is the only place for him.

Bri. *Id certum est.*

Sne. [*Aside.*] He looks as if he had a straight waistcoat on already.

Tri. Verily, I do expect the damsel to join with me in the request, that we two may be made one.

Old F. And verily, I do expect a damsel here to join in a laugh against a blockhead. Have done with this mummery ?

Tri. Be not a scoffer, I pray.

Enter VARELLA, R., in her first dress.

Old F. Now it's all settled. There, my dear, look

there; that is the precious youth I intended for your husband.

Var. What, that! Ha! ha! ha! Why, surely that is a pasteboard man. It is not alive.

Old F. Ha! ha! ha! Only look at him.*

Var. Can't you make him dance by pulling a string?

Tri. How ridiculous I look! What a heavenly creature she is! I would give a thousand pounds I were out of the room, or out of this dress. What a magnificent being! Is this the woman I have slighted, to run about after hurdygurdy girls and Quakers? Oh, what a fool am I—I'll go and hang myself.

[*Retires up, and, with his back to the audience, begins to alter the appearance of his dress, &c.*]

Var. I declare it absolutely speaks. Won't you introduce me, sir?

Old F. Miss Variella, the gentleman in the broad-brim, and the drab suit, who stands twirling his thumbs, is my son.

[*Tristram turns round and assumes the air of a buck, by having drawn his coat up, turning back the skirts, covering part of his chin with his neckcloth, and converting his broad-brimmed hat into an opera hat, and wearing it under his arm.*]

Tri. [*Comes down.*] Madam, the—the joy—the pleasure, madam, the confusion, this meeting affords me is—unutterable. Yes, madam, I assure you it is unutterable. [*Traversing the stage, and bowing—turns to his father.*] How d'ye do! How d'ye do!

Old F. So, so! the Quaker is dropped already.

Var. How many fine things of this sort have you said to-day, sir?

Tri. To-day, madam? I forget.

Var. Forget so soon?

Tri. I forget everything that ever passed in my life.

Old F. I wish I could, too.

Tri. For while I gaze on those charms, every former impression fades before them.

Var. (c.) Then I must refresh your memory, sir.

[*Sings a strain of her last air.*]

Tri. (l. c.) Amazement! What do I hear?

Var. [*Mimicking him.*] "These are no mortal sounds—

no, thou art a divinity, and I must kneel in token of my adoration."

Tri. Madam! [*Confused.*] How you became acquainted with so ridiculous a circumstance it is impossible for me to divine; but you must recollect that—

Var. That you neither liked her squinting, her squalling, nor her snub nose.

Tri. She is a fairy! What can I say?

Var. You must say, "Wear in thy bosom, I beseech thee, this emblem of thyself; and, when it begins to droop and wither, let it remind thee that even so I sicken till I behold thee again. Before a leaf fades, I will be in thy presence—farewell." And here I am, to return thee thy present, that thou may'st give it to the maiden of thy choice.—Hum!

[*Returns him the rose.*]

Tri. You then have assumed these different characters to laugh at my folly; but you surely would not have taken so much pains to correct one totally indifferent to you. And since, in my very wanderings, I have shown my constancy to one attachment, may I not hope for a favorable interpretation, if I present you the flower?

Old F. Admirably spoken! My boy's come to his senses again.

Var. Rather say he is just about to lose them, for I feel a strange inclination to accept his present. Yes, I believe I must.

[*She places the flower in her bosom.*]

Tri. My future endeavor shall be to deserve such happiness.

Old F. I am overjoyed! What say you, Mr. Briefwit? Is my boy mad now?

Bri. No; but perhaps he soon may be. [*He joins their hands.*] Good.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

BRIEFWIT. VARIELLA. TRISTRAM. OLD FICKLE.

R.

L.

THE END.



WHO SPEAKS FIRST.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXXIV.

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES DANCE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK.

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS very elegant little piece has become a standard favorite throughout the Union, and a source of reputation and profit to all who have assisted at its representations, whether as auditors or actors. Its moral is good, and its language and situations amusing and instructive. Its being from the pen of that indefatigable dramatist, Dance is guarantee sufficient for what we may say of its merits. "Who Speaks First" was originally produced at Madame Vestris' Lyceum, Mr. Charles Mathews playing the hero. In New York it has been successively and successfully performed at Mitchell's Olympic, Burton's, Chanfrau's National, and the Broadway Theatres.

Mr. Nickinson, (at the Olympic,) has, in *Captain Charles*, added another to his long list of original characters, while his fair and popular daughter Charlotte has created no little sensation—both in New York, Boston, and Albany—by her *naïve* performance of *Smart*. At the National Mr. Huld was the *Captain*, and at Burton's and the Broadway our *Brother George* was personated by Mr. George Jordan, a young gentleman destined, at no very distant period, to become one of the best light comedians on the stage. Our limits prevent our doing justice to all the *artistes* we have seen in this clever trifle, but we can and do honestly recommend it to all the lovers of the light and amusing class of dramas, as the best farce of the season.

N. R. G.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Lyceum, 1849.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1849.</i>	<i>Broadway, 1849.</i>
<i>Captain Charles</i>	Mr. C. Mathews.	Mr. Nickinson.	Mr. Lester.
<i>Ernest Militant</i>	" R. Roxby.	" Palmer.	" Dyott.
<i>Potter</i>	" Meadows.	" Stafford.	" Matthews.
<i>Mrs. Militant</i>	Mrs. Yates.	Miss C. Roberts	Miss F. Wallack.
<i>Smart</i>	Miss Marshall.	" Nickinson.	Mrs. Watts.

COSTUMES.

The Costumes are those of the present day.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*;
L. C. *Left of Centre*.

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The drawing room of a country house.—Large folding doors in c. ; at back, open lawn and view of the country beyond.—Doors on R. and L. leading to inner rooms : on one side, a table, with drawing materials ; on the other, a work table with embroidery frame, &c.*

MR. MILITANT *discovered at drawing table L., drawing—*
MRS. MILITANT *engaged at work table R.—their backs are towards each other.*

Mrs. M. What a blessing it is to be able to hold one's tongue : and what a comfort to feel that, in that particular, I am an exception to the general rule of my sex ! I mean that odious, unjust and false rule, which those beautiful lords of creation are pleased to say belong exclusively to us. They must surely forget that there are such things as newspapers—when we see that they never meet without talking till they are obliged to cough one another down. Oh, how often I wish to be there, if it were only just to tell them of it ! Lords of the creation indeed ! lords of their own creation ! There sits *my* beautiful lord, thinking himself, no doubt, mighty wise, and flattering himself that I shall be the first to break the bargain of silence we have made. How little does the gentleman know of the woman he has married ; but that's a common case. Why I could sit here for a month without once opening my lips.

Mr. M. Who would have credited that ~~my~~ wife, or

indeed any man's wife, could have held her tongue for a week? and yet she has, she actually has. It's a wonderful fact in modern history.

Mrs. M. I don't call talking to one's self *talking*; it's merely thinking aloud—and relief of some sort, one must have.

Mil. Starving a garrison is better than storming a fortress; you gain your object, without endangering your life. In that, as in many other things, time stands your friend.

Mrs. M. Perseverance in a man is obstinacy, I *presume*, in a woman—for we—heaven help us! have ever the worst of it. No matter, no matter—obstinacy or perseverance, I think I know who will be tired first.

Mil. A man hungers for knowledge and thirsts for information; but the pangs of those are nothing compared to a woman craving for conversation. She won't be able to stand it much longer, and then she will open her beak like a young black-bird.

Mrs. M. "On human actions, reason though you can, It may be reason, but it is not man."

Mil. "I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey."

Mrs. M. [*Looking round.*] He's not looking this way, I'll take a peep at what he's doing.

[*Militant coughs—she resumes her work.*]

Mil. [*Looking round.*] She seems uncommonly busy; I should like to see what she is about.

[*He rises gently and edges towards her table; she does the same towards his. They meet half way, and, without seeing, touch each other—both start, ejaculate, and bounce off—Mrs. Militant L., Mr. Militant R.*]

POTTER puts his head out from door R.; SMART puts her head in from door, L.

Pot. (R. C.) [*Angrily.*] Is that you, Smart? Is it possible?

Smart. (L. c.) You may well say that.

Pot. [*Coming forward.*] Come here this moment, and tell me why you were peeping from behind that door.

Smart. I was looking at you.

Pot. [*Relaxing.*] At me! At me! Were you looking at me? [*Aside.*] Can I believe my senses? [*Aloud, and approaching her.*] Is that true, you little rogue?

Smart. Perfectly true, Mr. Potter.

Pot. Don't say Mr. Potter.

Smart. Well, then—perfectly true, *old* Potter.

Pot. Don't say *old* Potter.

Smart. Perfectly true, young Potter.

Pot. Well, well, say what you like. But tell me, why were you looking at me?

Smart. I'm ashamed.

Pot. There's nothing to be ashamed of.

Smart. Nothing to be ashamed of, when a servant is detected prying into the private affairs of his master and mistress?

Pot. Well, that was certainly wrong, but still—

Smart. Oh! don't attempt to excuse it; you've owned it was wrong, and now never let me catch you doing such a thing again—

Pot. Me! Catch me? Why, I caught you.

Smart. For if you do, I shall be compelled, however painful it may be to betray a fellow servant, to show you up—in short—

Pot. Well, I never! You certainly have your full share of assurance. Now come here; I don't want to be angry with you, but haven't I often told you that you must not listen in this way.

Smart. And yet you continue to do it.

Pot. Now how can you say so? I haven't heard one word they said.

Smart. That's not for the want of trying, but only because you're a little deaf.

Pot. Did you hear?

Smart. Every word.

Pot. What did they say to one another?

Smart. Nothing to one another—they were talking to themselves, at least, so I judge from what master said—mistress was on your side of the house.

CAPTAIN CHARLES *appears at the c. entrance, from the lawn, he is dressed in a frock coat, wears moustachios, and a wig different in color from his natural hair. He carries a carpet bag in his hand.*

Cap. (c.) Some signs of living beings at last.

[Potter and Smart start.]

Pot. (r.) Bless me! A stranger.

Cap. (c.) Don't be alarmed at me; I don't bite.

Smart. (l.) Who did you please to want, sir?

Cap. Oh! anybody; only I could find nobody. There was nobody at the lodge gate, so I walked through—nobody in the grounds, so I walked on—nobody at the window, so I walked in—and now, after all that walking, if you'll take my bag, I'll take a chair.

[He holds his bag towards Potter.]

Smart. [Taking it.] Allow me, sir. [Aside, and examining the bag.] No name upon it, I declare. [Aloud.] Don't you think it a bad plan, sir, not to have your name and address on your carpet bag.

Cap. For those who wish to find out who I am, *very*.

Pot. [Aside.] Egad, he's a match for her, if I'm not.

Smart. If you will oblige me with one of your cards, I'll sew it on.

Cap. *When* I do, you *shall*. But there's no hurry, I shall most likely stay here some time.

Smart. A friend of master's, sir?

Cap. I hope to prove so.

Pot. Of my mistress then, sir?

Cap. I'm a friend of the whole family.

Smart. They have only been married four months, sir.

Cap. And so there can't be any family. Come, that's pretty smart.

Smart. [Aside.] Pretty Smart! I declare, he knows my name.

Pot. Will you favor me with your name, sir?

Cap. Charles, Potter.

Pot. Potter is my name, sir.

Cap. I know it, and mine is Captain Charles. Are your master and mistress at home?

Pot. Yes, sir. Which shall I take your name to?

Cap. Both. I wish to see them together. [Sits c.]

Smart. Ah, sir, so do we. But I fear we shall never see them together.

Pot. What are you saying, Smart? All she means to say is this—

Smart. Take care what you're about, Mr. Potter—don't you be letting out the secrets of the family. If master and mistress don't agree, what have strangers to do with it?

Cap. [*Aside.*] The report I have heard, then, is true. I'm glad I've done as I have. [*Aloud.*] Come, you need have no secrets from me. I am a sincere friend of both parties, and may be of service.

Pot. I'm sure, sir, if I thought *that*—but you see it's very awkward—we don't know who or what you are.

Cap. I'm a gentleman.

Pot. Well, I must say you look like one; but, la, sir, good clothes are no proofs now-a-days.

Cap. I'll offer better. [*To Potter.*] Did a snob ever give you a five pound note?

Pot. No, sir; nor a gentleman neither.

Cap. If I give you one, what will you say I am?

Pot. A real gentleman.

Cap. There, then. [*Holding one to him—he takes it.*]

Smart. Stop, Mr. Potter. If you think it right to trust this gentleman, do so, but never accept a bribe for doing your duty. [*Takes the note out of his hand.*]

Cap. Nay! I gave the money to him.

Smart. It's all right, sir. I'll put it in the savings' bank for him. [*Puts it in her pocket.*]

Cap. [*To Potter.*] Well, never mind—tell me the truth, assist me, and you shall have another. Mr. and Mrs. Militant don't agree?

Pot. I fear not, sir.

Cap. What do they quarrel about?

Smart. Straws.

Cap. I'm glad to hear it, for then there's nothing serious.

Smart. It's so serious as this—they haven't spoken for the last week.

Cap. So much the better—they can't have quarrelled during that time.

Pot. No, sir, no; but it's terrible to see married people

on such terms. [*Looking at Smart.*] I'm sure if I had a nice little wife—

Smart. Do be quiet, you silly old man!

Pot. I will not. I'm sure this gentleman means well, and I will up and tell him all. They have made an agreement, and by listening, I am ashamed to say, at the door—

Smart. He has discovered what it is, sir.

Pot. [*Astonished.*] I?

Cap. Come, come—the agreement.

Pot. Well, sir, it's this. Whoever speaks to the other *first*, is to own to having been in the wrong, to apologize to the other, and to give way for the future.

Cap. And which do you think suffers most from this agreement?

Smart. Well, sir, I don't think that either of them like it; but it's scarcely a fair one, for mistress, you know, is a lady, and it falls uncommon hard upon her.

Cap. I understand. Now, do you go to your master and say Captain Charles has called, and then leave us together. [*To Smart.*] But mind, no listening, or I may chance to take that note out of the savings' bank.

Smart. Do you hear, old Potter, no listening, or I'm to keep the money.

Cap. Stay!—you must promise me to keep my secret better than you have kept your master's.

Both. You may depend on us, sir.

Cap. Give me your hand upon it, old Potter. [*Potter does so.*] And your's.

Smart. La, sir! [*Gives her hand.*] What a nice unproud gentleman.

Re-enter MILITANT, door L.—Smart screams, and runs off, L.

Mil. Potter, what does this mean?

Cap. [*To Potter.*] Hold your tongue, and leave the room. [*Exit Potter, R.*]

Mil. Pray, sir, may I ask who it is I have the honor of addressing?

Cap. Honor it is not—pleasure I hope it will be. My name is Captain Charles. I am an old friend of your wife.

Mil. And of my servants seemingly.

Cap. Well, that's partly true. But you are astonished at seeing me shake hands with them. Bless your heart, after gas, steam, railroads, and electric lights, it is time to leave off being astonished at trifles such as that. I have been abroad fifteen years, and have learned to become a citizen of the world. I was only fraternizing.

Mil. Have you seen Mrs. Militant, sir?

Cap. Not yet. As I know she'll be delighted to see me, I could not deny you the pleasure of presenting me

Mil. Me, sir! me?

Cap. Aye, to be sure. [*Aside.*] I knew he dared not, or I would not have asked him. [*Aloud.*] Who so fit? You can't have done with delicate attentions yet; you've only been married four months.

Mil. Quite time enough to leave off all such nonsense. People come to their senses when they marry.

Cap. Do you think so? I don't think Mrs. Militant agrees with you—

Mil. [*Interrupting.*] What, sir?

Cap. Upon that point. Ladies like delicate attentions after marriage as well as before.

Mil. Then they should study to deserve them.

Cap. Quite right—so they should. Doesn't she?

Mil. Did I assert anything of the kind, sir?

Cap. Certainly not. But I say doesn't she?

Mil. Pray, sir, by what right do you ask these questions?

Cap. By the rights of humanity. Come, come, you mustn't be angry with me. I'm an odd fellow—but I take great interest in you on account of your wife.

Mil. You're very kind, I'm sure.

Cap. I wish to prove so. To the point, then. You are not on the terms you ought to be.

Mil. You know this?

Cap. I do.

Mil. From my servants, I presume.

Cap. From yourself. Come, there's no use in denying. You would like to be on more comfortable terms with her, would not you?

Mil. [*Aside.*] Hang the fellow, he worms it out of one in spite of one's self. [*Aloud.*] Why, of course.

Cap. That's right. I knew you would. The fact is, she had parents who, though excellent people, indulged her too much in her youth, and when people have had their own way for twenty years they don't relish giving it up. Had you married her at seventeen, you might have moulded her to anything.

Mil. I have only known her a twelve-month.

Cap. An excellent reason for not marrying her before. Will you be guided by me?

Mil. I don't know what it is that makes me say so, but I will.

Cap. Come, then, you shall go with me to her—you shall say—

Mil. No, I can't say *that*.

Cap. You don't know what it is.

Mil. No—but I can't say anything.

Cap. Very well, then, you shan't. She shall make the first advance. Now, go along into your room, and I'll have a talk with your wife.

Mil. [*Going—returns.*] You'll be good enough to remember that she *is* my wife.

Cap. Never fear me.

Mil. What have I to trust to?

Cap. The word and honor of an officer and a gentleman.

Mil. Something whispers me that I may trust you. [*Going—returns.*] But remember, no concessions.

Cap. Trust me, and vanish. [*Exit Militant, L.—Smart peeps in door L.—Charles sees her.*] Ah! ah! Didn't I tell you that I would have no listening.

Smart. But I wasn't listening.

Cap. No—what were you doing, then?

Smart. I was looking at you, and saying to myself what a fine looking gentleman you was.

Cap. Oh! stuff and nonsense.

Smart. It's truth I'm telling you, Besides, I was watching Potter—there's no dependance on that old man, and it's absolutely necessary to watch him

Cap. Go along, you jade, and tell your mistress that a very old friend wishes for the pleasure of seeing her.

Smart. I didn't quite catch your name, sir?

Cap. Then you can't tell it. Say a very old friend—that's enough.

Smart. [*Aside.*] It may be enough for you, but it's not for me; so I must try a little more listening.

[*Exit Smart to Mrs. Militant's room, R.*]

Cap. If the lady prove as intractable as the gentleman, I shall have a difficult job. But my cause is a good one—she comes.

Enter MRS. MILITANT, R.—Captain bows—she curtseys.

Mrs. M. Some mistake, sir, I presume. My maid informed me that an old friend of mine wished to see me.

Cap. A mistake, madam, and yet no mistake. A friend of your husband may, I trust, without presumption, claim to be reckoned among the number of yours.

Mrs. M. My husband is, I believe, in his own rooms, sir; with your leave I will send my maid to inform him that you are here.

[*Going, L.*]

Cap. Nay; pray do not leave the room. I have already seen my friend Militant, and it is by his request, or rather with his leave, that I pay my respects to you.

Mrs. M. Your name, sir, is?—

Cap. Charles, madam. Captain Charles, of the Infantry. I have been many years abroad—have but just returned—and hearing that one in whom I take a great interest was recently married, I came to pass a few days here, and offer my congratulations.

Mrs. M. Marriage, sir, is not always a subject of congratulation....

Cap. No—and, to be frank with you, I fear that yours is not,

Mrs. M. Really, sir, these remarks from a stranger—

Cap. Would be very impertinent—but from an old friend—

Mrs. M. Of my husband, remember!

Cap. Man and wife are one—a friend to one is a friend to the other—and I am most anxious to be so acknowledged by both.

Mrs. M. Your manners, sir, I must admit, are very kind—your intentions, doubtless, good—but I entreat you will spare me the pain of this discussion.

Cap. In anything else I should be delighted to oblige

you, but there you really must excuse me. Permit me to offer you a chair. [*Brings two, and places one for her.*]

Mrs. M. [*Impatiently.*] I had rather not sit down, sir.

Cap. May I entreat you? Five minutes only, to oblige an old friend—of your husband's.

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] I never met with such a provoking man as this; there's no getting away from him.

[*Sits down.*]

Cap. Thank you! thank you! How very amiable you are.

[*Sits down, looks earnestly at her, and falls into a reverie.*]

Mrs. M. [*After a pause.*] Well, sir!

Cap. Charlotte!

Mrs. M. [*Jumping up.*] Charlotte, sir!

Cap. I beg your pardon.

Mrs. M. And well you may.

Cap. What's the matter?

Mrs. M. Charlotte, sir, is my Christian name.

Cap. Pray sit down again, madam. I've no doubt it is—in fact, it must be—for, when I was talking these matters over with your husband, "Charlotte and I," said he—

Mrs. M. [*Sitting down.*] I have no wish to hear what my husband said.

Cap. Then you shan't.—But listen to what I say. Your father and mother were excellent people, but, unfortunately, you lost them both.

Mrs. M. If you could find anything but painful subjects to talk about, I should be better pleased.

Cap. You were an only daughter, and by over indulgence they spoiled you.

Mrs. M. Not a word against my parents, if you please.

Cap. By no means. It was an amiable weakness—but still it was a weakness.

Mrs. M. I don't agree with you.

Cap. Then it was not. You were headstrong—

Mrs. M. [*Rising.*] Sir!

Cap. But kind-hearted.

Mrs. M. Oh!

[*Sits again.*]

Cap. Of a hasty temper.

Mrs. M. [*Rising.*] Sir!

Cap. But generous and forgiving.

Mrs. M. Oh!

[*Sits again.*]

Cap. In short, a kind word could lead you, though a harsh one failed to drive you.

Mrs. M. You're very kind.

Cap. Being a lady of great personal accomplishments — [*Mrs. Militant bows.*] — you found it hard to give up your own way, to which you had been so long accustomed, and hence these little difficulties with your husband —

Mrs. M. Little difficulties! — little difficulties! You little know what you're talking about.

Cap. I'm sure I don't wish to undervalue them. My merit will be the more if I help you to surmount them. We'll say great difficulties.

Mrs. M. Great! They're monstrous!

Cap. Your husband isn't *one*.

Mrs. M. I don't know that.

Cap. Well, but I do. Your husband is a very good fellow, though I say it.

Mrs. M. [*Pettishly.*] I dare say you think so.

Cap. He laments, day and night, the coolness that exists between you.

Mrs. M. [*Softening.*] I wish I was sure of that.

Cap. And he loves you deeply and sincerely.

Mrs. M. [*Anxiously.*] Did he tell you so?

Cap. If he did, I'm not going to tell you. My object is to *gain* confidence — not to betray it. Now how stands the account on your side? You hate him.

Mrs. M. It's false!

Cap. I'm glad to hear it. You're angry with him.

Mrs. M. Often — [*Checking herself.*] — that is, sometimes.

Cap. You're vexed by him.

Mrs. M. Frequently — constantly.

Cap. Now, what for?

Mrs. M. Oh! a thousand things.

Cap. We meet in this world with a thousand things that don't signify, to one that does — tell me that one.

Mrs. M. I could tell you twenty.

Cap. Go on.

Mrs. M. Stop! Are you married?

Cap. No.

Mrs. M. Then you're not a fit judge.

Cap. I ask your pardon—I am the more impartial

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] Tiresome man! [*Aloud.*] Well, then, begin with the morning. I have a horror of being own stairs before nine, and he insists on breakfasting at eight.

Cap. Showing, thereby, his affectionate solicitude for your health.

Mrs. M. No doubt. After breakfast, when I wish to be at work in my own room, nothing must satisfy him but I must go into the drawing-room to play and to sing to him.

Cap. Proving distinctly that his greatest delight is to have no other society than the wife of his choice.

Mrs. M. Indeed! Then I should be glad to know why I am never allowed to say "not at home," when people call?

Cap. Because he is so fond of you that he can't bear to lose an opportunity of parading you before his friends.

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] This man is like a dressmaker who sends you home a gown full of faults, and when she comes to try it on, so pulls and fidgets it about that they all seem, for the moment, to have disappeared.

Cap. Go on, madam; I am all attention.

Mrs. M. [*Rising.*] Sir, I have not another word to say, except to admire the cleverness with which you make the worse the better cause, and to lament that your country, in gaining, perhaps, an indifferent soldier—

Cap. Madam!

Mrs. M. Should have lost a first-rate lawyer.

[*Curtseys.*]

Cap. I'm glad you think so—you will have the less hesitation in placing your cause into my hands. You shall go with me to your husband, and you shall say to him—

Mrs. M. That I certainly will not.

Cap. I haven't told you what it is.

Mrs. M. I shall not say it, whatever it is.

Cap. Why not?

Mrs. M. No matter—I have a reason.

Cap. [*Aside.*] I know you have. [*Aloud.*] Well, I must manage as well as I can. You ought to be happy to

gether, and, somehow or another, I'll contrive to make you so.

Mrs. M. It is impossible, sir, not to be grateful for your kind intentions, but I fear you will not succeed.

Cap. If you fear failure you wish success, and that will help me to ensure it.

Mrs. M. Very likely—but I won't speak.

Cap. I won't ask you. I'll speak for you, but I will say those things to which your heart responds; for, spite of a little hastiness of temper, it is a good and kind heart. Come, come, you know it is, Charlotte.

Mrs. M. Charlotte again, sir!

Cap. Did I say Charlotte? Quite an accident, my dear madam, I assure you. I beg a thousand pardons.

Mrs. M. I must request that you don't allow such an "accident" to occur again?

[*She turns from him indignantly—he follows her and endeavors to soothe her.*]

Mil. [Looking out of door *æ.*] What the deuce has he been saying to her? She seems affronted with him.

Mrs. M. Very likely, sir, it may be so; but if you repeat it, I shall feel it my duty to consult my husband.

Mil. [Advancing hastily.] Confound it, this will never do. I must—*Mrs. Militant*—oh, I forgot, I can't—

[*Checks himself.*]

Cap. There is your husband, madam; state your case.

[*Mrs. Militant moves towards Militant, and is about to speak, but remembers the agreement, checks herself with difficulty, and resumes her place.*]

Cap. Well, if you won't, I must. [To *Militant*.] I was talking with "your good lady," as the tradespeople say, about some alterations which I venture to suggest in the flower beds there on the lawn.

Mrs. M. [*Aside.*] Monstrous effrontery!

Cap. When she said, in a tone which it would have one your heart good to hear—[*Mrs. Militant testifies impatience aside to him—he proceeds without regarding it.*]—for, upon my life and soul, I think she must be the most affectionate of wives; "My first duty is to consult my husband."—[*Mrs. Militant, as before, advances to Militant, is about to speak, but checks herself and returns.*] This delicate and becoming deference was so completely

in harmony with the anxious wish which you expressed just now, to find out, without her knowing it, what present she would like best on her next birthday.

[*Militant advances to Mrs. M., and is about to speak, but checks himself, and returns.*

Mil. [*Aside.*] Hang the fellow!

Cap. That it gives me the sincerest pleasure, even at the risk of betraying confidence, to make your mutual wishes known to one another. [*Militant and Mrs. Militant, advance as if to speak to each other, but check themselves and return.*] How interesting it is to witness this mixture of merit and modesty—you can't deny it, you won't acknowledge it. But my business is to make you better acquainted. I pass over the thousand and one glowing colors in which each painted to me the other's worth, and come at once to the conclusion, in which you severally exclaimed, just as we see the words printed in the ensemble part of an operatic duett—

“Sure never was { man } so blest in a { wife.”
 { woman } { husband.” }

[*Militant and Mrs. Militant, both much excited, approach the Captain, and are about to speak—he checks them.*] Stay, stay! I haven't done;—and at the end, each said, as if one soul animated the two, “I have been hasty, but I will go at once, own my folly, and ask forgiveness.”

Mr. and Mrs. M. [*Together.*] I never said anything of the sort.

Mil. Oh! you have spoken.

Mrs. M. So have you.

Mil. You spoke first.

Mrs. M. I did not.

Cap. Both right and both wrong—you spoke together.

Mrs. M. Then it goes for nothing.

Mil. Agreed.

Cap. I don't exactly know what “agreed” means when people quarrel, but—

Mil. It is not all necessary that you should, sir. I dare say you mean well, but I will take it as a favor if you will interfere no farther in my family affairs.

Mrs. M. I perfectly coincide in that sentiment. I beg you'll drop the subject.

Cap. Certainly, if you wish it, for the future I'm

dumb; but as I meant well, you'll give me your hand, won't you, in token of forgiveness. •

Mrs. M. Oh, well—there's my hand.

[Turning away her head and holding out her hand.

Cap. [To Militant.] I say, as I meant well, you'll give me your hand.

Mil. Oh, as far as that goes.

[Turns away his head and holds out his hand. Charles manages that their hands shall meet.

Cap. Come, come—one kind shake. [They shake hands.] Bravo, bravo! it's all right!

[They turn, and finding they have hold of each other's hand, they let go, and flounce away indignantly.

Mil. I'm excessively annoyed with you, sir!

[Exit into room, L.

Mrs. M. I shall not easily forgive this.

Cap. Yes you will.

Mrs. M. I tell you I shall not, and I suppose I know myself.

Cap. All the world supposes that, and nine-tenths of it are mistaken. I tell you you will forgive me.

Mrs. M. You'll find it difficult to prove your words.

Cap. Not the least. You remember your father?

Mrs. M. My father! Bless his kind heart.

Cap. And your mother?

Mrs. M. Shall I ever forget her—dear, kind soul!

Cap. I remember them both.

Mrs. M. You do?

Cap. I esteemed, honored, I may say, loved them. One word would change their anger, however just, to kindness. For their sakes you will forgive me.

Mrs. M. [Holding both her hands to him.] That I will! Why did you not tell me this before?

Cap. I told you you'd forgive me.

Mrs. M. Freely, freely.

Cap. [Drawing her towards him.] Bless you!

[Kisses her—she screams; at the same moment Militant appears door L., Smart L. c. door, Potter R. c. door.—Smart screams after her mistress and louder.

Mrs. M. Monster!

[Rushes off door R.

Mil. [Advancing.] Scoundrel!

Cap. Holloa! holloa! Strong expressions!

Mil. I'll break every bone in your skin !

Cap. Don't be rash, my good friend ; we army men have an insuperable objection to being struck.

Potter. [*Getting before Militant.*] Master, dear master, pray calm yourself.

Mil. Stand out of the way, sir.

Smart. [*To Captain Charles.*] La, sir, how could you go to do such a thing ? I'd rather you'd kissed me twenty times.

Mil. Death and furies, sir ! didn't I see you kiss my wife ?

Cap. I can't say—I wasn't looking your way.

Mil. Do you dare to assert that she gave you any encouragement ?

Cap. Certainly not. The little event was as unexpected by her as it was unpremeditated by me.

Mil. Then I demand instant satisfaction.

Pot. [*Aside.*] Anything to calm him. [*Aloud.*] Perhaps, sir, the mistress *did* give the gentleman some encouragement. I saw her take hold of both his hands.

Mil. You did ? Then she shall answer for herself.

[*Going towards her room—Smart gets in his way.*]

Smart. Don't believe him, sir—he's as blind as a bat ! Mistress didn't give him any encouragement ; mistress would have seen him hanged first.

Cap. You're a good little girl.

Mil. And well paid for her services, no doubt.

Smart. Come, sir, don't you go to take away an honest girl's character.

Mil. Get out with you ; I have matters of more consequence to attend to.

Cap. Militant, you are the most ungrateful man living. After the way in which I have tried to serve you, too.

Mil. Was there ever such insufferable coolness !

Cap. It's quite necessary that one of us should be cool—Look at the passion you are in.

Mil. Are you ready to fight me, sir ?

Cap. No.

Mil. You are an officer in the army, I believe.

Cap. For that very reason. If my life is worth anything, it belongs to my country, and I have no right to throw it away in a silly duel.

Mil. Then I'll post you.

Cap. If I were a captain in the navy instead of the army I should be very much obliged to you for posting me—but never mind, post away—postage is cheap now.

Mil. You're a coward, sir.

Cap. No, I'm not; for I have sufficient courage to bear your abuse, which I don't deserve, without resenting it.

Mil. Very fine, I dare say. Potter.

Pot. Yes, sir.

Mil. Fetch my pistols. [*Smart screams.*] Hold your tongue, you baggage! [*Smart looks him hard in the face and screams harder; Captain Charles throws himself into a chair.*] Stand aside, you old twaddler, I'll fetch them myself. [*Exit door L.*]

Smart. I suppose, sir, if you are really a gentleman, after the manner in which you have behaved to mistress, you won't think of shooting master.

Cap. Don't be alarmed, child; there's no danger.

Pot. Isn't there, indeed, sir? La! what pleasant hearing! Then you won't shoot my poor, dear young master, but, like a good, kind gentleman, you let him shoot you.

Cap. I don't exactly know that.

Pot. Oh! do, sir, let him shoot you, and make us all happy.

Enter MILITANT with pistols, door L.

Mil. Now, sir, follow me.

Cap. Well, sir, since you insist upon it. [*Aside to Smart.*] Scream! [*Smart screams.*] Louder! [*Smart screams louder.*]

Mil. We have no time to lose, sir.

Cap. I'm quite ready. [*Aside to Smart.*] Hold me back. [*Smart pulls at him—he affects to struggle with her.*] What is the girl about—how strong she is! [*Aside to her.*] Give a jolly good scream, can't you? [*Smart screams again—Mrs. Militant appears at her door.*] That will do.

[*He breaks from Smart, goes to Militant, and takes one of the pistols from him.*]

Mil. [*Who does not perceive Mrs. Militant.*] Come on, sir, and you shall soon feel the weight of a husband's indignation at an insult offered to a wife he loves.

[*They are going off.*]

Mrs. M. Hold, Ernest. [*Goes to him, takes his hand, and brings him down the stage.*] For mercy's sake, what are you going to do?

Mil. Leave me, Charlotte, this instant. My honor, your honor, requires it. But for that girl's screaming all would have been well.

Smart. [*Aside.*] I believe I did scream, too.

Mrs. M. "Well!" Ernest? Is it well that I should lose you just when I have learned to value you? Is it well that you should risk your life in contest with worthless libertine?

Cap. Thank you, Charlotte.

Mrs. M. Silence, sir! for shame! [*To Militant.*] I own myself hasty and wrong, but I never will give you cause for anger again. If it were for no other reason—and believe me, my chief care is anxiety for you—I could not bear the scandal this encounter would give rise to. I entreat you to forget the past and leave the future to me?

Mil. It shall be so, since you wish it; but why did you bring that man into the house?

Mrs. M. I, my dear Ernest! I? Why did you?

Mil. He's your friend.

Mrs. M. Excuse me, yours.

Mil. Pray, sir, whose friend are you?

Cap. Settle it among yourselves—I am not particular.

Mrs. M. He introduced himself to me as a friend of my husband's.

Mil. And to me as a friend of my wife's. [*To Captain Charles.*] Your reason, sir, for thus imposing on us?

Cap. Nay, you imposed on yourselves. If you hadn't been engaged in silly squabbles, and hadn't made a childish agreement not to speak to one another, you would have found me out long ago.

Mrs. M. [*To Militant.*] There's too much truth in that.

Mil. No matter, sir; it appears that you are an impostor: you will, therefore, be pleased to leave the house this instant.

Cap. Well, that's civil, at any rate! Don't you mean to ask me to dinner?

Mil. Begone, sir!

Cap. Upon my soul! you are two of the most ungrateful people I ever met with in my life. I came here to pass a few days with you—I found you at loggerheads—you hadn't spoken for a week, you mightn't for a month. I set you all right, and now you propose to kick me out.

Mrs. M. I trust, sir, there will be no occasion for violence, but the comfort of a family, into which you have somewhat strangely intruded yourself, requires your immediate departure. Go, therefore, but peaceably; for, rude as a part of your conduct has been, I must confess that we are, in some sort, indebted to you.

Cap. Well, you are more polite than your pugnacious husband there, I must say, and since *you* wish it, I'll go; but you admit that you're indebted to me?

Mrs. M. I do.

Cap. Then, perhaps, before I go, you would like to settle the little account.

Mrs. M. I should prefer anything, sir, to remaining under obligation to a stranger.

Cap. Then give us another kiss.

Mrs. M. Wretch!

[*Militant is about to rush on him—Mrs. Militant interposes.*]

Mil. Nothing on earth but my promise to my wife saves you from personal chastisement.

Cap. Don't apologize, I beg; so that I *do* escape, I'm not curious about the reason.

Mil. But you're whole conduct proves you to be a disgrace to the honorable profession to which you belong, and my opinion is that your coat ought to be stripped off your back.

Cap. Is that your deliberate opinion? [*Going to him.*]

Mil. It is.

Cap. Then here it goes. [*Takes off his coat and throws it down—Militant and Mrs. Militant express surprise and disgust.*] Perhaps you think I deserve to lose my waistcoat also. [*Takes that off and throws it down.*]

Mrs. M. What in the world is the man about?

Cap. Anything more?

Mrs. M. Militant, Militant, stop him!

[*Militant advances.*]

Cap. Oh! come, Mrs. Charlotte, I can stand anything

t affectation. [*Militant pauses.*] Do you mean to say at you never saw me without my coat and waistcoat afore.

Mil. Charlotte, what *does* this mean?

Mrs. M. How should I know? [*To Captain Charles.*] Never, you very wicked man!

Cap. I'll be hanged, if women don't beat men for effrontery! The next thing you'll say is that I never saw you in your night-cap.

[*Mrs. Militant gives an exclamation of horror.*]

Mil. This is too monstrous! Potter, give me one of those pistols, and if he don't instantly fly, I'll commit manslaughter.

Cap. My dear fellow, you're so dreadfully hasty! Suppose, now, your wife were to confess to you that all I have asserted is true—what then?

Mil. Then, sir, I would cast her off forever.

Cap. Spoken like a man. [*To Mrs. Militant.*] One word with you, if you please, in private?

Mrs. M. Not for worlds.

Mil. Charlotte, I insist upon it.

Mrs. M. Then I obey.

[*Retires up the stage with Captain Charles—he whispers to her, she whispers to him, he whispers to her again; she starts, gives an exclamation of delight, and is about to rush into his arms—he checks her, and points to Militant.*]

Mil. [*Observing them—Aside.*] Ha! what can this mean?

[*They return—Captain Charles leading her by the hand.*]

Cap. Now, sir, ask her.

[*He resumes his coat and waistcoat.*]

Mil. I am ashamed to do so, but, to make all clear—Charlotte, is this true?

Mrs. M. Perfectly! [*Militant starts.*] These allowable and natural familiarities—

Mil. Natural!—I shall go mad!

Mrs. M. Have passed between me and my long-absent brother—

Cap. [*Taking off his wig.*] Captain George Montgomery, at your service.

Mil. My brother-in-law!

Cap. Exactly! Whom your violence was near changing to a brother-at-law. [*They shake hands.*] Now, Charlotte, I'll trouble you for the kiss I talked about. [*They embrace.*]

Pot. My young master come home to England! Oh! Smart, dear Smart!

[*Tries to embrace her—she avoids him; they come down R. and L.*]

Smart. Go along with you, do.

Mil. You will not wonder that I, who never saw you, should not know you, but it seems to be a wise sister that doesn't know her own brother.

Cap. Fifteen years abroad had so altered me that I didn't expect she would—but, to make all sure, I disguised myself. I landed two days ago at Portsmouth, heard that my dear sister Charlotte was married—learned from a friend that she and her husband—

Mrs. M. [*Interrupting him.*] Lived here.

Cap. Well, yes;—and resolved to see and judge for myself. You know the rest.

Pot. [*Advancing.*] And do I see Master George once more?

Cap. [*Shaking hands with him.*] Ancient Potter, you do; and now, what can I do to make you amends for all the tricks I used to play you? Is there anything you want?

Pot. Yes, Master George.

Cap. What is it?

Pot. A wife, Master George. [*All laugh.*]

Cap. That's the last want I should have suspected you of. Have you fixed upon anybody?

Pot. Yes; oh, yes, Master George.

Cap. Who may it be?

Pot. Smart, Master George.

Cap. And who is Smart?

Smart. [*Coming forward.*] I am, if you please, sir.

Cap. You! [*To Potter.*] Why, she's not more than twenty, and you are seventy.

Pot. Yes, sir; but once married, all things in common—united ages ninety—average forty-five.

Cap. Bravo, old Potter. I declare, love has sharpened your wits.

Pot. Yes, Master George.

Cap. [*To Smart.*] Do you know any just cause or impediment?

Smart. Yes, Master George; I forbid the banns.

Pot. On what ground?

Smart. A woman may not marry her grandfather.

[*All laugh.*]

Mil. [*To Captain Charles.*] And now, I *do* ask you to dinner.

Cap. And you won't quarrel about whose friend I am?

Mrs. M. You have proved yourself a true friend of both. But, I say, George—

Cap. What?

Mrs. M. You won't quiz us?

Cap. Not I. I am too happy that you have come to a right understanding. The course of marriage seems to be this:—In courtships, deception on both sides—during the honeymoon, an over-anxiety to give way on both sides—that over, there comes a struggle for the mastery on both sides—an insane game, at which, if either win, both lose. Mutual concession is the golden medium, and that, I trust, you have now found out. Am I not right? If you doubt, ask your friends. [*Leading her towards the audience.*] If they don't approve, I haven't another word to say; if they do, I'll repeat my advice as often as it may be asked for. "WHO SPEAKS FIRST?"

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

	MRS. MILITANT.	CHARLES.	MILITANT.	
POTTER.				SMART.
R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

THE END.



MACBETH TRAVESTIE

(No. 36 ?)

MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

BY W. K. NORTHALL.

Author of "The Magic Arrow," "Virginius Travestie,"
King Cole," &c.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

P R E F A C E .

THIS *Travestie* was written for the Olympic Theatre, New York, and was first played at that establishment on the 16th of October, 1843. It met with great success, having drawn crowded houses for several weeks. This success was undoubtedly owing, in a great measure, to the inimitable acting of Mr. Mitchell, who performed *Macbeth* in his own peculiar style—half tragic, half comic, half Macready, and half funny Mitchell. The vision of the wooden dagger, and the ludicrous horror with which *Macbeth* looks upon his bloody hands after the murder of *Duncan*, were points that (to use a technical phrase) told amazingly, and proved the manager to be also the true artist. He was admirably supported by his highly talented company, amongst which Mrs. Booth deserves honourable mention for her performance of *Lady Macbeth*. Throughout she ably maintained that comic gravity so essential to burlesque acting.

The author of "*Macbeth Travestie*" lays no claim to any literary pretensions respecting the piece—his effort was merely to devote a few leisure hours to aid in developing the talents of the Olympic company, and thereby in a very small degree to be a contributor to the "laugh-and-grow-fat" stream which is continually flowing from that temple of Mirth.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

As originally performed at the Olympic Theatre, Oct. 16, 1843.

<i>Macbeth</i>	Mr. Mitchell.
<i>Macduff</i>	" Graham.
<i>Banquo</i>	" Clark.
<i>Duncan</i>	" Everard.
<i>Malcolm</i>	" Dennison.
<i>Lennox</i>	" Dunn.
<i>Ross</i>	" Jackson.
<i>Seyton</i>	" Levere.
<i>Officer</i>	" M ^r . Kean.
<i>Fleance</i>	Master Taylor.
<i>Hecate</i>	Miss Taylor.
<i>First Witch</i>	Mr. Nickinson.
<i>Second Witch</i>	Mrs. Watts.
<i>Third Witch</i>	Miss Clarke.
<i>Lady Macbeth</i>	Mrs. Booth.
<i>Gentlewoman</i>	Mrs. Everard.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*View of a Vacant Lot.*

Three WITCHES discovered:

- 1st Witch. When shall we three meet again ?
Thunder ! [Thunder.
2d Witch. Lightning ! [Lightning.
3d Witch. And a drop of rain. [Rain.
1st Witch. Where hast thou been, Sukey ?
2d Witch. reeding swine.
3d Witch. Molly, where thou ?
1st Witch. A Loafer's wife had peanuts in her lap,
And cracked—and cracked—and cracked !
Give me, quoth I. Oh, get out, now—she nuttily did snigger—
Her husband is a-fishing gone with a great fat nigger ;
And in a boat I'll to him roll,
Without a cent to pay the toll.
I'll go !—I'll go !—I'll go !
2d Witch. I can raise the wind.
3d Witch. And I'll put down the dust.
1st Witch. I guess that I can do the rest.
See what I've got.
2d Witch. Show me ! show me !
1st Witch. Here I have a Mermaid Feegee :—
And here another, which is N. G.
[Distant march with drum, R. U. M.
3d Witch. A drum ! a drum !
Macbeth doth come.
All. We, rag-pickers, hand in hand,
In every city of this land,
There do go about, about.—

2d Witch. Thence with rags

3d Witch. Do fill our bags,

1st Witch. To sell again

All. To paper men.

1st Witch. Peace, it's all cleared up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO, R. U. E.

Mac. Command they make a halt upon the green.
So hot and cold a day is seldom seen.

Ban. How far is't now afore us?—but who the devil
have we here,

Whose withered looks do make their mugs look queer?

Ye are not women of the world, I'll boldly say,

Yet on the earth ye live from day to day.

Say, if I do question, will ye promptly answer? —

Are you a woman, marm, or are you man, sir?

[The Witches put fingers to their noses.

Ye fix your skinny thumbs upon your nose, and take a
sight,

As though you understood; and understood aright.

Ye should be women, each having on a bustle,—

But reason and conviction hotly tussle.

Your beards forbid that I should call you fair;

And blow me, if I know exactly what you are.

Mac. Speak, if you can, and tell us what your name is.

1st Witch. All hail to thee, Macbeth,—hail to thee, Thane
of Glamis!

2d Witch. All hail to thee, Macbeth,—hail to thee, Thane
of Cawdor!

3d Witch. All hail, Macbeth, who'll be next King in or-
der!

Ban. *[To Macbeth.]* Why do you start?—for fear there's
little ground;

There's nothing frightful in so fair a sound.

Say, can you look into the seeds of time—for there's a
monstrous lot—

And say which grain will grow, and which will rot?

If you cannot speak, why, tell us with a nod;

Or if you won't, we'll ask old Laurie Todd.

1st Witch. Hail!

2d Witch. Hail!

3d Witch. Hail!

1st Witch. Taller than Macbeth, though not so fat.

2d Witch. And not so happy,—but you can't help that.

3d Witch. You can't be King.

1st Witch. But you'll get one without fail.

All. So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo, hail! hail! hail!

[*Going.*

Mac. Stay, unfinished speakers—your story lame is!
By Sinel's death, I know I'm thane of Glamis,—
But how of Cawdor?—and as for being King,
I have no chance or prospect of the thing;—
Tell me why, then,—in face of open day,
You try to stuff me in this blasted way?

[*Witches vanish, R.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the South Sea had,
And these three lots, I b'lieve, are just as bad.
There's speculation in their rise, I do declare.

Mac. What seemed corporeal, has melted into air.
There's something in the wind,—would they had staid—
Your children shall be kings, I think they said.

Ban. You're to be King.

Mac. Of Cawdor, too, the Thane.
Went it not so?

Ban. The tune and words were just the same.

Enter MACDUFF and ROSSE, R.

Macd. The King, Macbeth, has felt the blows
By which you gave the quietus to his foes.

Rosse. And we are sent to thank you as we ought,
And herald you, most noble sir, to court.

Macd. That he's in earnest, judge by this soft solder,—
He bade us greet you, sir, as Thane of Cawdor.

Mac. The Thane of Cawdor lives; and do you suppose
I'll let you dress me thus in his old clothes.

Macd. Who was the Thane is yet alive, but then
He is in jail and can't get out again.

Mac. Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!—the King is very
kind—

But the best of this fine *tale* yet hangs behind.

(*To Banquo.*) Do you not hope your children will be
kings?

Ban. The devil sometimes tells truth in trifling things,
To lure us 'till he nabs us in a toil.

Cousins, I would speak apart with you awhile.

[*They retire up.*]

Mac. Fancy is busy sketching in this distracted head,
The outlines, I do perceive, of murder in a bed.

If I know what to think, may I be shot,—

For nothing is, I vow, but what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner's wrapped him in his tartan plaid.

Mac. If chance will have me king, why chance, the saucy jade,

May crown me if it will, if there's no harm meant.

Ban. New honours come upon him, like a garment
Which hangs but loosely on the wearer's back,
And looks for all the world just like a sack.

[*Advances.*] *Worthy Macbeth, upon your leisure, sir, we stay.*

Mac. Give me your favour: my dull brain was bothered
With things old time had long since smothered.

Of your pains, kind sirs, I keep a strict account,

And reckon, daily, up the large amount.

Let us to the King, and may I beg

[*To Banquo.*]

That for the present, we do not stir a leg

In this strange business:—but when we meet again,

Speak our free hearts, like open-hearted gentlemen.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Landscape. Music and Flourish.*

*Enter KING, MALCOLM, DONALDBLAIN, and Court, preceded
by CHAMBERLAIN, L.*

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?

Mal. The Captain, sir, was 'headed by your order.
Before he died, my liege, he very frankly said,
In life's toss up he played, and lost his head.

As for death, my lord, he didn't seem to mind a sous about it;

For hastening to be gone, he left his trunk, and went ahead
without it.

King. Pysiognomy's a humbug, for one cannot trace
The mind's construction in a tutored face.

This gentleman, until his treason bursted,

To any reasonable amount I would have trusted.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, and LENNOX, R.—Macbeth and Banquo kneel to King.

Ah, worthy coz, I'm glad to see you here, my tight 'un,
The weight of my ingratitude to lighten.
Had you less merit, I vow to goodness gracious
My means of recompense had been more spacious.
I must take the two-third act—or find some other way,—
For more is due to thee than I can ever pay.

[Raises and embraces Macbeth.

And Banquo, too, we'd place within our breast.

[Raises and embraces Banquo.

Ban. "There, in that bosom"—but you know the rest.

King. Listen, all! I would have it known throughout
the land,

That my son Malcolm, now, is Prince of Cumberland.

[Flourish. All bow.

From hence to Inverness, and make us more your debtor.

Mac. The which honor, I will inform my wife by letter.
On second thoughts, I'll bear myself the joyful news;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor, accept of our adieus.

Mac. *[Aside.]* Malcolm Prince of Cumberland! that is
a rise

Which I must o'erleap, for in my way it lies.

Stars, go out—see not my eye winking at my hand:

A wink will do for those who understand.

[Exit.

King. Come, let us after him whose care has gone be-
fore;—

To be behind his welcome indeed would be a bore.

AIR.—KING. ("Some love to roam.")

Now let us roam, to see his home,

Oh, merrily forth we'll go;

So in time let's thump, and with hop and jump,

Let us cut away just so.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! &c.

[Exeunt, R.

SCENE III.—A Chamber.

Enter LADY MACBETH, R., reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success, and I de-
clare,

*Ere I could speak, they vanished into air.
 Whilst I stood wrapt in wonder and my plaid,
 A message from the King arrived, which said
 To this effect :—he hailed me Thane of Cawdor ;
 Which at first appeared a little out of order,—
 But the Witches before had told me the same thing—
 And added, too—they soon will hail thee King.”*
 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shall be
 What thou’rt promised, or I’ll raise a spree.
 Yet I do fear thy nature when I put thee to the test,
 So full of the milk of kindness is thy breast,
 And not the sky-blue stuff that’s brought from Goshen—
 But rich and thick ; a quart would lactify an ocean.

Enter SEYTON, L.

What news ?

Sey. The King to-night comes here.

Lady M. Art mad—or art thou drunk with beer ?
 Your boss is with him ; and he wouldn’t go to bring
 A stranger, without due notice—especially a King.

Sey. I don’t know how that is, marm ; but this I know—
 The Thane’s a coming ; a fellow just told me so,
 Who arrived in haste, with just enough breath in his body
 To tell his message out, and call for whiskey toddy.

Lady M. Give him tending—let him have his drink, of
 course,
 He brings great news. [*Exit Seyton, L.*] The raven him-
 self is hoarse,—

And croaks out Duncan’s coming in a style
 That makes one wish for horehound candy all the while.
 Come, spirits—brandy, rum, or gin, unsex me here,
 Or fill me from crown to toe with potent beer.
 Come then to my *woman’s* breast, thou murderer’s crew,
 And when you’re bent on mischief, this much do :—
 Take my milk for gall, and throw it slap
 In the peering eyes of any curious chap,
 Who, looking through the thick blanket of the night,
 Might cry—hold ! hold ! with all his might.

Enter MACBETH, L.

Great Glamis, I am transported with your news—
 And almost see you now in Duncan’s shoes.

Mac. My dearest love, the King will lodge with us to-
 night.

Lady M. When goes he hence.

Mac. To-morrow, if report speak right.

Lady M. Never! Your face, my Thane, is a book
which does disclose

Strange sentiments, by its eyes and nose.

Look like the time, and take a glass,—

'Twill help to make the creeping sluggard pass.

Bear welcome in your hand—your tongue—your eye.

Mac. Let's in—we'll talk again of this, dear, bye and
bye. [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE IV.—*The Gate of the Castle.*

*Enter KING MALCOLM, DONALDBLAIN, BANQUO, and
COURT, L.*

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air is fit
for royal suction,

And recommends itself without a formal introduction

Ban. This guest of summer, the large blue-bottle fly,
most plainly shows

That they approve the smell of your most royal nose;

For on each jutting pimple a fine fat fellow's flown,—

And without a 'kerchief, sir, that goodly feature's blown.

*Enter four Ladies, c., and range two on each side, LADY
MACBETH, followed by SEYTON with a wand. Lady
Macbeth comes forward.*

King. See, see—our honoured hostess comes this way.

Mrs. Macbeth, where is the Thane of Cawdor, pray?

We would have been first with all our heart,

But our No Go did give him quite a start.

The Fergusons are full, and we are in a weary plight,—

So, *Mrs. M.*, with your leave, we'll lodge with you to-night.

Each member of our suite will take his post.

Your hand, fair lady; conduct me to mine host.

AIR.—KING.

For we love him—we love him—and who shall dare

To chide us for wishing to taste his fare;

I've thought of it long as a hungry prize,

I have wished for some meat, and longed for some pies.

[*Exeunt marching, c.*

SCENE V.—*A Chamber in Macbeth's Castle.**Enter MACBETH, thoughtfully, R.*

Mac. If it were done when 'tis done, there's no doubt
 'Twere quite as well 'twere quickly set about.
 If the same knife which cuts poor Duncan's life support-
 ers

Could only cut the throats of common news reporters,
 And thus make dumb the press—it's pretty clear
 This cut would be the be-all, and the end-all here.
 But this even-handed justice is a sorry jade,
 And may commend to my own throat, the self-same blade.
 He's here in double trust, but then he's had long credit,—
 And yet I'm called upon to write more debit.
 But still I am his kinsman, and his subject too ;—
 In either case, the bloody work is hard to do.
 I think I'll hire a man to do the deed :
 I shouldn't murder when I ought to feed.
 And who can bear to be the common scoff,
 For "the deep damnation of his taking off?"
 I have no spur to prick me on—full well I know it—
 So, vaulting ambition, I say, prythee, go it !
 Don't overleap yourself, and then come tumbling down
 With dislocated neck, or broken crown.

Enter LADY MACBETH, R.

How now, Mrs. M., did he eat those oysters that you
 stewed ?

Lady M. He supped on nothing else :—your leaving us
 was rude.

Mac. I will not do this deed ; he has so honoured me
 of late,

And bought me golden pippins, which I ate. [*Walks, L.*

Lady M. Coward ! You much desire to be a King,
 But tremble at the means which do the thing.

Mac. I dare do all that becomes a man ; so do not
 me,

If more you want, why, damn it, ma'am, unsex me.

Lady M. What a beast are you : when you told me first
 your plan,

I thought you quite an enterprising sort of man.

Ten children I have suckled, as you know,

And surely never mother loved her babbies so.
Yet would I take each of the ten and slap—
Place one by one across their mother's lap,
And spank them till their backs were black and blue,
Ere I'd back out from doing what I said I'd do.

Mac. Suppose we fail? the thought brings on a dizziness!

Lady M. We fail; and there will end our business.
Put courage to the sticking-place, my master,
And bind it tight with Badeau's poor man's plaster.
When Duncan is in bed and soundly snoring,
I will, with drink, his chamberlain be flooring.
Their natures—being well soaked in potent liquors—
Will to our purpose be no sort of stickers.
What we will do to Duncan when alone,
Is surely no one's business but our own.

Mac. If more children bless you, let them all be lads—
Your *mettle* is unfit for *belles*, but just the thing for dads.
I'm settled and bent up—the murder shall be done!
Away! and mock the time with rarest fun. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, R., preceded by SERVANT with candle.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. Pretty well, sir;—how
are you?

Ban. I'm sore oppressed, and know not what to do.
I have a load upon me like a lump of lead,
Which qualms my stomach, and affects my head.
Who's there?

Enter MACBETH, preceded by SEYTON with candle.

Mac. A friend.

Ban. I thought you were abed, sir, long
ago.

The King is most well pleased, he'd have you know.
He gave the servants all a *crown* a-piece,
And laughing, called them *Knights*, sir, of the *Fleece*!
I have a present for your lady from the King;
He begs to greet your wife, sir, through this ring.
[*Puts ring on Macbeth's finger.*]

Mac. I'm unprepared to thank him as I ought.

[*Aside.*] I wonder where so fine a ring he bought.

Ban. All's well. I dreamed last night of those old rags
We met the other day collecting rags.

To you they've shown some truth in what they said.

Mac. I have thought not of them, more than of one
dead.

But some other time, if it be your pleasure,
We'll chat again of this affair at leisure.

Good night, now, worthy Banquo.

Ban. Good repose, Macbeth.

Mac.

I thank you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance, L.*

Go, bid my wife prepare a cobbler—[*Seyton goes.*] Here,
not so fast—

And say I'd like to have this cobbler stronger than the last.

[*Exit Seyton, L.—As Macbeth turns to look off, L., a
large dagger appears, c., the handle towards him.*

Is this a dagger I see fornenst my nose—

The handle towards me ? I'll clutch it ; and here goes.

[*Dagger jumps up quick.*

I have thee not, and yet I swear I thought I had !

That dodge of thine, old dagger, was too bad.

Are my eyes grown dim, or do they need a wipe ?

Or is that dagger but a false Daguerreotype.

I see thee yet, or my eyes do sadly play the fool,

As palpably as those I used to make at school.

[*Dagger works a little.*

You beckon me your way ; I'm sorry to refuse,

For just such an instrument I was to use.

I see thee still—and upon thy handle goutts of blood,—

Which seems most strange upon a dagger made of wood.

Ah ! but now I look more closely, I behold instead,

Only a dab of deep Venetian red. [*Dagger vanishes.*

It's no such thing, that's plain enough,

And the paint upon the handle's bloody stuff.

Nature now to half the world has given up the ghost,

And each good watchman sleeps against his post.

Thou firm-set earth, hear not the creaking of my shoes

And, oh, ye paving stones, tell not the news.

[*Bell strikes two.*

I go—the bell strikes two, whilst I shall strike but one.

Feel not the blow, oh, Duncan, 'ere thy job be done.

[*As he is about to open the door, thunder is heard—he starts, recovers, and exits, R.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH, L.

Lady M. That which hath put the servants of the King
in clover,

Hath made me feel just right all over.

Hark! each noise does put one's courage to the proof.

Pshaw! it was but our cat upon the out-house roof.

I physicked well the drink the grooms did take.

Mac. [*Without.*] Who's there?

Lady M.

Alack! I'm afraid they

are awake.

Unless the deed be done, the attempt confound—

I put the daggers where they could be found.

If he has missed them, it is indeed too bad.

I had done it, but he looked so like my dad.

Re-enter MACBETH, R., with two bloody daggers.

Mac. I have done the deed—did you not hear a row?

Lady M. I heard the cat squall out just now.

Did you not speak?

Mac.

When?

Lady M.

Now!

Mac.

My boot did creak.

Lady M. How?

Mac.

There!

Lady M.

Where?

Mac. Upon the stair.

Lady M. Hush!

Mac.

Hark! the second floor does seem in

pain.

Who is it?

Lady M. Why, only young Donaldblain.

Mac. See, heres a pickle that I'm in, my wife.

Lady M. A foolish thought to cry out pickles, on my
life.

Mac. When I did strike, there one did loudly sob—

Another cried, "there goes one for his nob."

Both awaking—round about the room did peep,

Then laid them down again, and went to sleep.

Lady M. Two snore together beneath the same bed-clothes ?

Mac. One said, "no, you don't !" and put his finger to his nose.

The other—a large fat man and stout—

Cried, "pickles—does your mother know you're out ?"

Lady M. You think too much about a little blood that trickles.

Mac. But why the devil could not I cry pickles ?

For something of the kind I did require—

My tongue was parched—my throat was all on fire.

Lady M. You think too much about so small a thing, You've only made a new *dy-nasty* with the king.

Mac. He did *die-nasty*, and he *dyled* me nasty, too.—

Methought I heard a voice cry, "let's play loo !"

But first it said, "Macbeth, my handsome tulip,

We'll have a drink, and let it be a Julep.

Sore labour's bath, a balm for minds which have a flaw—

Come on, Macbeth, we'll suck it through a straw."

Lady M. What mean you, pray, you foolish idle talker ?

Mac. One said, he'd drink no more: and one cried, "Walker !"

Lady M. Who wast, then, cried "Walker !" worthy Thane ?

You talk of stupid things with sickly brain.

Go, wash yourself—and it will do you good

To lose a little of that royal blood.

Why did you bring these daggers from the room ?

Take them, and bloody make the face of every groom.

Mac. I'll go no more ! [*Crosses, L.*] I'm full of horror crammed,

And if I look on't again, may I be damned.

Lady M. Give me the daggers : I do not dread to see—

Living or dead, they are all the same to me.

I'll gild their faces o'er with strongest *gilt*,

And stick it fastly on, with blood that's spilt.

[*Exit, R.—Knocking heard without.*]

Mac. How is it with me ? what the plague can be the matter,

When thus I tremble at every little clatter ?

I *shake* at every noise the merest trifle makes,

And yet, I swear, I feel like no great *shakes*.

Look at these awful paws, so dyed in blood;
Can Neptune wash them clean? I wish he could.
But that's a thing I fear can never be,
For he has got already one red sea.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH, R.

Lady M. My heart is not so white; my hands as yours
are red. [Knocking.
I hear a knocking in the yard—come, husband, let's to bed.

[Knock.
Why stand you shilly shally, there, as if you didn't know
Which way to stir your stumps—whether to stay or go.
Take now the cobbler that I made, (if you've not already
drank it,)

Put on your night-cap, and then clap your head beneath
the blanket. [Knock.

Mac. To know the deed that I have done indeed is very
shocking,—
Duncan, why the devil can't *you* wake with this con-
founded knocking. [Exeunt, L.

Enter SEYTON, L. S. E.—*opens* C. D., and *enter* MACDUFF and
ROSSE.

Macd. You went quite late to bed, by the way you've
snoozed this morning.

Sey. Faith, sir, indeed we did carouse till day was almost
dawning.

Macd. Is your royal master stirring yet?—to wake him
I am loth.

Sey. He comes.

Re-enter MACBETH, in a gown and nightcap.

Rosse. Good morrow, sir.

Mac. Good morrow, both,

Macd. Is the king awake?

Mac. Not yet; most soundly he
has slept.

Macd. He bade me call him, but the hour has slipped.

Mac. I'll call him.

Macd. I will not trouble you, worthy Thane.

Mac. The trouble that we love, like Brandreth's pills,
does physic pain.

[*Crosses, L.*] There is the door. [*Exit Macduff, R.*]

Rosse. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Mac. 'Twas so, I think, I heard his servant say.

Rosse. Last night was the squalliest one I ever knew—
The wind must have been drunk, it was so *blew*.
It reeled along the streets, so no one safe could pass ;
And every window that it broke did take another glass.
Loud screams arose in every quarter of the town,
And chimney pots from every house came madly tumbling
down.

Some say that direful, dread events, will quickly come to
pass ;

And that father Miller, after all, is not an A. double S.
That the earth was feverish, and shook : if, then, 'tis not a
fixture,

Why could it not be quickly cured by Rowand's Tonic
mixture ?

Macd. [*Without.*] Oh, Horror ! Horror ! Horror ! Hor-
ror ! Horror ! Horror ! Horror ! Horror ! Horror !

Re-enter MACDUFF, R.

Oh, that I had a thousand tongues to tell
What is not possible for one to do as well !

Mac. & Rosse. Why, what's the matter ? what on earth's
the row ?

Macd. Murder's the matter—robbery's the row !
Some sacrilegious chap,—I scarce can tell the rest—
Hath broken ope the King, our master's chest,
And stole his life !—'twas all he had—oh, horrid theft !
And nothing but his bloody trunk is left.

Mac. What is't, say you ? is it his life they've stole ?

Macd. Approach yourself, and see the ghastly hole
Through which they let the daylight on his soul.

[*Exit Rosse and Macbeth, R.*]

Wake up the town—let every bell ring loud,
And gather round the door an anxious crowd. [*Bell rings.*]

Enter MALCOLM, BANQUO, and all the Court, R. and L.

Mal. What's the fix ?

Macd. You are, my boy, and do not know it !
Your royal dad is dead.

Mal. Who did it ? blow it !

Re-enter MACBETH and ROSSE, R.

Mac. If I had only died six hours ago,
The chances are, I had not felt this blow.

Mal. I want to know, who dared our royal blood to
shed ?

Rosse. They, as we think, who slept in the next bed.
They were all covered, sir, with blood from head to feet,
And one had wiped his crooked nose upon the royal sheet.
When they awoke they looked distracted, wild ;
But they couldn't any how deceive this child.

Mac. I'm sorry I took the lives of both those chaps
away.

Macd. Ah ! wherefore did you do it—Macbeth, say ?

Mac. At once, can I be wise and furious ?—the devil's
in it,

If a man can be all these, sir, in the same minute.
There lay king Duncan ; the sight my blood did put up,
For never before saw I a King so badly cut up.
His gashes looked like,—as most of us have seen
In pork,—a streak of fat, and then a streak of lean.
Which formed the varied gateways to a place
Where ruin went to hide his hideous face.
There lay his butchers—calm as a summer's night ;
With love like mine, who could have borne the sight.

Ban. I have my scruples—but for the present, mum.

Macd. So I.

All. So all.

Ban. We'll meet in the hall, and con this deed lamented,
To know it further—

All. We are well contented.

CHORUS.—“ Scots wha hae.”

The King's been murdered in his bed
There's sundry gashes on his head,
Who did the deed has not been said,
So we'll be mum awhile.
But let's against all treason fight,
The body is a horrid sight ;
So we will meet again to-night
And talk the matter o'er.

[*Exeunt, c.*

END OF ACT I.

A C T I I .

SCENE I.—*Banquet Scene.*

MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, &c., *discovered, all standing.—Flourish.*

Mac. You're welcome, friends, so feel at ease.
Sit down ; you know your own degrees. [*They sit.*
Our wife's a little stiff' at this first meeting,
But by and bye you'll get her hearty greeting.

Lady M. Nay, greet you them for me ; for I here vow,
That they are very welcome any how. [*All bow.*

Mac. Their hearts are loud in thanks, if you could hear
em ;
But here I'll sit, in order to be near 'em.
Be merry all :—fill for a toast ; see, friends, it goes
The table round—

Enter MURDERER, L.

There's blood upon your nose.

Mur. Then blow it ; it is Banquo's.

Mac. Ah, I much do fear—
Mur. There is no ground ; his throat is cut from ear to
ear.

Mac. You cut his *jugular* ?—that were a clever *trick* !
You did the same for Fleance ?

Mur. Sir, he's cut his stick.

Mac. Then comes my fit again !—But Banquo—he is
dead ?

Mur. He is, my lord, as any herring that is red.

Mac. Fleance' escape has filled my cup with sorrow.
But more of this anon ; go, call again to-morrow.

[*Exit Murderer, L.*

Lady M. Come, my good lord, and pick a bit of meat ;
For it is meet, among your guests, that you do take a seat.

Mac. Sweet wife, those Sherman's Lozenges you made
me swallow,

Hath made our appetite beat our digestion hollow.

[*Banquo rises and sits in a chair, with his back to Mac-
beth—he is smoking a cigar.*

We should enjoy our meal, if Banquo were but here ;
His absence we begin to think a little queer.

Rosse. Never mind, my lord, it cannot make us dull ;
Will you pray take a seat ?

Mac. The table's full.

Rosse. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Mac. Where ?

[*Banquo turns round.*]

Rosse. Here, my lord. What is it makes you stare ?

Mac. Who did this ?

Rosse. What, my lord ?

Mac. Crikey ! can't

you see ? [*Banquo, smoking, shakes his head.*]

I didn't do it, so you needn't shake your locks at me.

It was not I who stole the jewel from your trunk.

Rosse. Friends, rise ; I do suspect his Highness is a little drunk. [*All offer to rise.*]

Lady M. Keep your seats, my friends ; my lord is often thus—

He's only in a sort of fit, so do not make a muss.

[*Comes forward.*] If you stare on him in this idle fashion,
You'll put him surely in a rearing passion.

[*To Macbeth.*] Come, quit this nonsense, sir—are you a man ?

Mac. I don't exactly know, but still I think I am,
When I can dare to look upon that stool,
And see old Banquo smoking there so cool.

Lady M. Stuff ! a painting in the air ; like a dagger
which you said,

Beckoned and led you straight to Duncan's bed.

Tell the marines such tales, and you'll deceive 'em.

'Twont do to tell the Tars—the sailors won't believe 'em.

[*Banquo rises and winks his eye.*]

Mac. Look ! Ha ! he winks his eye ! I say I didn't do
the theft. [*Banquo points over the left shoulder.*]

He backward points his thumb—which means, "Over
the left." [*Banquo nods.*]

If thou canst nod, why, damn it, can't you speak ?

And if not with your mother tongue, why, let's have Greek.

[*Banquo is going off, l., backwards.*]

If ghosts will come to play about at nights,

Why, let 'em have a good supply of Taws and Kites.

[*Exit Banquo, l.*]

Lady M. What, daft entirely !

Mac.

As I stand here, I've

Banquo seen.

Lady M. For shame!

[*Goes up to throne.*]

Mac. Why, shame, indeed; the time has been,
When the brains were out, a man would kick the bucket;
But now the living do without 'em; and, for a ducat
You can get the credit of more wit, than midnight oil
To student gives, however hard he toil:
And now ghosts rise again to see their brainless brothers,
And leave their graves, without the knowledge of their
mothers.

Lady M. Of rudeness, my lord, this is the very essence;
Your royal guests do sadly need your presence.

Mac. Pardon me: the fit which made me absent, itself
is gone—

So with your worthy selves I'll now count one.

Give me some wine: your glasses fill—come, here's a
health to each:

Here's health to Banquo, also, to whom may all good
reach. [*Takes a large pitcher from table, and shows
a duplicate head of Banquo's under it.*]

Avaunt! the presence quit—hide behind some place,

And don't show here that damnably long face.

Thou look'st so greedy with your great big eyes,

As though you wished a speculation here in pies:

But it's no go, for all the pies are gone—

And so, my dear late friend, you can't get one,

Put out those goggle eyes—I want no overseers.

Lady M. Take you no notice of this second fit, good
peers.

Mac. What man dare, that I dare, e'en though it were
to tussle

With Shakspeare in a song, quite a la Russell.

To dance a Pas de Deux in public square,

With dancing dog, or rugged Russian bear.

Wrestle for a cent with some Herculean nigger—

Anything, but look upon that horrid figure.

[*Puts pitcher over the head.*]

Hence, King of Trumps, and hie thee to thy grave.

[*Raises pitcher, and the head is gone.*]

Why so! thou'rt gone—I now will play the knave.

[*Falls into a chair*]

Lady M. Good night, my friends;—all shortly will be well:

Stand not upon the order of your going, but start pell mell.

[*All exeunt, R. and L., but Macbeth & Lady Macbeth.*

Mac. Blood will have blood, and I must have some more.

What is the night!

Lady M. Why, night will soon be o'er.

Mac. You say Macduff declined to come when you did send!

Lady M. So much I heard from one he calls a friend.

Mac. If I do send, he'd better not refuse,—

No servant here my lenity shall abuse.

To-morrow to the witches I will go;

The very worst I am resolved to know.

I'm over head in blood, and so I may

As well go on, as go the other way. [Exeunt, R.

SCENE II.—*Front of Wood.*

Enter HECATE, R., Three WITCHES, L.

1st Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! how cross you look.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames, since you took

The liberty with Macbeth, to talk of this affair,

Which belongs to me, the mistress of this air!

But make amends, and serve me so no more.

Meet me in my castle i' the air; the number's on the door.

I have the key, but don't let me keep you waiting;

If I am not in time, squeeze through the grating.

[*Music.—Witches enter—they dance, &c., and sing the music of the original.*

SCENE III.—*Witches' Hut.*

Three WITCHES discovered.

1st Witch. Three new novels have the newsboys cried.

2d Witch. Thrice to read them have we tried.

3d Witch. The newsboys called them cheap—the newsboys lied.

Round about the cauldron go,

And in the charmed ingredients throw.

Here's a slip of the bark from off the tree

General Morris went to see.

And a bit of the axe of the woodman bold,
 Made blunt at the edge with a tip of gold.
 Here's a stone from the Fountain in the Green,
 The oddest concern that ever was seen.
 And a drop from the nose of the statue of stone,
 That in the Alhamra this summer is shown.

All. Double, double, boil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and soup-pot bubble.

2d Witch. Tail of the Sea Serpent take,
 Keep it bubbling for the sake
 Of landlords, they who never fail,
 Yearly to rake up the *tale*.

A mermaid Feegee—all a hum—
 The big fat girl, and little Thumb.
 Ellsler's leg, and foot to boot,
 Will make young men to jump and hoot;
 For 'tis a charm of powerful trouble,
 Although it is all bubble, bubble!

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and soup-pot bubble.

1st Witch. Of modern poetry—sorry stuff—
 A couple of lines will be enough.

A lawyer's conscience put in, too,
 'Twill make a most infernal stew.

Bit of soaplock lost in a lark,
 Near the Fountain in the Park.
 When the whole boils up and thickens,
 Throw in the last great work of Dickens.

[*They make a great noise.*]

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and soup-pot bubble.

1st Witch. Cool it with a whole hog's blood,
 Then the soup is thick and good.
 By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.

Enter MACBETH, L. U. E.

Mac. How now, ye black, but living heaps of rags—
 What are ye at?

All. John Smith—a man without a name.

Mac. Ah! and yet John Smith has got a sort of fame.

But no more of this.—I must your patience tax.

I want to know—

1st Witch. Speak!

2d Witch. Demand!

3d Witch. We'll answer what you

ask.

1st Witch. From ourselves, or master, would you hear?

Mac. Whichever you please, my little dear.

1st Witch. Throw in the leg of a hog which died in the street,

With a little molasses to sweeten the meat.

All. Come high—come low—come far—come near—
Spirit of New England—appear! appear!

[A Yankee Clock-Peddler rises.

App. Macbeth, I reckon you ain't exactly up to snuff:

Do you just keep your eye on old Macduff;

And old Fife, too—they'll shave you if they can.

But I must go a-head, for you see, my man,

My steam is up now good and strong,

My biler'll bust if I stay here too long. [Sinks.

Mac. Do tell! I want to know! More questions let
me pop 'em.

1st Witch. He's gone, and all creation cannot stop him.

[Munday, the Prophet, rises.

But here is one—a prophet great, who knows what's past.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! don't look so
much aghast.

Mac. Had I three ears, three years I would be mute.

App. Be bloody, bold Macbeth, and boldly resolute.

Laugh thou the petty power of man to scorn,
For none can hurt thee who's of woman born.

The world is topsy turvy—and now, alas!

1st Witch. Sic—

2d Witch. Transit—

3d Witch. Gloria—

App. Munday!

All.

Pass!

[Apparition sinks.

Mac. Then live, Macduff;—I do not care, I swear,

Since I can boldly tell pale-hearted fear,

It lies not in it to make me knock under,—

[Cheap John rises.

For I will sleep in spite of thunder.

But who is this, so like Cheap John in Chatham Square
Who sells in four cent lots his curious ware ?

Upon his head he wears a shabby sort of covering,
For one who has a crown, and daily makes a *sovereign* !

1st Witch. Listen, but do not speak ; do you see ?

App. Be stubborn, proud, and who may fret, ne'er mind
at all ;

Until great Birnam's wood comes boughing to your hall.
Macbeth's invincible ! Only four cents ! [*Sinks.*

Mac. Well, that can

never be,

For who the plague e'er saw a walking tree.

Tell me,—if that your art can show so much—

Shall Banquo's issue Scotland's sceptre clutch ?

All. Begone, Macbeth, and seek to know no more.

Mac. I will be satisfied—this interruption is a bore.

Farther I fain would know of my queer lot. [*Cauldron*

Why sinks the cauldron—is it gone to pot ? *sinks.*

1st Witch. Show !

2d Witch. Show !

3d Witch. Show !

All. Blow his eyes ! let's grieve his heart—

So, dark shadows, do your part.

[*Set piece sinks, and discovers large hogshead with transparent bunghole. Figure crosses behind.*

Mac. That looks like Banquo's spirit past that bunghole
walking :

The sight does blear my eyes ;—[*Second Figure crosses.*]
another yet comes stalking. [*Third figure crosses.*

A third !—Vile hags, I do entreat you, tap no more—

Such a waste of spirits I ne'er saw before.

[*Fourth figure crosses.*

A fourth ! why, then, by Jove, I'll start and run.

[*Fifth figure crosses.*

And yet a fifth ! why, will they ne'er be done ?

[*Sixth figure crosses, with glass.*

Another, too, who bears a glass ! I'm thinking

He's quite a jolly ghost, and has been drinking.

[*Witches and transparency vanish.*

Why is this so ?—Where are they gone ?—I'm diddled
quite ;

This cursed hour has seemed a long dark night.
Come in, without there.

Enter SEYTON, L. U. E.

Sey. Pray, what wants your grace?

Mac. Saw you the sisters as they left this place?

Sey. I neither saw, nor heard, nor smelt them.

Mac. Came they not by you?

Sey. I ne'er felt them.

Mac. Did I not hear a horse but just now pass?

Sey. It was an express rider on an ass,
To bring you word Macduff was gone
To England.

Mac. Time, time, thou cheat of human bliss,
At least I am obliged to you for this.
I'll seize the Castle of Macduff, then take his Fife,
And play a dying tune to his dear babes and wife.
No boasting like a fool—I'll do the deed, I say.
Show me the gentleman on the ass, I pray.

[*Exeunt*, L. U. E.]

SCENE IV.—A Wood.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF, R

Mal. The woodman hath spared this tree in spite of
trade—

So let us take advantage of its grateful shade,
To tell our troubles o'er.

Macd. Don't let us waste in words
The time when we should use our trusty swords.
Oh, Scotia, my native land, you're in a fix,
And daily subject to a tyrant's kicks.
The widow's howling makes a dreadful noise—
And all the towns are full of workhouse boys.

Mal. Suppose, Macduff, that vile Macbeth were slain,
I do not see what 'vantage you would gain;
For I should play the tyrant worse than he.
So tell me—would you choose a king like me?

Macd. No: for I knew your father well—but how un-
like his son!
Your mother, too,—she ranked, indeed, as an A No. 1.

Her pickles were the very best I ever eat,
And tasted very nice with cold roast meat.

Mal. Stay, Macduff, stay: this passion for my sainted
mother's pickles,
Causes this tear which down my cheek now trickles.
I love your spirit ;—and I only spoke in fun ;
I do assure you, then, I *am* my father's son.
But who's this man who walks along so stately ?

Macd. My cousin Rosse it is, or my eye deceives me
greatly.

Enter Rosse, L.

Stands Scotland where it did a week ago ?

Rosse. Not quite ; 'tis greatly moved by the vile ty-
rant's blow ;

The face of the whole country is pitted o'er with care,
And the *wail* that it has on it, is the *wail* of dark despair.

Macd. What is the newest grief of which they now com-
plain ?

Rosse. Why, that with griefs they're overflowed in the
present reign.

Macd. How is my wife, my little children dear ?

Rosse. Well. [*Aside.*] The truth I cannot tell, for fear.
[*Aloud.*] But you should be in Scotland, and there maintain
her laws.

Your very presence, sir, would breed brave soldiers in her
cause.

Macd. Make our respects, and say we'll quickly come
With fifty mep to sound of fife and drum.

Rosse. I've news to tell, but know not how to bring it
out.

Macd. Don't be a niggard of your speech, but spit it out.
Come, sir, your silence is beyond endurance.

Rosse. Your castle is burnt down.

Macd. [*Falls on Malcolm's shoulder.*] And I had no in-
surance !

Rosse. Your wife—

Macd. Another ! I hope she's doing well ?

Rosse. A-lass !

Macd. I was in hopes it was a boy—but let that pass.

Rosse. Sir, you have neither wife, nor son, nor daugh-
ter ;

They all were killed in one inhuman slaughter.

Macd. My children—all, I think it was you said ?

Rosse. Just so.

Macd. My wife, I think you said, was dead ?

[*Rosse nods.*]

Exactly. They didn't spare my stables, barns, nor pens ?
Then all my ducks are dead—and slain are all my hens—
My little chickens that I used to feed each morn and night,
Are all gone, too. Well, well, it almost serves me right.
I should have fricasseed them all before I left ;
But I'll have vengeance for this double theft.

Mal. That's right—dispute it like a man, Macduff.

Macd. I will ;—but still I feel my losses bad enough.

Mal. Be vengeance sharp the whetstone of your sword—
'Twill make it sharp enough, upon my word.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with my eyes,
And also with my tongue—in that the mischief lies.
But heaven cut short such weak desires,
And fill my soul with vengeful fires ;
Let not Macbeth escape my anger just,
If he blows longer, I shall surely bust. [Exit, &c.

SCENE V.—A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter PHYSICIAN and GENTLEWOMAN.

Doc. Two nights I've watched, and find no truth in
your report ;

I'm afraid your story's but th' invention of your sport.

Gent. No ! since the King in person has his warriors
led,

I've seen her several times jump out of bed.

Doc. Tell me what she has said, when this you have
seen ?

Gent. Do you then think I'll blab ? I am not quite so
green.

Enter LADY MACBETH, L., with a pail in one hand, and a
scrubbing-brush in the other.

Look ! here she comes ; and, as I live, asleep.

Doc. How came she with the light she carries in her
hand ?

Gent. Oh, she's a box of loco focos always on her stand.

Doc. Look! on her arm she has a pail, and in her hand a brush.

[*Lady Macbeth kneels and gazes at stain upon the floor*
And look—she kneels upon the floor!

Gent.

Oh, Doctor, hush!

Lady M. Out, damnéd spot! I'll try to scrub it all away: [Scrubs.

I would I had a lump of potter's clay.

One! [*Clock strikes one.*] Then 'tis time!—A soldier, and afraid of slaughter?

Out, out, I say!—but how, without some water?

I'll to the pump, and fill this little pail.

[*Goes to Doctor, hangs pail on one of his arms, and pumps the other.*

Thank you. [*Curtseys.*] What need we fear? who knows our tale? [Scrubs.

Who would have thought,—but that it's here so plain,—
The old man's blood would leave so large a stain.

Doc. Go to! I've heard much more than I thought to.

Gent. And she has said much more than she ought to.

Lady M. Here's still the stain, upon the self-same spot,
In spite of all the scrubblings that it's got.

The smell's not pleasant, either, that I vow,

And I've no Arabian perfume with me now. [Sighs.

Doc. Oh, what a sigh is there! her heart is sorely charged.

Gent. Perhaps, then, Doctor, it is much enlarged.
Such a one would not I possess for half a crown.

Lady M. Wash well your hands, my lord, put on your dressing-gown.

Look not so pale—Banquo in his grave lies buried,
And thence he won't come out again—unless he's greatly hurried.

Doc. True.

AIR.—LADY MACBETH.—“Merry Swiss Boy.

Go to bed, go to bed, Macbeth, say I,

Take my pail and the water away.

For now, I vow, at the gate there's a row,

So go off to bed right away.

[*Exeunt, Lady Macbeth, &c., the rest, &c.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, *with a newspaper, followed by two Officers, R.*

Mac. Make me no more reports ; will they have never done ?

The Thanes may go to blazes—ay, every mother's son.
Of fear I need not bear the taint or stain,
Till Birnam's wood comes here to Dunsinane.
What's the boy Malcolm more than any other ?
He was of woman born, because he had a mother.

Enter OFFICER, R.

The devil damn thee black, thou pale-faced figure,
Who put that chalk upon your face ?

Offi.

There's fifty—

Mac.

Geese,

nigger ?

Offi. Soldiers, sir.

Mac.

Go, wash your face, then paint it red,
Thou lily-livered boy !—Soldiers wasn't you said ?

What soldiers, whey-face ? tell it, if 'twill ease you.

Offi. They are Macduff's black guards, sir, if it please you.

Mac. Go, cut your stick ! [*Exit Officer.*] Seyton !—at heart I'm sick,

When I behold—Seyton, I say, be quick !

Enter SEYTON, R.

Sey. What is your pleasure, gracious sir ?

Mac.

What news more ?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, you heard before.

Mac. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh is hacked,
Although it's hard to fight when barely backed.
[*To Seyton.*] Brush ! send men out to scour the country round,

And hang upon a tree each craven hound.
Well, let them come—I'm not afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam brings his trunks to Dunsinane.
Take in that shirt that's drying on the outer walls,
The cry is *steal*—so now look out for squalls.

There let them lie, till famine eat them up,
And worms upon them breakfast, dine, and sup.

[Screams heard.]

What noise is that I hear so shrieking loud.

Sey. It is the cry of women in the crowd. [Exit, L.]

Mac. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time was, when a night shriek in my ears,
My courage would have run quite down to zero.
And a novel, too, which had a dismal hero,
Would rouse, and make my curly hair incline
To stand, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But I have supped of oysters, and 'tis their nature
To make a murder a most familiar creature.
Their death don't start me.

Re-enter SEYTON, L.

Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The Queen, my lord, is dead, and I—

Mac. She should have died hereafter, but she'll keep ;
And perhaps to-morrow I shall have time to weep.
To-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow— *aye* -
Aye, that's well thought of—I've a note to pay,
And the last recorded dollar to me lent,
Was yesterday in whiskey-punches spent !
Out, out, short candle ! for burn brightly as you may,
You cannot burn much longer, any way.
Life's but a walking shadow—or a poor player at most—
Who murders Hamlet once, and then is cast the ghost.

Enter OFFICER, with bill, R.

Mac. How now ? thy message—let not thy tongue
stand still.

Offi. As I stood looking at my watch upon the hill,
A cartman bade me give you this little bill,
For a load that he brought you of Birnam's wood.

Mac. Liar ! slave !

Offi. [Kneels.] I could not have misunderstood ;
And if it be not so, why, take my head and thump it—
I'll swear I saw him at your door but just now dump it.

Mac. If that thou liest and deceivest me,
I'll have thee hung alive upon a tree,
A thing for rooks and daws to pick at,

And men and women to turn sick at. [Exit Officer, R.
I begin to feel a little odd about my brain—
“Fear not till Birnam’s wood shall come to Dunsinane!”
The fiends said that, and then they all were dumb—
And now, behold, a load of wood is come. [All draw.
Ring the alarm bell—let fall our blows upon them thwack,
At least we’ll make a *stir up*, though we be driven back.
[Exeunt, R. Flourish.

SCENE VII.—*The Battlements. Alarm.*

Enter MACDUFF, R. U. E.

Macd. This way the noise is. Tyrant, show your phiz;
If any man has slain thee, ’twere no affair of his.
My wife’s and childrens’ ghosts will haunt me still,
If I am not the boy this murderer to kill.
He should be hereabouts, by all this clatter;
Let me but meet him, fortune, then—no matter. [Exit, L.

Enter MACBETH, L. U. E.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, when I am
cast a king—
This dying on my sword is not a pleasant thing.

Re-enter MACDUFF, L. U. E.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn, and have a shy at me!

Mac. You are the last man that I wished to see.

I’ve too much blood of thine upon my hands.

Macd. I have no words to waste, so you be hanged.

[*They fight—flourish.*

Mac. Put up your sword—from me you’ll draw no claret;

Your labour, Duff, is vain, so prithee spare it.

I wear a charmed life, and no mistake;

No man that’s born of woman can that jewel take.

Macd. Despair—let not that charm your reason smother,
For know, Macbeth, I never had a mother.

Mac. Then damme if I fight.

Macd. Then live, thou craven coward, to be a sight
For little boys and girls to point and jeer at—

And the noisy rabble in the street to sneer at.

Like balloon at oyster cellar, we’ll stick you on a pole,

And underneath I'll have this writ, upon my soul :
" Upon this pole behold a used-up man,
In every style, on the Canal street plan !"

Mac. I will not yield to be a common sign—
Upon my *stew* young Malcolm ne'er shall dine.
He ne'er shall gaze or gloat upon my roasting.
Nor will I be so raw as to stand his boasting.
Although a load of wood was emptied at my door—
And the man I fight no kindly woman bore—
Yet would I face him if he were a score.
Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who cries,

NUFF CED.

[*Flourish and shout.—They fight—Macbeth is killed.*
Omnes enter and kneel to Macduff.

FINALE.

There is no luck about the house,
Although Macbeth is slain ;
We've only now to ask you how
You like his dying strain.
'Tis our delight, night after night,
To give you cause for laughter—
If our tragic muse does you amuse,
We'll give you more hereafter.

THE END.



DEL GRAND

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXXVIII.

DELICATE GROUND;

OR,

PARIS IN 1793.

A Comic Drama

IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES DANCE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

"*Délicate Ground*," is one of those light, summery pieces which are most happily presented to the American Public, from a French origin and through an English medium by one of the deft-handed play-wrights with which London abounds. The plot is neat and simple, arranged with great verbal dexterity, and so disposed as to satisfy the sentiment of the audience, distributing "equal and exact" justice to all the personages of the drama.

C. M.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Lyceum.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1850.</i>
<i>Sangfroid</i>	Mr. C. Mathews.	Mr. C. W. Walcot.
<i>Alphonse De Grandier</i>	" R. Roxby.	" D. S. Palmer.
<i>Pauline</i>	Madame Vestris.	" Miss M. Taylor.

The Costumes are the same as at the present day.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*;
L. C. *Left of Centre*.

DELICATE GROUND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A handsome apartment.—Doors, R. and L., also door at back, c., with a flight of steps into the garden. Fire-place, with pier glass, R.—Large windows, L. U. E. Tables and chairs, R. and L.*

Enter from door, c., PAULINE, slowly, and gazing on a letter.—She advances to the front, gazes still more tenderly on the letter, takes out her handkerchief, wipes her eyes, kisses the letter, and then puts away her handkerchief.

Pau. Pauline, what is that you did? Alas! that even, when alone, one cannot escape the searching inquiries of conscience! Yet, after all, is not conscience a less hard taskmaster than a cold, dissembling, ironical, tyrannical husband? No doubt, no doubt. Know, then, good conscience, that I kissed this letter, and know further, that this letter is *not* from my husband; nay, start not! it is a letter of other days, and it is from him who should have been my husband—from the object of my early, my deep affection—from the long lamented Alphonse de—hush! my husband!

Enter SANGFROID from door L.—She conceals the letter hastily in her bosom.—He sees her do it, but does not let her perceive that he does.—He is in a dressing gown.

San. Good morning, citizen wife.

Pau. Good morning, Monsieur Sangfroid.

San. Citizen Sangfroid, if you please; I prefer it.

Pau. Citizen Sangfroid.

San. Good! Are you unwell?

Pau. Me? no! what makes you think so? Have you observed anything particular about me?

San. No! only that your countenance, as I came in, rather reminded me of the present condition of France.

Pau. How so?

San. It seemed in a state of change—not to say, revolution.

Pau. Did it, really?

San. Yes, it did, really.

Pau. Oh! it was nothing. [*Aside.*] And he has observed nothing. I am safe.

San. Nothing, was it? Good! [*Pauline is going toward R.*] Citizen wife!

Pau. [*Stopping and turning.*] What, Citizen?

San. Pardon me, I fear you will think me curious—perhaps impertinently so—but, as I entered, you concealed something hastily.

Pau. [*Pointing to her left pocket.*] Here?

San. No!

Pau. [*Pointing to her right pocket.*] Here?

San. No!

Pau. Where?

San. [*Pointing.*] There!

Pau. [*Drawing a golden cross from her bosom.*] There! Oh! yes, I have a cross at the end of this chain.

San. I know you have, but that is not what I meant. Most people, at the present moment, complain of the superabundance of paper and the scarcity of gold; I ask for paper, and you produce me gold!

Pau. I have attempted to deceive you; I confess it; I have a paper here. [*Drawing it out.*]

San. You're wasting time. I told you I saw it.

Pau. And I have an affection for this paper which—

San. Stop a moment! Our English neighbors always caution a prisoner not to criminate himself. If there is anything tender or romantic in your story, remember that I am your husband, and abstain from telling it. I had rather be thought anything than rude or inquisitive.

Pau. I ought to have informed you of it when I accepted you as a husband.

San. Oh! you are now speaking of something that happened before we were married.

Pau. Yes! it was an attachment.

San. An attachment, was it? Well, then, it's much better it should be before marriage than after.

Pau. The young man's name was Alphonse.

San. And a very nice name, too.

Pau. Alphonse de—

San. Hush! that's quite enough!

Pau. He was of an excellent family in Brittany.

San. Cut his biography short, it doesn't interest me.

Pau. We were brought up together, and we loved each other.

San. Never mind all that. I'm quite easy about the past.

Pau. The time arrived when we were to be married, but, alas! he died!

San. Poor young man! [*Aside.*] Now I'm quite easy about the future.

Pau. [*Taking out her handkerchief.*] You will not grudge me one tear to his memory?

San. Certainly not—shed two, three, if you like—that is, if you're sure he's dead.

Pau. Behold all that remains to me of him—these two lines, the last he ever wrote. [*Reading.*] "*Dearest Pauline, my chateau has been attacked—I am mortally wounded—I have only strength to send you this last farewell.*" [*Holding it out.*] And see, it is written with his blood.

San. Not a bit of it, it's red ink.

Pau. Oh, don't say that! I love to think that it is his blood.

San. Well, it may be more romantic, but it's much nastier.

Pau. Now that you know what this precious relic is, I feel that I ought not to be any longer its possessor. Take it. [*Offering it.*]

San. Pray, don't give it to me. I'm sure I don't want it.

Pau. Ah! you did not love him.

San. How could I?—I didn't know him—but I tell you what, I have an immense respect for his memory.

Pau. You have?

San. Yes! I should say, between us, he is very well off. You were fond of him while he was alive, and I rather prefer him now he's dead.

Pau. I should think much less frequently of him than I do if you treated me better.

San. You astonish me! you don't mean to say that I treat you ill?

Pau. Cruelly.

San. Better and better.

Pau. Savagely.

San. Worse and worse.

Pau. But it's easily accounted for.

San. Come, I'm glad of that.

Pau. You are jealous.

San. Nonsense, you don't mean that.

Pau. Jealous as the Moor in the English play, of his lovely and unoffending wife.

San. If I am jealous, this is the first I have heard of it, and I think you must allow that I take the information rather more coolly than the dark gentleman you speak of.

Pau. Am I not confined to the house?

San. I certainly *don't* choose you to leave it, *except* when I go with you.

Pau. Do you ever go with me?

San. I haven't time; you are quite aware that I am a member of the Legislative Assembly, and that my first duties are to the state.

Pau. The first duties of a husband are to the married state.

San. A republic has no wife.

Pau. Nor anything else that is comfortable, natural, well regulated, or rational.

San. That's not a bad speech, but it comes oddly from one who is half a republican already.

Pau. I half a republican? I?

San. Yes, and the better half—are you not my wife?

Pau. Oh, Alphonse de—

San. Hush! Your friend Alphonse was a very nice young man, no doubt; but depend upon it, a live husband and an existing Republic are better than a departed lover and a defunct Monarchy.

Pau. Prove it, then; coop me up here no longer, but

take me this very day an excursion into the country, and let me breathe the fresh air.

San. That is the very thing I should most delight to do, but business before pleasure always; we have information that many of your friends, the royalists, have recently arrived, under various disguises, in Paris. Their object is revolution, and until they are all rooted out, my time is not my own.

Pau. A royalist can never be a revolutionist.

San. I beg your pardon, a revolutionist is one who would change the existing state of affairs, and France is, at this moment, a Republic.

Pau. More shame for it.

San. That may be, but this is not the place to discuss such matters. If you were a member of the National Assembly—

Pau. I'd soon talk you all down.

San. Then I'm glad you are not. But to the question more immediately before us; you wish to go into the country to-day?

Pau. [*Eagerly.*] I do.

San. You can't.

Pau. Then, sir, you are—I declare I don't know what to call you.

San. I have told you—call me Citizen.

Pau. I will; for I can fancy no term half so insulting.

San. You do yourself honor by comparing with your husband's wish—you do yourself injustice by giving a reason for it.

Pau. I shall go to my own room.

San. That you shall, if you wish it. If I prevent you from going out, the least I can do is to let you do as you like at home.

Pau. I don't do as I like—I can't do as I like—and well you know it! But mind, if I don't go out to-day I'll never leave the house again!

San. That's the most domestic sentiment you have uttered since we married.

Pau. [*Aside.*] I can't provoke him; if I could, there might be some hope. Savage!

San. My dear!

Pau. Monster!

San. My love!

Pau. Tyrant!

San. Meaning me?

Pau. [*Spitefully.*] Citizen! [*Exit to room, R.*

San. That's the way women go on; they work themselves into a bad temper about nothing at all, and then lay the blame on us. Pauline married me from gratitude, but if we are to continue to live together, I must trouble her to let that feeling ripen into something warmer. I see no reason why she should not make a very good wife, if I could only shake her out of this romantic nonsense about a lover, who seems to have been dead for years. I wish she had been married to him with all my heart, and then her romance would have expired long before he did [*Bell heard, L. U. E.—Looking out of the window.*] Ah! who is this coming in at the gate? by his appearance and the box he carries, a travelling merchant, with some articles of ornament or dress. [*Throwing open the window.*] Don't turn him back, porter. Come in, Citizen, come in—let him come up stairs. [*Coming away from window.*] There's nothing will restore a woman's equanimity sooner than a new bit of dress.

Enter ALPHONSE, C., evidently nervous and agitated.—He has a square box and strap under his arm.

Alphonse. [*Aside.*] That's her uncle, I dare say. Your servant, Citizen. [*Advancing, L.*

San. Citizen, your servant.

Alphonse. I have taken the liberty—

San. Don't mention the word liberty, we live under a Republic—[*Checking himself.*—that is to say, all I mean is—there can be liberty where there is equality;—no, I don't exactly mean that—but, holloa! what is the matter with you, Citizen? you seem ill.

Alphonse. I don't feel very well, and that's the truth.

San. Take something?

Alphonse. Nothing, thank you. [*Aside.*] He must be her uncle.

San. Take a seat, at all events, for your legs seem giving way under you.

[*Alphonse puts box on the table, L., and sits, L.*

Alphonse. I have walked a long way to-day, and that's the truth.

San. He keeps saying, that's the truth, after everything. I suspect he must be lying. What is your object in coming here?

Alphonse. If you please, I wish to see the lady of the house.

San. "That's the truth," I have no doubt, and so I'll call her; but mind this, if she should be inclined to listen to what you have to say, which is very likely, don't ask too much of her.

Alphonse. [*Rising.*] I don't know what you mean exactly. [*Aside.*] Surely he can't suspect me!

San. I mean, be moderate in your demands.

Alphonse. Oh, yes! [*Aside.*] Of course he's her uncle.

San. [*Knocks at Pauline's door, r.*] Pauline!

Alphonse. [*Aside.*] I'm in such a fright I don't know what to do. [*Gets as far from her door as he can.*]

Pau. [*Appearing at the door.*] Why am I called back? have you changed your mind?

San. No, only here is a person who has called to show you some novelties in dress, I believe.

Pau. Since you have sent him, I'll choose one, certainly. The attention is a novelty in itself.

San. Don't give me credit to which I am not entitled—he comes on his own account.

Pau. Then I don't want anything.

San. So much the better for my purse. Male citizen, the female citizen does not want anything. You may go.

Pau. No, he may not, she does.

San. Male citizen, the female citizen does want something. [*Aside to Pauline.*] I must dress to go out, so I leave you with him, but mind, whatever he asks don't you give it him. [*Crossing, and aside to Alphonse.*] Remember, what I told you—if you hope to come here again, use her well. [*Exit to his room, L.*]

Alphonse. [*Having watched Sangfroid off, L. D.*] Pauline!

Pau. What voice is that? Alphonse! impossible! he died long since.

Alphonse. No, Pauline, he lives! [*Aside.*] How altered she looks.

Pau. Lives ! [*Aside.*] How changed he seems !—Then who wrote this letter ?

Alphonse. I did, when I thought I was dying.

Pau. You had no business to think any such thing. You don't know what you have done !

Alphonse. Alas ! Pauline, they told me I was dying.

Pau. And they told me, this was written with red ink, but I refused to believe them. Where have you been all these years ?

Alphonse. My recovery was slow and tedious, and before I was quite strong, a friend, who well knew that a price was set on my head, but that no fear of the guillotine would keep me from coming to Paris to seek you, got me confined in a mad house.

Pau. I shall love that man as long as I live !

Alphonse. For locking me up ?

Pau. For saving your life. I wonder they let you out.

Alphonse. They did not ; I escaped only the day before yesterday, and arrived in Paris this morning, at the risk of my life, in search of you and your uncle.

Pau. My poor uncle !

Alphonse. Picture to yourself my delight on accidentally looking up and beholding you at the window. [*Very loud.*] I say, fancy my rapture !

Pau. Hush ! hush ! You know not who may hear you.

Alphonse. Perhaps you're right ; a little caution and a little management, will enable us all three to escape from France together.

Pau. Together !

Alphonse. Certainly. You don't suppose that I would go without your uncle. [*Pointing to Sangfroid's room.*

Pau. Without him ? my uncle ?

Alphonse. Yes, your worthy and respected uncle ; for though I never saw him in my life, I recognized him the moment I did. There's something at once noble and gentle in his appearance which bespeaks the royalist.

Pau. [*Aside.*] How shall I undeceive him ?

Alphonse. I'll call him at once. [*Calling.*] Uncle !

Pau. Hush ! you don't know what you are saying.

Alphonse. Yes, I do—he is my uncle, or he *will* be, for he is yours. [*Calling.*] Uncle !

Pau. Pray be silent, he may hear you.

Alphonse. That's exactly what I want; surely you have spoken to him about me?

Pau. Well, I have; but I told him you were dead.

Alphonse. He will be the better pleased to find that I'm alive.

Pau. Don't be too sure of that.

Alphonse. I shall claim your hand.

Pau. Beware!

Alphonse. Of what? he can't be so unreasonable as to refuse it?

Pau. I tell you, he will, he must—he can't help himself.

Alphonse. Pauline, you frighten me—you don't mean to say you are engaged?

Pau. Worse than that.

Alphonse. Married?

Pau. Yes.

Alphonse. To whom, in the name of fate?

Pau. To him. [*Pointing to Sangfroid's room.*]

Alphonse. What! your uncle?

Pau. He is not my uncle.

Alphonse. What is he, then?

Pau. My husband.

Alphonse. Enough. I have nothing more to say, and but one thing to do. [*Going to his box on table, L.*]

Pau. Alphonse, you frighten me! What is that one thing?

Alphonse. Can't you guess? This box contains a loaded pistol. It's contents were intended for my enemies, if they tried to arrest me. They will now be gratefully received by my own head.

Pau. Alphonse, listen to me. I thought you dead.

Alphonse. What of that! You should have taken a melancholy pleasure in remaining single for my sake.

Pau. I wished it.

Alphonse. What prevented you?

Pau. The necessity of saving my uncle's life. Mons. Sangfroid, being in power, had the means of saving him, and he made this wretched hand the condition of his doing so.

Alphonse. And do you love this man?

Pau. Very little.

Alphonse. Does he love you?

Pau. Inconveniently much—he is jealous.

Alphonse. I pity, and fear I must forgive you.

Pau. I hear him coming!

Alphonse. He must not see me.

Pau. If he does, we are lost forever.

Alphonse. [*Points to a place of concealment, R. C.*] There?

Pau. Yes, and quickly. [*Alphonse conceals himself, R. C.*]

Enter SANGFROID, L. D., dressed.

San. Well, while I have been dressing myself, I suppose you have been deeply engaged with this nobody knows who, plotting my ruin.

Pau. I, Monsieur Sangfroid? I?

San. Why this agitation?

Pau. I'm not agitated.

San. Oh, yes, you are, evidently; but if you find it inconvenient to explain, pray don't attempt it. I'll judge for myself—let me see what you have bought.

Pau. Nothing.

San. Was there nothing you fancied?

Pau. No.

San. Things too dear, perhaps?

Pau. Yes.

San. Then he has carried away his box and all his goods?

Pau. All.

San. You shall lose nothing by your laudable economy. I know these gentry, he's sure to return shortly and make you a new offer. I'll wait. [*Looking at the clock.*] I have five minutes to spare.

Pau. That clock is five minutes slow.

San. If the clock is slow, I am not. I perceive that you wish me gone—I go. When your friend returns, as I know he will, tell him either to wait till I come home, or to leave his box. [*Going towards C. D.*]

Pau. I will.

San. You have—here it is. [*Pointing to box.*]

Pau. La! do you think that is his box?

San. Think? why, there can't be the slightest doubt about it.

Pau. Then the man must have forgotten it.

San. Just so.

Pau. I am so afraid of your being too late for the important business you had to attend to. Do, do go!

San. The interest you manifest in my public duties is so gratifying, and so new, that it almost makes me forget the first object of my devotion—the Republic. But you well remind me that its enemies must be annihilated. [*Taking out a paper and looking it over.*] It is odd, too, that you should be the person to do it, for I perceive that the very first and most important criminal on the list is a countryman of your own—one De Grandier, from Brittany.

Pau. [*Aside.*] Gracious powers! Alphonse!—Oh, stay, stay?

San. You forget that the clock is slow.

Pau. Did I say slow? I meant fast—fast—

San. You are more agitated than ever. What *can* be the matter with you to-day?

Pau. I don't know—leave me, I entreat you—no, don't—stay with me!

San. I cannot. But, before I go, that I may redeem my word, choose something out of the box.

Pau. No, no; I had rather not.

San. Then let me choose for you.

Pau. Indeed, I beg you won't.

San. Then I'll dip in at hazard, and you shall have the first thing that comes.

Pau. I care not what it may be, I do not want it.

San. [*Holding up a uniform coat.*] You're quite right, you don't—I must try again. Worse and worse! a pair of—you shan't have them! What *can* this mean? [*A letter drops.*] Ah! here's something that may explain. [*Reading the direction.*] "*To Alphonse de Grandier.*" Alphonse! I begin to smell a rat.

[*Looking earnestly at Pauline.*]

Pau. Be generous—have pity on him!

San. So he is not dead, then.

Pau. No! But don't blame him for it—he couldn't help it.

San. He is in my house—he could help that.

Pau. He is your guest, and the life of your guest should be held sacred.

San. He has conspired against the Republic, and his

head is in danger—he is conspiring against me, and my head is in danger.

Pau. He is innocent—he thought me free.

San. [*With gradually increasing excitement.*] And I think *him* free—too free—far too free—so free that he will drive me mad, and make it necessary that one, if not both of us should be put under restraint. [*Resuming his tranquillity.*] I'm sure, I beg a thousand pardons for this unwonted vehemence; I can't imagine what excited me so; I mean nothing more than that I think it is better that one of us should be under restraint than both.

Pau. When danger threatens, any excitement is less fearful than that awful calmness. I read his doom in your looks. But mark me, Monsieur Sangfroid!

San. Call me Citizen, if you love me.

Pau. I will not, I hate the word! But mark me, I say—you seek Alphonse's life; if he dies, I will live but to love his memory and hate you.

San. You are far too fast—who told you that I seek his life? When a gentleman, although an enemy, not only of myself, but of the state, comes into my house, using no disguise, but avowing at once, as a gentleman ought, his name and station, and throws himself on my protection, do you think me base enough to betray him?

Pau. You will not betray him, then? And I have wronged your noble nature! oh, how good you are!

San. For twenty-four hours, I shut my eyes and ears to the fact of his being in Paris.

Pau. He will be gone in one.

San. [*Aside.*] I don't believe a word of that.—But if he venture to remain, I know my course.

Pau. Let me call him that he may thank you.

San. No, call him when I am gone, and let him thank you—for if his life be saned, it will be for your sake, not his.

Pau. If his life be spared! Is there a doubt about it?

San. There is a certain degree of uncertainty about all political events.

Pau. Then do not leave us. [*Playfully.*] Indeed, I wonder that one so jealous as you are can think of leaving me alone with him at such a moment.

San. Will nothing—not even my refusing to interfere

with this most romantic parting—convince you that I am not jealous! Learn to know me better. To be jealous, a man must love his wife too much, or himself too little. I do neither—but I have a mistress who claims and enjoys my entire devotion.

Pau. And she is?

San. The Republic.

[*Exit, C. D.*]

Pau. Again that hateful word! Then my suspicions are well-founded—he is gone to denounce him—I feared so, but dared not let him see that I did. But let us be quick, there may be time yet. [*Running to Alphonse's place of concealment.*] Alphonse! Alphonse!

Enter ALPHONSE, R. C.

Alphonse. What say you?

Pau. My husband knows all! You are lost! This moment he has left the house to denounce you.

Alphonse. No, no; I have overheard your conversation, and I am convinced he does not mean to betray me; if he did he would not have lost sight of me. Instead of that he has purposely gone out, and has left all the doors open to favor my escape. Kind-hearted, generous man!

Pau. [*Who has looked out at the window, L. U. E.*] Yes, he has left the doors open, but he has taken means more effectual than bolts and bars to prevent all egress from the house.

Alphonse. Hard hearted, infamous scoundrel!

Pau. The courtyard through which you must pass is occupied by a huge dog, more ferocious than any wild beast; that dog obeys no voice but his master's. Were you to attempt escape, you would be torn in pieces.

Alphonse. It is clear he seeks my life, but I'll defeat him yet. One way remains.

Pau. Oh! what is it?

Alphonse. [*Crossing to his box and taking out a pistol.*] I'll shoot him through the head.

Pau. My husband?

Alphonse. No, the dog.

Pau. Of course! Do it at once, and fly.

Alphonse. Without you, Pauline? Never!

Pau. You forget that I am married.

Alphonse. To whom? To a hateful tyrant—to a hang-

man! For—don't deceive yourself, Pauline; his jealousy, once roused, will not be appeased by my death alone; they are so used to cutting off people's heads here, that half-a-dozen, more or less, makes no difference. I tell you, that the moment he returns, we shall be led like two lambs to the slaughter house.

Pau. Save yourself, then, and leave me to my fate.

Alphonse. I will not, I swear it! We fly and live, or stay and die together!

Pau. [*Aside.*] There is no arguing with a madman, and every moment is precious—I must dissemble.

Alphonse. You do not answer—flight or death?

Pau. [*Aside.*] It must be so—but the instant he is safe beyond the barrier, I will leave him and return.

Alphonse. Death, then!

Pau. No, Alphonse, flight!

[He rushes eagerly to her, takes her hand, and they are going off, c. d., when they are met by Sangfroid, who has a boquet in his hand.—Pauline sinks on both knees; Alphonse bends, pistol in hand, in a melodramatic attitude of defiance, and Sangfroid stands over them erect, with his arms folded.]

Alphonse. (L.) Monster!

Pau. (R.) Mercy! mercy!

San. (C.) Were you going out for a walk, you two?

[Pauline rises.]

Alphonse. This coolness shall not save you! Let me pass, murderer, or—

[Presents the pistol at Sangfroid's head—Sangfroid takes hold of his arm, bends it upwards, and the pistol goes off.]

San. [*Taking a pinch of snuff.*] Or what? You see, coolness has saved me. But I'm excessively annoyed with you, notwithstanding; just look up there, and see what a hole you have made in my ceiling.

Alphonse. This is trifling. I am aware of the fate that awaits me, and I am prepared to meet it like a man. My head is yours.

San. How can your head be mine?

Alphonse. At such an awful moment I will not be put down by Republican levity. Man of blood, I repeat, my head is yours! take it.

San. You're very kind; possibly you can further oblige me by informing me what I'm to do with it, when I've got it.

Pau. I fear you know too well.

San. I'll be hanged if I do; but as the folly of his conduct proves it to be a calf's head, perhaps your cookery book will tell.

Pau. You need not insult your unfortunate prisoner, Citizen.

San. He won't long be *my* prisoner.

Alphonse. I perfectly understand you, sir; you are a true Republican, and your motto is—

San. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!

Alphonse. And well you act up to it. Liberty, and you imprison me—Equality, and you trample on me—Fraternity, and you send me to the scaffold.

San. Come, now, let us see how you apply it. You come here clandestinely to see my wife; that, I presume, you call Liberty—I do, at all events, and a very great one. You assume an authority over her, which, of right, belongs to me—that appears to be your notion of Equality: finally, I catch you in the act of walking off with her, which, I suppose, you construe into Fraternity.

Alphonse. I loved Pauline before you did.

San. Very likely, but I married her first.

Alphonse. I care not for that. I find her wedded to a tyrant. Life is a burthen to me, and if you were not going to put an end to it, I would; nay, more, I will.

[*Puts the pistol to his head.*]

Pau. Alphonse! for mercy's sake, hold!

[*Crossing to him.*]

San. Don't alarm yourself, my dear; he forgets the pistol is as empty as the head he points it at.

[*Places the bouquet on table, R.*]

Alphonse. Then I'll be beforehand with you, and give myself up. Pauline, farewell forever!

[*Kneels and kisses her hand—while he does so, Sangfroid locks the door, and takes out the key.*]

San. [*Putting the key in his pocket as he meets Alphonse.*] Not just yet.

Pau. Be generous, and suffer him to escape.

San. Not just yet, I tell you.

Pau. Then hear me; if Alphonse is to be killed, I will not survive him.

San. Don't be in a hurry, wait till he is killed.

Pau. Certainly not; it will be too late then; we'll perish together!

San. But there's no reason for *your* being put to death; you haven't conspired against the Republic!

Pau. Then I will! I'll do everything that poor Alphonse has done.

San. Which will include, I fear, sundry very silly ones.

Alphonse. Spare her, and torture me as you will.

Pau. No, don't! spare him, and torture me.

San. I'm not going to torture either of you, romantic noodles; but I shall put a question or two to both.

Pau. and Alphonse. Go on, we'll answer.

San. Good! but don't both answer at once. [*Crossing, c.*] You, sir, first—I believe you do me the honor to profess an affection for my wife—is that so?

Alphonse. It is.

San. Citizen, you are very obliging. Pauline, do you return that affection.

Pau. [*Aside.*] His heartless coolness is such that I could say anything to annoy him.—Yes!

San. Very good.

Pau. [*Aside.*] I never saw any one like him.

San. And are you of opinion that this interesting passion will last for fifty years, if you should live so long?

Pau. [*Aside.*] He is too provoking!—For a hundred!

Alphonse. For a thousand!

San. A hundred is plenty. The sooner you are married, the better!

Pau. You only say that because you know we can't be.

San. I have often told you, that you don't know half the blessings of living under a Republic. Two people wish to be married, they have only to attend before the municipal authorities, with two witnesses, and say so—they are married. In a week they are tired of one another, they have only to attend again, say we wish to be divorced—they are divorced.

Pau. And this course you propose that you and I should take?

San. I am always anxious to do anything for your hap-

piness. [*Handing her a paper.*] I have already signed this paper, sign it yourself, and we are no longer man and wife. [*Retires, c.*]

Pau. [*Aside.*] He cannot mean it; I'll try him, at all events.

Alphonse. [*To Pauline.*] You see his object; he has doomed us both to an ignominious death, and he thinks he should be disgraced were you to die bearing his name.

Pau. [*To Sangfroid.*] Heartless man! I'll sign.

[*Goes to table, R., and signs.*]

Alphonse. Now, Pauline, see how superior is my affection for you to his. My only wish is that you should die—

San. (R.) [*Aside.*] How very kind.

Alphonse. (L.) Bearing my name.

San. [*Aside.*] Oh! [*Aloud.*] You are neither of you half as affectionate as I am, I have anticipated that wish. Sign that paper both of you, we will present it immediately after the other, and this solemnity over, you will proceed together—

Alphonse. I understand. Pauline, you will need all your firmness, we shall proceed together to the scaffold.

Pau. No, no, not the scaffold; anything is better than that.

San. [*Aside.*] I should think so. [*Aloud.*] Stuff and rubbish about scaffolds, you will proceed wherever you like; a carriage will be in readiness and here is your passport.

[*Crossing, c.*]

Alphonse. [*Taking it.*] Can it be possible? It is a passport for myself, and wife. Oh! sir, I fear I have done you injustice.

San. It's not your fault, if you hav'nt.

Pau. [*Aside.*] I cannot understand him. I thought he was mad about me. [*To Sangfroid, who has watched her.*] I fear this sacrifice will cost you too dear.

San. You're very kind—not all.

Pau. I'm convinced it will. You will find that in seeking our happiness, you have destroyed your own.

San. Not the least in the world, I assure you.

Pau. Do you mean to say that you were not jealous of me.

San. Do I look like it?

Pau. And that you can give me up without a sigh?

San. Without anything—but my best wishes for your future happiness.

Pau. [*Aside.*] It's most extraordinary! He never can have loved me!

Alphonse. [*Aside.*] It's not very complimentary—he seems quite pleased to get rid of her.

San. Come, bustle, bustle, there's no time to lose, I ran some risk about this passport. [*To Alphonse.*] You go into that room, you'll find writing materials and you can write to your friends, and tell them that you are coming.

Alphonse. You are too good. [*Exit into room, L.*

San. You go that way—[*To Pauline.*]—and pack up your trunks. As soon as your ready, take your friend's arm, and follow me to the Municipality.

[*Going, turns and looks towards her.*

Pau. [*Aside.*] I cannot believe that I have been so mistaken about his attachment to me.

San. I beg your pardon, I'm afraid you didn't hear me.

Pau. Yes, I did. [*Aside.*] I cannot, will not leave, till I have assured myself of the truth.

San. May I again venture to suggest dispatch?

Pau. [*Aside.*] I don't like being turned out of the house in this manner. [*Aloud.*] Is there any necessity for so much hurry?

San. Yes! it's nearly one o'clock.

Pau. That clock is too fast.

San. You shall take it with you, if you like, when you go.

Pau. Why so?

San. Because, madam, it seems to have the gallantry befitting a lady's clock, and to be fast or slow, to suit her humor.

Pau. "Madam" seems rather formal between us two, don't you think so?

San. Well, I don't know what to say. You see its very awkward, until this little ceremony is quite completed; although, you are no doubt, to a certain extent, my wife, you are also, to a certain extent, his.

Pau. [*Aside.*] Little ceremony! incredible indifference.

San. For my part, I am very particular in my manner of addressing one, who either is, or is likely to become the wife of another man, and I wish more people were like me.

Pau. You allude to poor Alphonse—you bear him no ill-will, I hope.

San. Oh! dear, no! not the least; he was not over-scrupulous in his attempt to rob me of my wife certainly.

Pau. It was no very great robbery, considering the moderate value you seem to set upon her.

San. I set none at all, but then he could'nt know that.

Pau. What most puzzles me is, how I could ever have fallen into the mistake of fancying you jealous of me.

San. Ah! that *was* a grand mistake.

Pau. Why are you not jealous of me?

San. What can it signify? I've given you your own way in this business, be satisfied.

Pau. One may have one's own way, and yet be curious to know why one has it—why are you not jealous of me?

San. Dear me, it's simple enough; there can be no jealousy where there is no love.

Pau. You did love me when you married me.

San. Do you think so?

Pau. I'm sure of it.

San. Well, I don't exactly remember; but if I did, it must have been the least bit in the world.

Pau. Must it, and why, pray?

San. Nay, I must entreat you, not to press for an answer, which cannot be made palatable.

Pau. That's my business; I insist on it. I ask you a question, and it is your duty to answer it.

San. Gently, gently! seeing, as I said before, that you have ceased to be my wife—to a certain extent—I doubt about that word duty.

Pau. Then I ask it as a favor, as a last favor.

San. That's another thing.

Pau. Tell me my faults, that I may try to correct them.

San. Do you want to know them all?

Pau. All—every one.

San. Then we had better sit down, because it will occupy some time. [*Puts chairs—they sit.*]

Pau. (R.) Now, then for your first objection.

San. (L.) Your face—

Pau. What, I'm ugly, am I?

San. No, by no means; it's the expression I find fault with.

Pau. What is the matter with that ?

San. Well, it's not so easy to describe.

Pau. I beg you won't spare me.

San. No, no, it isn't that. Your expression, I should say, is one of mixed vehemence and silliness.

Pau. From which you conclude my character to be—

San. Ridiculously romantic.

Pau. This is not true, and you know it.

San. [*Rising.*] Very well—then I don't see the use—

Pau. [*Pulling him down.*] Don't move ! I'll hear it all. But before you go on, be good enough to reach me my fan.

San. [*Handing fan, which hangs on his chair, and pausing for a few seconds until she has fanned herself.*] It's getting warm, isn't it ?

Pau. For silly and romantic people—very.

San. Shall I go on now ?

Pau. Yes—no—what proves my vehemence ?

San. The tone of your voice.

Pau. Indeed ! What proves my silliness ?

San. Your vehemence.

Pau. Go on.

San. No, I've said enough ; frankness and candor are unwelcome guests at the table of self-conceit. You can easily fancy that as soon as I perceived these defects, which I regretted I had not discovered before marriage, I at once renounced the plan I had formed in my own mind concerning you.

Pau. [*Drawing her chair closer to his.*] A plan ? What was it ?

San. [*Moving his chair away.*] I had hoped—[*During this and the next speech, he gets gradually more and more earnest.*]—fondly hoped that, with care and attention, I might succeed in improving what was noble and good in you—in eradicating what was silly and weak—and that I might having thus elevated your tastes and enlarged your ideas, have fitted you to become a sharer with your husband in those great labors for the public good, of which he would have represented the strength—you, the grace and ornament.

Pau. You meant all this for me ?

San. I did ! And it would have given you that expres-

sion which, as I told you, you want—without which beauty is but an empty name, but having which, instead of hearing fools exclaim—“how pretty she is,” my heart would have swelled with pride as men of sense said—“look at her countenance—how good! how noble! how intellectual!”

Pau. [*Putting her hand on his arm.*] And you think they would have said so?

San. [*Removing her arm, checking himself, and changing his tone.*] It doesn't signify a straw whether they would or would not, because your new husband does not appear to trouble himself about such matters. So the doll is pretty he don't mind the head being stuffed with sawdust.

Pau. [*Rising and walking about.*] I beg your pardon, you know very little about him, he is not so rude as to mix my head up with saw dust; he believes that I have a mind, a heart, a soul, sir.

San. I dare say he does, but he has a monstrous mean opinion of them.

Pau. Perhaps you will be good enough to prove that.

San. Nothing easier: he comes here in search of you, thinking, I grant you, that you are single—he learns that you are married, and adverting to this solemn fact only to disregard it, he proposes to you to break your vows, betray your husband and fly with him; he does this, mind you, *not* after a long series of such attentions as might throw a weak woman off her guard, but under the perfect conviction, that he is addressing a wicked one, whom no proposition, however vicious, will startle.

Pau. [*Aside, and sinking into her chair.*] It is too true.

San. Are you proud of his opinion of you, still?

Pau. There is perhaps but one excuse for him. The cold, calculating, practised advocate, feigns a passion which he does not feel, and captivates his hearers by his eloquent reasoning. Love feels a passion which it cannot feign, and goes direct to its object without stopping to reason at all.

San. I admit the force of your position. You will, of course, admit it also, when, a few years hence, weary of you, he feels a passion, which he cannot feign, for some else.

Pau. He never will; you libel him.

San. Perhaps I do; but the horse that has once stumbled, is very apt to go down.

Pau. I see your object in all this, you flatter yourself that I shall regret your loss.

San. I'm not such a fool; a man of sense knows too well, that however honest his intentions, he has only to tell a silly woman of her faults, to make an enemy of her for life.

Pau. Then perhaps I am not so silly as you do me the honor to think me. I am thankful for the lesson you have read me, and to show my gratitude—[*She holds out her hand for him to kiss, he affects not to notice it.*—]—I say to shew my gratitude—well, citizen?

San. I beg your pardon, I'm sure.

[*Takes fan out of her hand and puts it down.*]

Pau. You don't seem to see my hand.

San. Oh! yes I do; I always told you it's a very *trée* hand.

Pau. [*Vexed, but turning it and holding it as if to shake hands with him.*] What of your's then.

San. Oh! mine is not to be compared to it.

Pau. You refuse even to shake hands with me.

San. My dear madam, under the circumstances, I feel on very delicate ground.

Pau. Very well, very well,—if you don't instantly shake hands with me, I shall know what to think.

San. Good—shall you also know what to say?

Pau. Yes—I shall say it's evident you still love me.

San. Well, what next?

Pau. That you are as jealous of me as you can be.

San. [*Holding out his hand.*] Oh! come, anything to disprove that.

Pau. [*Withdrawing her hand.*] If that is your object, I decline.

San. I think you're quite right.

Pau. And I also refuse to accept this bouquet.

[*Throwing it down.*]

San. Refuse; don't throw things about. [*Picking it up.*] It never was intended for you.

Pau. For whom then?

San. That's my secret.

Pau. So, sir, you love another?

San. Now never you mind—you go and pack up your things.

Pau. I'm going—unfeeling man—I'm gone. [*Aside.*] At length my eyes are opened; I see it all;—the creature was not jealous, but faithless. [*Exit, R. D.*]

Enter ALPHONSE with letter in his hand, L. D.

Alphonse. [*Aside.*] There is something very mysterious about this! he seems, if possible, more ready to part with her, than I am to take her.

San. Ah! There you are again—written your letter? That's right! The carriage is ordered, and the citizen Pauline will be ready directly.

Alphonse. Would you object to allowing me two or three minutes' conversation with you in private?

San. Certainly not—pray go on.

Alphonse. That you! but the fact is, the questions I wish to ask you are of so delicate a nature, that I hardly know where to begin.

San. At the beginning I should say.

Alphonse. Yes, I know; but that's the difficulty.

San. Then try the middle or the end. You've no time to spare.

Alphonse. You—you—you don't love—that is, of course, I don't wish you to love her now—but I mean you didn't love Pauline?

San. I shall not contradict you.

Alphonse. Yes, but it seems to me that you could'nt bear her. Now as she has become my wife—

San. Not yet—she's my wife at present.

Alphonse. We'll say "our wife."

San. Excuse me, I don't mean to be rude, but I don't like the partnership. Call her Pauline.

Alphonse. As you please, but you will think it but natural that I should feel curious, not to say anxious, to know the cause of your aversion. You can have nothing to say against her personal appearance.

San. Nothing.

Alphonse. Nor against her numerous virtues?

San. No. Yes, stop, there is one virtue you will have to teach her.

Alphonse. What is that?

San. Fidelity to her husband.

Alphonse. What, sir! do you imagine Pauline capable—

San. Upon my life you're a treat. You supposed her capable when you asked her to run away from me.

Alphonse. [*Aside.*] I never thought of that. [*Aloud.*] True, but, without meaning to be rude, you must admit the possibility of another gaining her fixed affections though you have failed to do so.

San. Certainly, or that others, among the numerous modern inventions, may have taken out a patent for machinery to stop runaway wives, as they do runaway horses.

Alphonse. I'm content to take my chance, and I think as it can't signify to you now, that you are too generous to withhold any information likely to improve that chance.

San. Sir, you do me honor.

Alphonse. You have been much in her society lately. In all these years, her tastes may have changed. Would you mind telling me any particular likes and dislikes she has?

San. With all the pleasure in life—sit down—[*They sit side by side.*] In fact I am so much obliged to you for the handsome manner in which you are going to take her off my hands—[*They rise, bow to one another, and sit again.*]—that I'll tell you anything.—[*Aside.*] Including a few lies.

Alphonse. You are more than kind.

San. Excuse my being a little abrupt—time presses. Are you rich?

Alphonse. Yes.

San. Active?

Alphonse. Yes.

San. Enjoy good health?

Alphonse. Yes.

San. Good temper?

Alphonse. Yes.

San. That's lucky, for she'll try all four, I can tell you. I don't mean to say she has worried me to anything like the extent she'll worry you. I wouldn't let her, and that's the reason we part.

Alphonse. [*Alarmed.*] How will she worry me?

San. First of all by her extravagance, which knows no bounds; next by her thirst for public amusements, which is insatiable; and thirdly, but by no means lastly, by her craving for novelty, which is incessant. She must have more dresses—more shawls—more hats—more lace—

more jewels than any female of her acquaintance—more servants—more carriages—and more horses than any man of yours. She must be whirled from the 1st of January to the 31st of December in one continual round of gaiety—breakfasts—pic-nics—promenades—dinners—concerts—balls—theatres—operas and masquerades. Then if she should fancy a pound of tea from Canton—a needle from Sheffield—a yard of sable, or a crab from Siberia—some Bear's grease from the North Pole—nay, even a pound of green cheese from the moon, you must fetch it—no excuse—you must fetch it. She *will* be obeyed. In short you will lose your riches in a month—your activity in a fortnight—your health in a week—and your temper in a day. [*Rising.*] And now, sir, I leave you to judge whether I ought not to feel grateful for the eminent service you are about to render me. [*Exit, c. d.*]

Alphonse. Can this be all true? or has he invented it on purpose to annoy me. I don't care, I'll pay no attention to his warnings, and think of nothing but the happiness that awaits me. If she really does wish for all these things she ought to have them, and she shall; if people in love were always to listen to what other people call reason, I should like to know how many marriages there would be. [*Going to the door of Pauline's room.*] Pauline, Pauline.

Pau. [*Running in.*] Who calls? [*Seeing Alphonse she checks herself and turns from him.*] Oh, it's you is it?

Alphonse. Yes, Pauline; but how cold you are.

Pau. You are quite mistaken—I'm as hot as fire.

Alphonse. And so am I. I burn with impatience till you are completely freed from the trammels of this Monsieur Sangfroid.

Pau. And so does he—I'm convinced he does—he's in love with some other woman. I'm certain of it.

Alphonse. And if he is, what can it signify to us?

Pau. Everything! it's an insult. And what woman puts up with an insult? Nay, sir, allow me to ask you another question. What man who pretends to care about her, permits her to put up with it?

Alphonse. Be reasonable, Pauline. Can I call him out for doing the very thing I wish—for resigning you to me?

Pau. He has no right to resign me on account of another woman

Alphonse. Forget the past, and think only of the future. Nothing shall be wanting to your happiness. Your most extravagant wishes shall be gratified.

Pau. What do you mean. I have no extravagant wishes.

Alphonse. Dresses—shawls—hats—lace—jewels—servants—carriages—horses—

Pau. What on earth are you taking about?

Alphonse. Breakfasts—pic-nics—promenades—dinners—concerts—balls—theatres—operas and masquerades.

Pau. This is moderation. Have you nothing else to offer me?

Alphonse. Yes. Tea from Canton—needles from Sheffield—sable from Siberia—bear's grease from the North Pole.

Pau. Have you lost your senses? are you a lunatic? Good gracious! I remember now you told me you had been confined in a mad house—and the moon is just now at its full.

Alphonse. The moon? that shan't stop me. I'm ready to go there if you require it, and fetch you a pound of green cheese.

Pau. [*Aside.*] He's raving mad. [*Aloud.*] Alphonse, you frighten me.

Alphonse. I have no wish to frighten you. I only said it to prove my readiness to do anything you wish.

Pau. [*Aside.*] I'll try him. [*Aloud.*] Where is the citizen Sangfroid?

Alphonse. He has this moment left me.

Pau. Follow him, find him. Discover for me instantly who this woman is that he is in love with.

Alphonse. This is a strange errand to send me on.

Pau. No matter, bring me the proof of his falsehood and I am your's—fail—and I renounce you forever.

Alphonse. But consider

Pau. I have.

Alphonse. Listen.

Pau. I won't.

Alphonse. One moment.

Pau. [*Vehemently.*] Fly—and obey me.

Alphonse. [*Aside.*] The citizen was right, she *will* be obeyed. [*Exit, c. d.*]

Pau. There is no bearing this. If they procure twenty divorces I never will move from here until I have discovered who this woman is. [*Goes to the glass.*] A pretty figure I cut owing to this excitement—with my cheeks on fire, and my eyes half out of my head—[*Sangfroid appears at door c.*].—There is some expression in my face now, I rather think; and I only wish Monsieur Sangfroid were here to see it.

San. [*Advancing L.*] Monsieur Sangfroid is much flattered by that wish. What say you?

Pau. Nothing. I was only thinking.

San. Of what?

Pau. Did you meet Alphonse?

San. No, I saw him. But to tell you the truth I got out of his way.

Pau. I sent him to seek you. I fear he is going out of his senses.

San. With joy, no doubt; but why?

Pau. He has been promising me all manner of extravagant things which I don't want, and ended by offering to go to the moon to fetch me green cheese.

San. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha! the bait has taken. [*Aloud.*] Don't alarm yourself, he's not a madman. He'll make a capital husband. He's a fool. [*He marks the effect of this upon her, and seems pleased.*] But what were you thinking of when I came in?

Pau. Of the haste, I may say the indecent haste with which you are laboring to get rid of me.

San. I seek your happiness in all I do.

Pau. Say rather your own, selfish man. Had you sought mine alone, "you might have succeeded in improving what was good and noble in me—in eradicating what was silly and weak—you might have elevated my tastes, enlarged my ideas, and fitted me to become a sharer with you in those great labors for the public good, of which you would have represented the strength, I the grace and ornament."

San. [*Aside.*] She remembers my very words!

Pau. And let me tell you that, had you done so, your generosity, like other virtues, might have proved its own reward, for in seeking my happiness you might have secured your own.

San. [*A little off his guard.*] You think it likely that by pursuing this course—

Pau. [*Coolly.*] You will be more successful with your future wife. [*Sang froid looks disappointed.—Aside.*] Come, I can be as cool as he can.

San. [*Very coolly.*] Let me recommend you to finish your packing.

Pau. [*Annoyed at his manner.*] More successful, I say, with the young woman. She is young, I suppose?

San. No, not particularly.

Pau. Then with the pretty woman. I'll be sworn she's pretty.

San. If I'm content, what *can* it matter to you? Finish your packing.

Pau. Whose sense—

San. Well, I'm happy to say, I think she *has* sense.

Pau. And, above all, whose expression,—now don't tell me that she has'nt expression.

San. On the contrary, I tell you she has—*more* than I ever hoped to meet with.

Pau. More than I have, no doubt.

San. More than I thought you had, I must own; but do, pray, finish your packing.

Pau. Pray don't be so very uneasy, you will soon be relieved from my society; and as this is the last time we may ever be alone—a circumstance which I make no doubt, you flatter yourself distresses me exceedingly; but which, so far from exciting me in the least, produces in me that utter coolness, which is so provoking in you. I beg to tell you that you are mistaken if you think I shall carry with me either affection or esteem for you; and that you will live in my recollection but as the most perfidious and deceitful of men. And so, sir, farewell, forever. [*She is going off in great anger, but stops, turns, and softens almost to weeping.*] No, I won't say that; I dare say I shall see you again before I go. [*Exit, R. D.*]

San. Poor thing! she is as full of feeling as she can be, and persuades herself that she is cool. [*Alphonse peeps in at door, c.*] But yonder is my worthy and acute successor, as he thinks himself. He seems inclined to listen. He shall hear of something to his advantage, as they say in the newspapers. [*Goes to her door and partially opens it.*]

Alphonse. There he is ; I don't think he's been out at all.

San. I wonder what she is about.

Alphonse. What can that signify to him ? and why did she send me to find out about this woman whom she thinks he is in love with ? What can that signify to her ? There's something very strange in the whole business. If she has one-half the faults he says she has, added to those which I have always heard that women are sure to conceal from their husbands before marriage, I shan't be near so happy as I thought for.

San. What is she putting up now ? Oh, her writing desk. She opens the lower part, and out comes packet on packets of my letters to her. Ah ! they are going into the fire, of course. What valuable time we waste on women ! No, by Jupiter, nothing of the sort—she presses them to her heart, and in they go again. What's that I see ? the locket I gave her with a large lock of my hair. That's sure to go out of the window, and I am sorry for it, for mine is getting so thin that I should be glad to have it back again. What's that ? she kisses it, weeps over it, kisses it again, touches a secret spring and a small drawer conceals it. [*Coming away.*] I can't see any more. She has touched a secret spring, here. [*Striking his heart.*] What an ass is that citizen Alphonse. He pokes his nose between man and wife, and he'll get a pinch that will last him for life.

Alphonse. [*Advancing, L.*] I was looking for you, sir.

San. [*Savagely.*] Citizen !

Alphonse. Well, citizen ; you are in love with some lady.

San. And if I am, what is that to you ?

Alphonse. Nothing. But my—your—that is—Madame Pauline wishes to know who it is.

San. Then let her ask me herself.

Alphonse. Any communication you have to make to her now must go through me.

San. Must it ? Then I have a favorite sword I want to send ; would you like *that* to go through you ?

Alphonse. No, of course, I don't mean anything of that sort.

San. It is not very easy to know what you mean ; but

what I mean is this—you have come here like a thief as you are—

Alphonse. A thief, sir?

San. Don't interrupt me. You'll find I'm quite right—like a thief as you are—to rob me of my wife. Are you ready, now on the instant—that is to say, the instant the forms of law are complied with, to make her yours?

Alphonse. Well, I don't know.

San. You don't know? but you must know. Do you suppose I'll allow you to disturb the peace of a quiet, well-regulated family in this manner?—to deprive a lady of a husband, who is worthy the name of a husband, without being prepared to offer her the poor consolation of such a paltry, contemptible substitute as you are?

Alphonse. I don't care for your abuse; you're only angry because she prefers me to you.

San. I'm not the least angry, but I want an answer, and I mean to have one.

Alphonse. I must take a few days to consider. Marriage is a serious thing.

San. You have tried to trifle with it, and you shall find it so. You shall not have a day, an hour, or a minute.

Alphonse. Do you mean to say you will use force?

San. I mean to say that if you have the bad taste to slight a lady who is—will be—your wife, I have the good taste to avenge an insult offered to one who is—was—mine.

Alphonse. Look you, Citizen Sangfroid; if you had been reasonable, and had allowed me a little time for inquiry, it is quite possible that in a few days I might have accommodated you by taking your wife off your hands; but you will find that, although your opinion of me is very mean—

San. Quite right, it is.

Alphonse. I am not a man to be bullied. [*Louder.*] I say to be bullied, sir—to be bullied.

• *Enter PAULINE, R.*

Pau. What in the world is the meaning of all this noise.

San. The meaning is simply this—this gentleman, having deprived you of one husband, hesitates about fulfilling his promise of finding you another.

Pau. [*Delighted.*] Is it possible?

San. Yes, but don't be uneasy, I'll find a way to make him.

Alphonse. Make me? You little know me!

San. And you'll discover presently how much you know about me. It may be true that the citizen Pauline is thoughtless, extravagant, romantic, silly—

Pau. Now stop, that's quite enough.

San. Very well; and that I—

Alphonse. I can tell you her opinion of you. You are a cold, dissembling, ironical, tyrannical husband.

San. Holloa! holloa! where did you hear this?

Alphonse. Never you mind. I'm not quite so simple as you imagine. I can see that this is all a trap—that you and your wife want to get rid of one another, and that I am to be made the scape-goat.

San. [*Aside.*] Confound the fellow, he's not quite such a fool as I thought.

Pau. [*To Sang froid.*] Blame yourself for this. Why did you say such things of me?

San. I only said them to annoy him; but why have you said such things of me?

Pau. He only said them to annoy you.

San. Come, sir; we lose time. Are you ready to marry this lady? Once!

Alphonse. No.

San. Twice! Thrice!

Alphonse. No, no.

San. Then I'll take what you offered me this morning.

Alphonse. What was that?

San. Your head.

Alphonse. Take it and welcome, but I'm not going to marry a woman who keeps other gentlemen's hair locked up in secret drawers.

Pau. What in the world do you mean, sir?

San. You see he'll say anything; but I must now ask you—are you ready to marry this gentleman?

Pau. Never; still I am free to admit that I am, in some sort, under obligation to him. He has taught me the difference between a hair-brained, frivolous, changeable, suspicious man, and a staid, intelligent, and useful member of society; and rather than marry him—I say, as he said—take my head.

San. So I will ; I won't have his because I've got a better of my own, but the events of to-day have imparted to your countenance the only thing it wanted—expression. I therefore accept your head, but only to imprint upon it the kiss of reconciliation. [*Kisses her forehead.*]

Pau. I gave you my hand for my uncle's life. I offer you my heart for *my own* ; I will even, with your leave, add my thanks for saving—[*Looking at Alphonse.*]—a much less valuable life than either. [*They laugh at him.*]

Alphonse. Oh ! laugh away, by all means, if you are satisfied—I am sure I ought to be. I have got not only my life, but that which all Paris is running after—my liberty.

Pau. But how about my rival ?

San. [*Presenting the boquet.*] You *have* no rival. You have been, and are, sole mistress of *this*, my heart. You have been, and will be, sole mistress of *this*, my house.

Pau. Then it shall be my endeavor so to conduct it that my claims for approbation shall rest upon strong, as well as upon DELICATE GROUND.

THE END.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered.

2. The second step is to gather relevant information and data.

3. The third step is to analyze the information and data to identify patterns and trends.

4. The fourth step is to develop a hypothesis or theory based on the analysis.

5. The fifth step is to test the hypothesis or theory through experiments or observations.

6. The sixth step is to evaluate the results of the tests and draw conclusions.

7. The seventh step is to communicate the findings of the research.

8. The eighth step is to reflect on the process and identify areas for improvement.

9. The ninth step is to apply the findings to real-world situations.

10. The tenth step is to continue to learn and grow from the experience.

11. The eleventh step is to share the knowledge gained with others.

12. The twelfth step is to stay curious and open to new ideas.

13. The thirteenth step is to embrace challenges and setbacks as opportunities for growth.

14. The fourteenth step is to maintain a positive attitude and a growth mindset.



ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.

Toby Twinkle. Come on altogether, or one at a time ; come on.

T H E M I N O R D R A M A .

EDITED BY F. C. WEMYSS.



ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.

A Comic Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

John Middleton
BY THOMAS AND J. M. MORTON,

MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.



NEW-YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

151 NASSAU-STREET, CORNER OF SPRUCE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Broadway Theatre, 1861. Bowery Theatre, 1861

<i>Sir Arthur Lassel</i>	Mr. Reynolds.	Mr. Tilton.
<i>Jasper Plum</i>	" Whiting.	" Hamilton.
<i>Stephen Plum</i>	" Conway.	" E. Eddy.
<i>Frederick Plum</i>	" Hill.	" Winana.
<i>Toby Twinkle</i>	" Davidge.	" Pope.
<i>Harris</i>	" Parry.	" Gouldson.
<i>Martha Gibbs</i>	Madame Ponissi.	Miss Wemyss.
<i>Lady Leatherbridge</i>	Mrs. Knight.	Mrs. Jordan.
<i>Lady Valeria Westendleigh</i>	Miss A. Gougenheim.	" Walcot.

* * A lapse of Three Months between the Acts.

Time in Representation—Two Hours.

COSTUMES.

SIR ARTHUR LASSELL.—Black dress coat, light trousers and vest. *Second dress:* Ball costume.

JASPER PLUM.—Black coat, black breeches, white vest, black silk stockings. *Second dress:* Blue coat with steel buttons, black silk breeches, brown vest, black silk stockings.

STEPHEN PLUM.—Dark jacket and vest, corduroy trousers, white German hat, lace-up boots, nailed. *Second dress:* Light-blue coat, white vest and trousers, white hat. *Third dress:* Blue coat, white vest, black trousers, silk stockings, and pumps.

FREDERICK.—Black coat, light trousers, white vest. *Second dress:* Black suit, traveling cloak.

TOBY TWINKLE.—Blue vest, moleskin trousers, apron and sleeves, (brown Holland,) paper cap. *Second dress:* Brown coat and vest, large chequered trousers, very light and short, white stockings, and pumps. *Third dress:* Handsome white livery coat, trousers and vest as before.

HARRIS.—Dark coat and trousers, paper hat, and an apron.

WORKMEN.—Similar dresses to Harris, some in shirt sleeves. *Second dresses:* Clean modern holiday suits.

TWO SERVANTS.—Handsome white liveries, red plush breeches.

GUESTS.—Black coats and trousers, white waistcoats, &c.

LADY LEATHERBRIDGE.—Light-blue dress, bonnet and feathers. *Second dress:* Pink silk dress, yellow head-dress.

LADY VALERIA.—White dress, bonnet, &c. *Second dress:* Fingured pink ball-room dress.

MARTHA.—Slate-colored dress. *Second dress:* White evening dress.

WORKWOMEN.—Various dresses, chintz, &c., with colored handkerchiefs on their heads.

LADIES.—Ball-dresses.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

* * * * *

N. B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Hall in JASPER PLUM'S House at Bristol; wide entrance door, L., in flat, showing a portion of the interior of the Factory; large window, R., in flat, showing exterior of Factory, &c.; entrance, R. U. E., leading to JASPER'S Apartments; table at back and cheval glass, four chairs*

JASPER PLUM, HARRIS, and SERVANTS *discovered.*

Jas. Well, Harris, are you nearly ready? Is everything in a state of suitable splendor?

Har. E'es, Maister Plum.

Jas. Harris, if you could contrive to drop "E'es, Maister Plum," and pick up "Yes, Mister Plum," you would very much oblige Mr. Plum.

Har. E'es, Maister Plum.

Jas. Thank you, Harris. Now begone all of you, and mind you receive Lady Leatherbridge with all the elegant ceremonial I've been trying to instill into your thick Somersetshire heads for the last seven weeks—Silence, above all things.

All. E'es, Maister Plum.

Exeunt SERVANTS and HARRIS, R. U. E., WORK-PEOPLE, L. E., in flat.

Jas. At length the great, the happy day is arrived; this very morning my boy Frederick William becomes the husband of the Lady Valeria Westendleigh, the real daughter of a real Earl! without a penny, to be sure, but with the reversion of a title to her children, so that I, Jasper Plum, the head of the house of Plum, am probably destined to be the grandfather of a peer of the realm! What a glorious wind-up to forty years' cotton

spinning!---past ten I declare, and Frederick William not returned! and that precious brother of his, Stephen, the eldest born of the house of Plum---I'll be bound the idle dog's hard at work still.

Stephen [without, L.] That'll do, lads---that'll do!

Jas. Here he comes.

Enter STEPHEN, L. E. flat, in his working dress, patches of raw cotton sticking to his clothes, hair, &c.; he turns, R., and speaks off.

Ste. No more work to-day---a holiday and a crown a head to drink happiness to the bride and bridegroom---health to Jasper Plum, and long life to the cotton mill.

[WORKMEN shout "Hurrah!" behind.]

Jas. Now, there's a nice looking young man for a wedding party!

Ste. (L.) Ah, dad---how are you, dad?

Jas. (R.) Not dressed yet? what are you thinking of, you idle dog?

Ste. Idle! excuse me, dad, I was at work afore daylight.

Jas. Work! daylight! what have you to do with daylight such a day as this? Don't you know that Lady Leatherbridge, and her neice, Lady Valeria, will be here presently? Go to that glass, sir, gaze upon that coat, waistcoat, and trousers, including boots and sparrow bills, and then tell me, is that figure Stephen Plum: or a common cotton spinner out of the hundreds in his employ?

Ste. Well, and what's Stephen Plum, after all's said and done, but a common spinner, too? a common spinner growed rich, like his father before him? Wasn't his father, bless the old face of him, wasn't *he* a common spinner, too?---no, he wasn't, Jasper Plum was *no* common spinner---he was one in a thousand, he was! Lord, Lord, didn't he use to make the bobbins fly, and didn't he card and comb till his face was as shiny red as a bran new penny bit! [*sighing.*] Ah! dad, you was something like a man then, you was!

Jas. [smiling conceitedly.] Well, I believe I was rath-

er a good hand---but those mechanical times are gone---we are now gentlemen !

Ste. Speak for yourself, dad---I'm no gentleman. I was, and am, and always shall be, a cotton spinner---now, don't be unreasonable, dad ! havn't you made brother Freddy a gentleman ? Surely, *one* gentleman in a family's quite enough.

Jas. Yes, Frederick William's a pretty fellow---a very pretty fellow.

Ste. Freddy's been wound on a different bobbin to me---Freddy's been to Oxford College, and larnt no end of larning---and Freddy's been to Lunnon, and seen no end of Lunnon life.

Jas. And if you hadn't preferred living like a bear, you might have accompanied him, and seen how all the mothers, who had daughters to marry, tried to get him to marry their daughters ; even the head of the illustrious house of Leatherbridge graciously condescended to accept his proposals for her neice, Lady Valeria Westendleigh ; the whole affair was moved, debated, and carried in a week ; only it was arranged that the wedding should take place here at Bristol during the family's visit to Clifton, to avoid what we call *eclat* ! *Eclat* ! sir ! [*dignified.*]

Ste. Well, I don't wonder at Freddy ; Freddy's a handsome chap, and a thorough good fellow ; and Jasper Plum's the warmest man in our parts, and can put 100,000 yellow boys into Freddy's breeches pocket.

Jas. Yellow boys ! breeches pocket ! Stephen Plum, I hope you don't mean to discharge such fearful expressions in the hearing of Lady Leatherbridge.

Ste. Bless you, no ; before them female nobbs my grammar 'll be as right as a trivet.

Jas. Female nobbs !---right as a trivet ! Stephen, Stephen, the sad truth is, you've got no elevation of soul ! look at your associates---that familiar, illiterate fellow, Toby Twinkle, in particular.

Ste. Don't abuse Toby, dad ; why, he's the life and soul of the mill---we should all go to sleep if it wasn't for Toby Twinkle ; besides, he'd lay down his life a dozen times over to serve me, I know he would.

Jas. That's very attentive of Mr. Twinkle, very ; but though you may be very great cronies *in* the mill, you might drop his acquaintance *out* of it.

Ste. What, cut Toby Twinkle ; why the poor fellow would break his heart ! No, no, my friendship is no respecter of places---*in* the mill and *out* of it---alone or afore company I'll take Toby by the hand, for I love him, dad, almost as much as I love my own brother.

Jas. Ah, Stephen Plum, you'll live and die in cotton.

Ste. I hope so ; I mean to stick to cotton as long as cotton sticks to me.

Jas. [*taking cotton off his coat.*] Cotton sticks to you too much, Stephen Plum---

Ste. I wish you'd stick to cotton, dad ! and get rid of all these fine new silk and satin notions of yours. The idea of your idling away your time, studying *parlez vous Fransy* ! and then getting that whacking looking-glass, where I seed you making great ugly faces at yourself ; don't say you didn't, 'cause Toby and I caught you at it 'tother morning---how we did laugh, surely---ho---ho---ho !

Jas. What you are pleased to call great ugly faces, sir, were postures and smiles to receive my guests, and look at the result!--behold the transmogrified Jasper Plum!--passed into the state of butterfly out of the state of grub !

Ste. A butterfly, you ? I say, dad, don't you feel a little stiffish about the wings ?---Ho---ho---butterfly and grub!--Lord love you, if it pleases the old heart of you, you can turn and be a butterfly "*born in a bower,*" but I mean to *grub* on as heaven made me. [*suddenly serious.*] Look you, dad, winter and summer, *in* work and *out* of work, I can manage to keep 500 cotton spinners---families and all, a matter of 2,000 poor creatures---and every man, woman, and child among 'em has helped to make us rich ; for my part, I can't lift a bit to my mouth, but I ask myself if any of theirs be empty. No, no, I must live and die among 'em ; but what need to tell *you* so ?---don't they love you, and you love them as dear, as dear can be ?---bless your old heart, I know you do. [*wipes his eyes*]

Jas. [*aside and affected*] The monster isn't quite a monster all over.

Fred. [*without, U. E. R.*] Bring everything into the hall.

Jas. Here's Frederick William.

Enter FREDERICK, U. E. R.

Fred. (c.) Ah, father, good morning! Another to you, Stephen! [*shaking hands heartily.*]

Ste. (L.) Well, and another to you, Freddy.

Jas. (R.) Frederick William, where *have* you been? Ah! I see—presents for your lovely bride.

Fred. (c.) Just received by the express train—a rather costly collection!

Jas. (R.) Quite right! let the cost and the taste be worthy of the Plums!

Ste. To be sure. I say, Freddy, talking of the taste of the Plums, I hope there's a jolly plum-cake for the young lady.

Jas. Silence, you sensualist!

Fred. You may depend on the quality, father everything was selected by my friend, Sir Arthur Lassell, whose exquisite *gout* is proverbial.

Jas. (R.) His friendship, my dear boy, does you honor.

Fred. (c.) To him I owe my success in London last winter—in short I am under infinite obligations to my friend Arthur.

Ste. (L.) E'es, I'm told your *friend* Arthur helped you to get rid of £1 200 in a couple of months! I call that doing the tidy, dad!

Ste. Doing the tidy!—doing the noble, sir. Of course Sir Arthur will be here to add lustre to your wedding?

Fred. He tells me I may certainly depend on him.

Enter HARRIS, U. E. R.

Har. Here be Maister Totherside, the lawyer, from Lunnon, says he wants to see Maister Plum partickler.

Jas. Bring him to my study, you Hottentot!

[*Exit* HARRIS, R.]

Her ladyship's attorney! When I touch the bell, come to us, Frederick William, to put the last stroke of the pen to the jointure; meanwhile, *do* endeavor to give that

unfortunate brother of yours some idea how to behave *comme il faut* before the ladies — [*solemnly to STEPHEN.*]
Comme il faut, sir!

[*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Ste. Well, Freddy, and so I'm going to see your high-born lady at last, eh? Do you know I feel in a bit of a twitteration?

Fred. (R.) There is no need for it, Stephen---Valeria is as amiable as she is beautiful. I may well be vain of her partiality---I, who have nothing but fortune to offer her.

Ste. Then I should say you are well matched, for I'm told she have got nothing but *title* to offer you!

Fred. But think how title helps fortune to move on in life!

Ste. No doubt on't; but it do seem to me that without fortune, title can't move on *at all*.

Fred. But title commands fortune, by extending connection; for instance, my friend Sir Arthur, has already hinted at the possibility of my obtaining some diplomatic appointment at a foreign court---I own the prospect warms me---

Ste. Well, there be no accounting for tastes: as for me, give me a cottage and a sanded floor in Old England afore all the foreign courts in the world.

Fred. Ha, ha! now, my dear Stephen, you must be influenced by the great change in our family position; you will, I'm sure, forsake these habits of life---leave off personal labor---receive company---see the world---and some day or other who knows but you may marry as advantageously as I!

Ste. Who?---me!---you be joking.

Fred. Far from it. Think of a wife with a title and a coat of arms---

Ste. Well, if you *will* have me talk serious, I must tell you Freddy, I want no title with a wife but the title of a fond and faithful woman; and to get such a one, I could manage to do without a coat of arms---or without arms to my coat, for the matter of that.

Fred. By-the-bye, Stephen, I hope the whispers I hear among the factory people are untrue.

Ste. What d'ye mean? What whispers?

Fred. That there is a certain black-eyed girl amongst them---and that you spoil many a reel of cotton by looking at her eyes instead of your bobbins.

Ste. What need of whispering that? Martha Gibbs is the sort of girl any man might look at.

Fred. I've noticed her---a clever handsome young creature, evidently full of *savoir faire* and a perfect knowledge of the game.

Ste. Full of what, brother? She's a perfect knowledge of the game of cotton-spinning; and whatever that outlandish word may mean, let me tell you she's full of just that kind of stuff, that every man loves in his own sister, and honors in his own mother.

Fred. Serious, I declare! serious faith in the virtue of a factory girl!

Ste. Yes, brother, serious faith in the virtue of a factory girl. They may talk about discovering this, and discovering that---but take my word for it, we ain't made no discovery yet like finding that poverty and virtue can walk to their humble grave hand-in-hand together. Such a girl is Martha Gibbs---oh! I've had proof certain of that.

Fred. What?

Ste. That's a secret, Freddy. [*looking round.*] But if I tell it you, will you keep it like honor bright?

Fred. I pledge to you my own.

Ste. Then listen For some time gone---months now---Martha Gibbs has somehow run a good deal in my head; but bless you, I took care never to let it out. Well, Martha's an orphan, poor thing, and ain't got one friend in all Bristol; so dad gave Martha a room in the mill to live in---just like dad, that was---well, going my rounds at night, to see lights out and all snug in the mill, I used to see a candle night after night in Martha's room, long after regulation hours: this surprised me, this did---so at last I thought of getting a-top of the opposite wing of the mill, just above her window. Well, up I get---in I look---and there I see---[*loud.*] what d'ye think?

Fred. How should I know?

Ste. There I see her hard at work at—(loud) what d'ye think ?

Fred. How should I know ?

Ste. Hard at work, writing in a book afore her—presently up she gets—puts her scribbling things away in her box—locks it—slips behind her curtain, and then—[puffs] all dark ! Next night, the same—next night, next night, and every night, ditto, ditto, ditto—

Fred. Very strange—perhaps corr spondence with a lover.

Ste. The very thing I feared—I couldn't eat, drink, or sleep for it—I couldn't live without knowing the truth ; so yesterday, while she was at work in the mill, I opened her door with my ring key—her book was on the table—I opened it, and there I read—[loud] what d'ye think ?

Fred. How should I know ?

[confused noise of voices outside, L.

Ste. Hush ! I hear her—I know her voice within a mile—I'll tell you all by-and-bye—[bell rings, R.

Fred. My father's bell—I must leave you. Pray lose no time, my dear Stephen—and for my sake throw a little more care into your dress to-day ; I wish to present you to my bride, as much a gentleman in aspect as you are in heart and soul.

[Exit R U E.—noise of voices again.

Ste Martha's voice again and Toby's too—and both flinging along this way ! Why, what's the matter ?

Enter MARTHA, L. D. F., hurriedly, followed by TOBY, who enters with his back to the audience, sparring and hitting out violently with both hands.

Toby. (L.) Come on ! one at a time, or all at once—it's the same to me—ugh ! cowards !

Ste. (R) Why, Martha, what's the meaning of all this ?

Mar. [c., walking to and fro.] I can't speak—I refer you to Mr. Twinkle, sir. [retires up, c]

Toby. [turning and showing his nose bloody] And Mr. Twinkle refers you to his nose, sir.

Ste. [crosses to TOBY.] I heard angry words—something unpleasant has happened in the mill ?

Toby. Yes, I got my nose broken in the mill [*sparrring again*]

Mar. [*coming down, R.*] To be insulted like this! I could cry—but I won't. Oh, I wish I was a man! [*crosses to C.*]

Toby. So do I—if it was only for five minutes—just for the sake of seeing you give them one for their nobs all round.

Ste. (R.) Insulted! You Martha?

Mar. [C., *suddenly.*] Mr. Stephen Plum, I'd be obliged to you if you'd pay me my wages and let me leave the factory this very day—[*as if relieved.*] there!

Toby. [L., *imitating.*] There.

Ste. (R.) Leave the factory? you, Martha? No, no.

Mar. (C.) You can't stop me—you have no claim on me.

Ste. No claim, Martha, but the claim of wishing to be a friend to you—that's all, Martha. Have you anything to complain of against me?

Mar. No, indeed no; you have been a kind master—but that makes no difference. I want to go away—I will go away, sir.

Ste. But why?—why, Martha? What have they done to you, and who has done it?

Mar. Nobody has done it—everybody has done it—except Toby. [*taking TOBY'S hand kindly.*]

Toby. You hear?—"except Toby." You'll be good enough to bear that important fact in mind—"except Toby."

Ste. Nobody, everybody! What do you mean? Now do tell me, there's a dear—I mean there's a good girl—if you've got the smallest bit of regard for me.

Mar. But I *havn't* the smallest bit of regard for you, and so I told them all—didn't I, Toby?

Toby. That you certainly did. [*to STEPHEN.*] I'll do her justice to say she emphatically told them all, individually and collectively, that she didn't care that about you. [*snapping his fingers.*]

Ste. You will drive me crazy between you presently! It's clear, Martha, you've been insulted in the factory—only let me get in among 'em!

Toby. Oh, I've been in among 'em already. I didn't stop to count how many I had killed, because when I got this crack on my nose, it suddenly occurred to me that I'd had enough of it !

[STEPHEN indicates that he will punish them.]

Mar. Besides, sir, that would only make 'em worse. No, if you *must* know, you shall hear it all from me---at least I'll *try* and tell you. Well then, ever since this marriage of Mr. Frederick's has been talked about, there's been a dead set made at me. "Oh, oh !" says one ; " Mr. Frederick's going to be married, eh ?---" " So's Mr. Stephen too," says another ; " and then what will become of *somebody* not far off, that's been fool enough to listen to him ?" says a third---and then they all look at me, and look in such a way---don't they, Toby ?

Toby. Yes---this sort of thing. [*leering.*] There's old Sarah White in particular. Sarah's only got one eye, and that squints---so you may imagine the peculiar expression that Sarah throws into that one eye !

Mar. I couldn't bear it. " What do you mean ?" I said---" What's Mr. Stephen to me ? I don't care for Mr. Stephen"---I *don't* care for you, Mr. Stephen, do I ?---and Mr. Stephen don't care for me." You don't do you ?

Ste. [*bothered.*] Why-----

Mar. To be sure, now and then, when I've been dressed in my best, you've told me I was a smart girl, or something of that sort, just in your good tempered way ; but as for thinking twice of a poor girl like me---you don't, do you ? [*loud.*] Why don't you say no ?

Ste. [*bothered.*] Why, Martha-----

Mar. I see you don't, and I told 'em so---didn't I Toby ?

Toby. You did.

Mar. And then they were cruel enough to say I was noth ng but---I *can't*---I *won't* tell you that.

Ste. [*furious.*] I know what they said---they said-----

Mar. [*stopping h'm.*] You do not know what they said---because you *couldn't* repeat it.

Ste. The foul-mouthed villains !

Toby. Cold-blooded ruffians—old Sarah White in particular.

Mar. I shall leave the mill with a full heart—a very full heart. I thank you for all your goodness to me, Mr. Stephen—but it's my *duty* to go, and go I will.

Ste. No, don't say so, Martha. Do you think I'll let you go—a first-rate spinner like you? Besides, don't I know? havn't I read—

Mar. Read! what have you read?

Ste. Why—I've read—your character, to be sure: that's all, Martha. And now, at any rate, say you'll stop at the mill till to-morrow

Mar. Well, I'm sure I wouldn't, if I could help it, disturb a happy day like this; besides, I long to see the Lady Valeria, whom I once knew so well, and havn't met so long.

Ste. You knowed her ladyship, Lady Valeria?

Mar. We once lived and loved like sisters; my poor father was one of the late Earl's gamekeepers—

Toby. A gamekeeper? Do you know I never see a gamekeeper with his gun and his double-barrelled dog, that I don't envy him.

Mar. He died by the shot of a poacher—

Toby. Oh that alters the case materially. [*retires up, L.*]

Mar. Lady Westendleigh took my mother and me to the hall, fed, clothed, educated me, and made me Lady Valeria's playfellow—Oh, that I could live or die to show my love and gratitude for that woman! but she died young—my poor mother soon followed her—the Earl took his daughter to London, and I went out to factory work—[*bell rings, R.*—your father's bell! good day Mr. Stephen.

Ste. Good day, Martha. I say, Martha, we may as well shake hands, no great harm in that—[*takes her hand*—that's as it should be. Don't forget—no going away, Martha—what should I do without you?—I mean, what would you do without me?—no, I mean what should we do without each other?—no, no—I don't know what I mean—but I *shall* know afore to-morrow, and so shall you. Good bye, Martha—why, I don't believe we shook hands, after all.

Mar. I don't think we did, sir.

Ste. I'm sure we didn't [*shaking her hand again.*]—
There, God bless thee!

[*she walks slowly to L. E., turns, their eyes meet, and she exits rapidly, L. E.*]

Lord, Lord, how I do love that girl!—and now Toby, tell me, have you done as I told you—have you watched her narrowly? Do you think Martha cares for me?

Toby. (R.) Well, the result of my observation hitherto induces me to assert, without the fear of contradiction, that I havn't come to any decided opinion upon the subject whatever.

Ste. (L.) You don't think—she—loves another?

Toby. I'm sure she don't, except *me*; and, of course, no woman can see so useful and ornamental an article as a nose disfigured in her defence as mine has been, without feeling an intense interest in the man whose property that nose is.

Ste. Pshaw!—I'd give—I don't know what, to know if Martha cares for me—

Toby. [*suddenly.*] Then I'll tell you, and not only that, but I'll tell you if you'll be married—*when* you'll be married—*where* you'll be married—how many children you'll have—how many boys, how many girls—in short, all about you for as many years to come as you think proper to mention.

Ste. Ha! ha! I forgot, Toby, that you call yourself a bit of a conjuror.

Toby. You may laugh, Mr. Stephen, but I have an inward conviction that in taking to cotton spinning I mistook my calling, and that I was born to be a necromancer.

Ste. Ah, just because you went and see'd some conjuring chap at the playhouse six months ago—

Toby. Conjuring chap! don't speak in that disrespectful way of the wizard Jacobs, if you love me! Ah, that Jacobs! I doat upon that Jacobs! the style in which he smashed people's watches, and changed silver pencil-cases into guinea-pigs! and then to see him lay eggs!—I shall never forgive his laying eggs! I could think of *nothing else*—it quite haunted me—in short, I didn't oth-

ing but lay eggs all night long for weeks and weeks together—from that moment I fancied myself a wizard—

Ste. Ha! ha! and you're really silly enough to fancy that you can foretell—

Toby. Anything and everything; consequently, when anybody wishes to know anything, I say to him, as I do to you, Take a card!—[*presenting pack.*]

Ste. Pshaw! my mind's made up, I can't live without Martha; and here comes dad; so I'll strike while the iron's hot! [*retires up, L.*]

Enter JASPER, R. U. E.

Jas. (R.) All's done—the papers are signed—the factory folks are perfect in their parts out of doors—the servants are perfect in their parts in doors—I flatter myself the Plums will come out rather strong to meet the Leatherbridges—[*seeing TOBY.*—Holloa! and pray, sir, what do you want hear? &c.]

Toby. (L.) Do you particularly wish to know?

Jas. I do.

Toby. Then take a card. [*presents pack—JASPER drives him to L., he goes out, L. E. F.*]

Ste. [coming down, L—aside] Now for it—[*plaintively*]
—Dad!

Jas. (R.) You still here, and not dressed yet! Stephen, Stephen, is it your wish to drive me crazy?

Ste. I'll do that or anything else to make myself agreeable to dad, because I want dad to make himself agreeable to me; I want to tell dad a secret—I'm in love—

Jas. In what?

Ste. In love! and I don't mind to tell you another secret—it's with a woman!

Jas. In love with a woman!

Ste. Yes, and now you're in for it, I'll tell you a third secret—I want to marry her off-hand directly.

Jas. The boy's mad!—his brother's marriage has got into his head and turned it!—you marry? and marry a woman, too?—what next, I wonder?

Ste. Don't be angry, dad, I only want a wife of my own, like my father before me: so you'd very much oblige me if you'd just name the time and keep it.

Jas. (R.) Indeed! before I name the *time*, sir, perhaps you'll condescend to name the woman.

Ste. (L.) Ah! now comes the squeegee! I say, dad, you see that hook atop of the ceiling—that's just where you'll jump to, when you hear who 'tis. Well, then, the woman I love, and want to marry is—Martha Gibbs. Now, don't jump. [*holding JASPER down.*]

Jas. Martha Gibbs—ha, ha, ha,—come, I like this—there's some character about such damnable audacity—it tickles one to have one's hair stand on end!--Degenerate offspring, do you want to be the death of the house of Plum?

Ste. Quite t'other thing, dad; I shouldn't wonder if I put a deal of new life into the house of Plum.

Jas. And do you think I'll ever sanction such an alliance for a son of mine? Never, never! The voice of all your ancestors exclaims, Never!—never!

Ste. Then I wish my ancestors would just speak when they're spoke to.

Jas. Reflect, rash youth, what was this creature, Martha? a beggar asking charity.

Ste. No she asked for wages, and paid you with hard work.

Jas. And *who* was she? I ask for her ancestry; she never had any; I ask for her parents; I don't believe she ever had any.

Ste. Never had a father and mother? Then warn't she a clever girl to manage to do without?—ho, ho, ho!

Jas. Reflect like a man, sir, and don't laugh like a horse. I'll turn that intriguing hussy, Martha Gibbs, out of the house this very day.

Ste. [*agitated*] Stop, dad, you *don't*—you can't mean that?

Jas. I *do* mean that, and I'll do it.

Ste. [*sorrowfully*] No, you won't; you may save yourself the trouble *now*, and the pain *afterwards*. Martha has given notice, she means to quit the factory to-morrow morning.

Jas. A pleasant journey to her!

Ste. [*assuming a tone of determination.*] I hope so, 'cause I go along with her.

Jas. What did you say, sir ?

Ste. I go along with her.

Jas. You, Stephen--go and leave-- Oh, Stephen!

[*affected.*]

Ste. Perhaps it's best it should be so ; long's the day I've seen my father and brother are ashamed of me

Jas. Stephen Plum ! [*reproachfully.*]

Ste. And you'd have me marry a fine lady who'd be ashamed of me, too ; but I won't---so if you won't have us near you, why Martha and I must love you far away, and so shall our children--far away--

Jas. [*affected.*] Well, I'll reflect--let me have time to reflect.

Ste. That's but fair ; I'll give you lots of time.

Jas. [*aside.*] That's a comfort !

Ste. [*looking at watch.*] I'll give you five-and-twenty minutes.

Jas. Eh.

Ste. Well, I don't mind making it half an hour ; now, mind, in thirty minutes I'll return for your yes or no. If it's "No," I must pack up my carpet bag, 'cause I can't go into the wide world without a change of linen--

Jas. I shall run distracted. [*shouts without, R. U. E.*] Ah, those shouts ; their ladyships at last ! Now, Stephen Plum, if you've any lingering love for your half expiring father, mind your manners ; say as little as possible ; and, above all, go and put on your new clothes : don't let the ladies see you in undress.

[*runs out at E. U. R.*]

Ste. Let the ladies see me undressed ? I don't mean to.

[*shouts without, R. U. E.*]

Enter the Factory WORKMEN, with TOBY at their head, all with large wedding favours, L. E. ; LADY LEATHERBRIDGE, *escorted with immense formality by JASPER, then FREDERICK and LADY VALERIA ;* SERVANTS *in rich liveries preceding, R. U. E. ;* STEPHEN *hides amongst the WORKMEN, L.*

Ste. [*L, aside to TOBY.*] I say, Toby, just look at dad ; aint he doing the polite to the old lady ?

Jas. My august Lady Leatherbridge—my lovely Lady Valeria---I can only say---that is—I

Ste. I say, Toby, there's dad stuck fast already.

Fred. (R. C.) My dear Valeria, how can I express my thanks to you for waving form, and consenting to proceed to church from my father's factory ?

Val. (L. E.) Indeed, Frederick, no trace of a factory is perceptible ; every object around blends costliness and taste. [*JASPER bows to the ground ; FRED. and VAL. cross to R., at back.*]

Lady L. [*crosses to c.*] Oh, quite so, and then I quite long to see your people at work ; it must be quite a curiosity to see people work, especially when one has never done anything in the world one's self.

Ste. [*aside.*] D'ye hear that, Toby ? Never did anything in the world herself ?

Toby. (L.) I wonder how she set about it.

Fred. (R.) Your ladyship will gratify our workmen by your condescension ; they have decorated the factory in expectation of your visit.

Lady L. (C.) Well, that's very civil of them ; I should like to reward them ; to distribute some beer, some cheese, and some bread among them, and then I should like to have them scramble for some copper coin ; I wish to make a suitable return for the pretty feeling the've got up !

Ste. (L.) Feeling they've got up ! I can't stand the like of that ! back me up, Toby.

Toby. (L.) I will.

Ste. [*L. advancing, with TOBY close to him*] You'll excuse me, my Lady---

Toby Yes, you'll excuse us, my Lady Leather--[*aside to STEPHEN.*]---What's her name ? Leatherbreech --- ?

Ste. Ho, ho, ho.

Jas [*L. C. aside to him.*] Stop that infernal laugh---

Toby [*aside to STEPHEN.*] I say, if his lordship was like her ladyship, what a funny old pair of Leatherbreeches they must have made between them.

Jas. (L. C.) Now, Stephen, if you *must* speak to her ladyship, try and speak like a gentleman !

Ste. [*crosses to c.*] I will. [*to LADY L.*] Excuse me,

ma'am, but in these parts it's our way to pay working folks for *work*, and not for *feeling* ; but seeing you never did nothing in the world yourself, we compute it to your ignorance, ma'am !

Lady L. [R. C., looking at him through her eye-glass.] Who is that? What is that ?

Jas. (L. C.) What is it—why—[turning STEPHEN over to, L.]—it's a sort of—but your ladyship needn't mind *what* it is.

Fred. [crosses to L. C., taking STEPHEN by the hand.] This, madam, is my father's eldest son, my dear brother, Stephen.

Toby. (L.) Yes, my lady, these are the two chickens, and that's the old cock.

[pointing to JASPER, who indignantly silences him.]

Lady L. (R. C.) That a brother of yours, Frederick? the information was needed; I should never have guessed it.

Fred. (L. C.) Yes, madam, and a brother I am proud to own; his industry and talent have doubled the productiveness of this large establishment, and if our workmen are the best in the country, it is because they work to show their love for Stephen Plum !

[placing his hand on STEPHEN'S shoulder.]

Toby. [L., enthusiastically.] Three cheers for Stephen Plum ! [cheers.]

Jas. [crosses to L., at back.] I must get rid of this fellow. [aloud] Here, Toby, go into the refreshment room and see if everything is ready. [driving him to R. U. E.]

Lady L. Do, it will be an occupation, at any rate; and I require a little amusement.

Toby. [coming down.] You do? then I flatter myself I can accommodate you ! [taking pack out of his pocket, and presenting it to LADY L.] Take a card !

[JASPER drives him off, R. H.]

Martha. [L., who has entered a short time before, and has joined the factory people, approaching and looking at VALERIA.] Yes! 'tis she! and how beautiful she's grown !

Ste. [L., seeing her.] Ah, Martha! come here and have a talk with your old friends.

Mar. Oh no, Mr. Stephen, I dare not.

Jas. [C., *in a threatening tone.*] No, you'd better not. [*aside.*] Now, then, to astonish the house of Leatherbridge [*aloud*] Frederick William, isn't your friend the baronet arrived?

Lady L. [*coming to L. c.*] The baronet? What baronet?

Jas. An illustrious friend of Frederick William's who has promised to grace his nuptials!

Lady L. (L. c.) A man of family! we'll await him, of course: meanwhile we'll accept your arm, Plum, to the refreshments—come, Valeria.

Val. [R., *crosses to back.*] Nay, aunt, I prefer the refreshment of a little repose; I will await your return here. [*takes off her bonnet, and retires up R, MARTHA advances to receive it.*] What do I see? is it possible? yes, it is Martha Gibbs—my friend and playfellow, dear Martha! [*bringing MARTHA down, L.*]

Lady L. And pray who is Martha? and who is Gibbs?

Jas. [R., *trying to intercept.*] Nobody whatever—

Ste. There you're wrong dad—Gibbs is Martha, and Martha is Gibbs.

[STEPHEN *retires up L., and crosses to R, at back.*]

Val. [L., *to LADY L.*] The child of the poor woman your ladyship has so often heard me speak of.

Mar. (L.) Yes! [*to LADY L.*] The poor woman whom your mother sheltered and relieved—the poor child, fed, clothed, and educated by your bounty—oh, how happy I am that you have not forgotten me!

Val. I am glad to find that you have not forgotten me, Martha—

Mar. No, one *may* forget the good one does, but not the good that's *done to us*—oh, no! Forgive me if I weep—my heart's so full!

Ste. [*wide*] Poor tender-hearted lamb!

Jas. [R. c., *aside.*] The sly young crocodile!

Lady L. (L. c.) Now you mention it, I have a sort of recollection about somebody, or something or other, but my nerves won't bear anything like sentiment; there is nothing in the world so unwholesome as sensibility—so *once more*, Plum, your arm to the refreshments.

Enter TOBY, U. E. R.

Toby. The eatables and drinkables are ready : there's lots of 'em, and what's more, they're as good as they look ! I happen to know it, because I've tasted 'em all !

Ste. [R., *aside to JASPER.*] Recollect, dad, about Martha ; you've only got ten minutes left.

Jas. Begone, Sirrah—begone to your toilette. *Allez vous en* to your new clothes. [to servants.] Lead the way to the refectory—Madam, the honor—[hands LADY L. out at U E, WORKMEN shout, and exeunt at L. E. F.]

Ste. [R., *aside.*] I say, Freddy, you know silk from worsted, you do, [looking at VALERIA.] Ecod, if you don't mind my having a buss at her, bless you, I don't.

Fred. (R.) Hush ! the moment she's mine you shall. Dear Valeria, let me prevail on you to take refreshment.

Ste. Yes do, ma'am—just a mouthful of something, and a glass of ale——

Val. (L C.) Thank you, gentlemen ; but do not think me rude if I prefer to be left alone with my old playfellow, Martha.

Ste. (R) You can't do better, ma'am—a chat with Martha will do your heart good. Come, Freddy, do you go and learn the Marriage Service out of the book ; and I—yes, I'll go and put on my new clothes. Come along, Toby.

[*Exit with TOBY, L. E. F. ; FRED, kisses VALERIA'S hand and goes out, R. U. E.*]

Mar. (L.) How long it seems since we parted, Lady Valeria ! and to think that I should live to see you once more, and see you on your wedding morning ! In a few minutes you will be the happy wife of an amiable and handsome bridegroom—for you know he is very handsome.

Val. [R, *coldly.*] I really have thought very little on the subject. My aunt told me I was poor—that Mr. Frederick Plum was rich—that the marriage would revive the fortune of our house—that I ought not to hesitate—I therefore did not, and in less than a week the marriage was negotiated

Mar. I must say, a week's acquaintance seems to me rather short.

Val. Ah, Martha, the formula of life, which girls of rank go through, should be better known : at a given birthday the school girl lays aside her books, to go into the world—there she soon meets a man, who seems to realise those visions of perfection we all of us indulge—she loves ; but only to be told that the omnipotent voice of circumstances forbids the indulgence of her affection ; another bridegroom is presented—in the wide world she has not one sympathetic bosom to confide and weep upon—in mere despair she throws herself on his. This is the history of many a *happy* bride, that poverty envies, but should hug its rags for not resembling !

Mar. Why, Lady Valeria, what words ! and what a tone ! You are agitated—and I declare, a tear ! [*low to her*] I am afraid there's some sad secret.

Val. No, no ! 'twas but the dream of an hour—the very recollection's gone—I must think, I *will* think no more of him.

Mar. Of him ? of whom ? [*anxiously.*]

Val. Of no one—I am the bride of Frederick, and as you say, I am happy, very happy—ha, ha !

Mar. [*aside.*] She frightens me—'tis plain she loves another.

Val. Forgive me, Martha, I am grown so selfish ! I talk of my own happiness, and have not even asked how I can add to yours—you who have been thrust into the world without a mother's help, without a mother's counsel——

Mar. No, not without her counsel ; for the very words my poor dying mother said to me, are as fresh in my heart, as if I heard them now : and, do you know, [*low.*] I've found out a way to live after them

Val. A way to live after a dying mother's counsel ? Oh, tell me, tell me how ?

Mar. Well, to *you*, only to you. Well then, every night in my bedroom, I write down in a little book everything I can remember of what I've said, done, and thought all day—good, bad, or indifferent, down it goes

in my diary ; and when I've made a clean breast of it, why then I say my prayers.

Val. Indeed !

Mar. Next morning, the first thing on waking, I read what I confessed the night before ; for example now, once I was what you ladies call a flirting girl ; at first I wouldn't write it down ; but one day it led me to do a false and heartless thing—that very night down went the whole story in my little book ; next morning I didn't like to read it—but read it I *did*, again and again, day after day, and week after week, and at last when I caught myself watching myself, afraid of having such another page as that to write and read, oh, then I knew I was cured : and so, I do believe, the poor motherless, penniless, helpless factory girl has kept herself honest by keeping her diary honest too ! Oh, blessings on every school in every village of the land, and blessings on the simple words over the door, "Reading and Writing taught here!" Forgive me, don't I talk more than should be ?

Val. No—and have you never been in love, Martha.

Mar. O bless you, don't say so. I don't pretend I've never looked and said "there I could be happy," but when I know I can't get there by the lawful high road, I just shut my eyes, or look another way.

Val. I admire your courage, Martha, but you shall indulge your attachment, for henceforth it is under my protection ; your master, Mr. Stephen, seems the very soul of good nature ; I'll speak to him about it.

Mar. O, not for the world ; you don't know—

Val. My aunt and the company returning ; we will talk farther to-morrow.

Mar. [*aside.*] To-morrow—alas ! I shall be far away.

[*company return, LADY L., escorted by JASPER and FRED., R. V. E. ; STEPHEN and TOBY come in L. E. F., in full dress ; TOBY bows all round*]

Fred. (R.C.) The hour come, and Sir Arthur *not* come ; we must proceed without him. [*to TOBY.*] My good fellow, desire the carriages to be drawn up to the door immediately.

Toby (R.) I fly.

[*starts off ; suddenly stops.*]

Fred. Well, why don't you go ?

Toby. I have my reasons. [*aside.*] I thought the trowsers were too tight when I put them on.

[*beckons at, R. U. E.*]

Ste. [*L. C., aside to JASPER.*] Now, dad, you've had your good forty minutes; come, your answer about Martha.

Jas. (R.) What shall I say unhappy old Plum that I am!

Fred. [*advancing.*] Father, the plan I suggested is the only rational way of proceeding; I know Stephen's character, he will do what he threatens; let me speak to him.

Jas. Do so; I give him up. [*retires up, C.*]

Fred. (R. C.) Stephen, my father has told me all, and he consents to your marriage.

Ste. (R.) Really—tru y!

Fred. On one condition.

Ste. Let's have it.

Fred. That you postpone it for three months, during which, Martha shall discontinue work and merely superintend the women; she shall live with us as one of the family, and associate with our friends at home and abroad; and if during that time her conduct prove irreproachable, and you persist in your determination, my father, I repeat, promises his consent.

Ste. Your hand, Freddy, upon the bargain—there's mine.

Fred. Meantime, he exacts secrecy—to Martha, above all.

Ste. What, mayn't I just give her a little bit of a hint, eh?

Fred. No. [*retires up.*]

Ste. Three months! Lord, Lord, don't I wish the time was come! [*gate bell, R. H.*]

Jas. [*to FRED.*] Your noble friend, at last.

Fred. [*running to window.*] Yes, 'tis he.

Enter SERVANT, door, R. U. E.

SER Sir Arthur Lassell!

Val. [*L., starting violently, aside.*] Oh, heavens!

Lady L. [*aside.*] Arthur, here—

Enter SIR ARTHUR at R. U. E., and comes down, R.

Val. [*L., aside.*] Yes, 'tis he! Oh, misery!

Mar. [L., *watching her.*] Lady Valeria! why, what ails you?

Val. (L.) Nothing—a little faint—keep near me, Martha—

Fred. (R.) My dear friend, heartily welcome!—we began to despair of seeing you—allow me to present my father—[JASPER *bows to the ground*; *crosses to L.*]—My bride—my Lady Leatherbridge [SIR ARTHUR *crosses to L. c.*, and *bows to all successively.*]—my brother—

Toby. [*who gives him a patronising nod.*] How are you!

Lady L. (R C) Sir Arthur Lassell! can I believe my eyes?

Jas. (R., *to SIR ARTHUR.*) What, you know the ladies, then?

Sir A. (L. C.) I have that honor—[*bowing to LADY L.*, R. C.]—that unspeakable happiness—[*bowing to VAL., L.*, *who starts violently.*]

Lady L. [*aside.*] Be still, little fluttering heart, be still!

Fred. 'Tis strange! I was not aware of the acquaintance.

Jas. (R., *aside*) Indeed! that, certainly, is strange.

[FRED, *retires up to window.*

Mar. [L., *struck by VAL.'s manner—aside.*] She grows worse and worse, and can scarcely stand as he approaches her—this must be, is the man she loved—I am afraid loves still—I cannot, will not leave her.

Ste. [*coming down, L., aside to MAR.*] Well, Martha, what say you now? You'll stay where you are, won't you?

Mar. [*eagerly, and still watching VAL.*] I will, I will—[*aside.*]—to be near her in her need!

Jas. [*crosses to FRED., who comes down c.*] And now, my beloved boy, take your old father's blessing—[*embraces him.*]—I've loved you, Frederick, like my own life; your wife will forgive a tear or two at parting. [*wipes his eyes*; *church bells heard at back R.*; WORK-PEOPLE *enter, L. E. F., and when STEPHEN and MARTHA exeunt, they pass across stage, looking out.*] Hark, the merry bells invite us! My Lady Leatherbridge, the

honor of your hand; follow, Frederick with your lovely bride. [JASPER and LADY L. *exeunt* at U. E. R.; FRED. awaits VAL., L., who is apparently unconscious of what is passing; at last he passes to R., and touches her hand; she shudders, and gives it; SIR ARTHUR, R., catches her eye, and bows; FRED. and VAL go out; STEPHEN is about to follow them, when he turns and sees SIR ARTHUR looking at MARTHA, L., through his glass; he runs back, puts MARTHA's arm in his, and runs gaily out with her at U. E. R.; SIR. ARTHUR surprised at being thus left alone, turns and finds TOBY close to him.

Toby. [after a pause, takes pack of cards from his pocket, and presents them to SIR. ARTHUR.] Take a card! [SIR ARTHUR looks at him with astonishment, and *exits*, R. U. E., indignantly; TOBY follows; WORKPEOPLE laugh—shows outside, mingled with the bells.]

ACT II.

SCENE—An Apartment brilliantly illuminated; large folding doors at C., showing a suite of rooms beyond, similarly illuminated; large French (casement) window at R. 3 E.; door, R. 2 E.; doors L. 3. E and L. 2. E.; sofa, R.; arm chairs, &c, table, with writing materials, L.

Enter JASPER PLUM, at C., in evening dress.

Jas. Come, I flatter myself my first assembly opens with satisfactory *eclat*; everything I see, everything I hear, everything I touch, everything I smell appears to me to have something *distinguishe* about it. What ho there! lces for the ball-room!

Enter TOBY at door, R., 2nd, with large tray full of ices; he is in livery.

Jas. [recognising him.] Hollo! how the devil, sir, did you get there?

Toby. Why, being naturally anxious to witness the festivities on this occasion, and as you forgot to send me an invitation [no apologies, I forgive you.] I requested permission of your son, Mr. Stephen Plum. to

put on the livery of the Plums. [*crosses to table L., and places tray on it.*]

Jas. And pray, sir, what is it you do?

Toby. Why, I do the eating and drinking department; I chose it myself, because I felt competent to do the thing well.

Jas. (R.) And pray, sir, is that all you do?

Toby. (L.) No; sometimes I vary the monotony of the thing by asking people to take cards, or to let me show 'em a little conjuring. There's one trick, especially, that I'm very fond of doing. I borrow a gentleman's purse, brimfull of money, and in an incredibly short space of time I return it to him perfectly empty, and what's more, he never sees a farthing of his money again. [*he retires.*]

Jas. Pshaw! [*aside.*] Well thought of; I may make this fellow useful in carrying out my deep-laid plan. It's now two months since I promised that unhappy boy of mine, Stephen, that I would transfer this uneducated girl, Martha Gibbs, from the factory to the saloon; to night she makes her first curtsy in a ball-room—surely there *can* be but one result, her head *must* turn giddy with her sudden elevation, her vulgarity be exposed, perhaps, her integrity shaken, and Stephen be cured of his infatuation. I'll set this fellow to watch her. [*aloud.*] Toby, come here. [*looking about him mysteriously; TOBY does the same.*] You seem to have a good pair of eyes in your head.

Toby. Well, I hope they are, because I give you my honor they're the only ones I've got.

Jas. Listen; there is a certain person here to-night that I wish you to keep your eye upon.

Toby. Somebody you think likely to pocket the spoons?

Jas. Pshaw! in a word the individual that I wish you not to lose sight of, is your former associate in the factory—Martha Gibbs—hush!

Toby. [*aside.*] What's in the wind now? [*loud.*] Ah, yes! by-the-bye, sir, the mill-folk say that Martha has become quite a grand lady.

Jas. That's the point! I wish to know whether she makes a proper return for the kindness I have shown her: you will, therefore, watch her closely, and if you per-

ceive the slightest levity of manner, or the most trifling want of decorum in her conduct, inform me instantly.

Toby. Of course I will. [*aside.*] Of course I wont ; I know a trick worth two of that.

[*going to table and taking tray.*]

Jas. And now, Toby, take that load of pine-apple ice into the ball room, and present an ice to each lady at the end of the Polka.

Toby. The Polka ! O don't talk about it. [*dancing the Polka, and ending with a Pirouette, nearly upsetting the tray.*]

Jas. Zounds ! be quiet—and mind you give it with a grace—I hope you give ice with a grace, Toby ?

Toby. No, sir, I generally give it with a spoon.

Jas. Pshaw ! this is the sort of thing I mean. [*takes tray, and presents it with low bow to TOBY.*]

Toby [*takes ice, and eats it*] Thank you.

Jas. Hollo—hollo, sir.

Toby. Well, I don't mind if I do—[*takes some cake ; eats.*] there, that'll do for the present ; and now I'll go and take a stroll in the ball-room. [*going.*]

Jas. Stop, sir, and take your infernal tray along with you—[*gives TOBY the tray*]—and, Toby, be sure you present an ice to Lady Leatherbridge, spoon and all—

Toby. (R) What, the old lady with a sort of a yellow towel tied ever so many times round her head ? I've given her nine already ; she wanted another just now, but I wouldn't let her have it. [*going*]

Jas. One word more, Toby ; if you should have to announce any one of my guests, Sir Arthur Lassell for instance, mind you do it properly.

Toby O, I know ! [*announcing.*] Here's Mr. Sir. Arthur Lassell.

Jas. That's not it all. [*announcing*] Sir Arthur Lassell, you blockhead ! Now, go along [*as TOBY goes towards C., SIR ARTHUR enters, C L, meets him, and about to take ice of tray.*]

Toby. [*turning away.*] Well, I think you might have waited till I asked you. [*turning to JASPER, and very loud.*] Sir Arthur Lassell, you blockhead !

[*exit C, and L.*]

Jas. Ah, Sir Arthur at last.

Sir A. I beg to apologise, my dear Plum, but Lord Downing, my uncle, arrived at Clifton but two hours ago—hence my detention.

Jas. The Cabinet Minister! my dear Frederick William's patron, who so condescendingly attached him to a diplomatic mission to St. Petersburg, and sent him off fifteen days after his marriage; and all, thanks to *your* influence, *your* solicitations—generous man! This devotion to the interests of the Plum family is only the more intensely gratifying, proceeding as it does from the observed of all observers—a man who has turned half the female heads in the neighborhood. [*aside to him.*] I'll be bound, you've got half a dozen little love affairs in your hands at this moment.

Sir A. You are wrong. [*coolly.*] It is the great moral principle of my life never to exceed *two* attachments at the same time.

Jas. Only two at a time! Conscientious man! Sportsmen say, however, when you flush a covey, aim only at *one* bird.

Sir A. (R.) That rule depends upon the game—it holds good with partridges, not women. Listen; profess love to two women, and you convert them into rivals; jealousy begets competition, and I need not tell a man of business, that competition always benefits the buyer.

Jas. (L.) Ingenious creature! and I'll be bound you have put your principle into practice with enviable success, eh?

Sir A. Tolerably so, and *entre nous*, rather effectively at this moment.

Jas. Indeed! let me hear: great creature, let me hear.

Sir A. You are irresistible, my dear Plum. Well, then, one of the ladies in question I got acquainted with about two years ago at Ramsgate; one day during my morning ride I saw a runaway carriage making for the bank of the cliff; putting spurs to my horse, I succeeded in stopping a career that in a few moments would have been fatal—

Jas. To the carriage?

Sir A. Including the lady.

Jas. O, I see—your heroine No. 1.

Sir A. Precisely; of course, my acquaintance was solicited, and the romance promised the most interesting results, but, unluckily, my uncle insisted on my visiting the Continent—resistance or delay was impossible; however, on my recent return to England, I accidentally met the lady again, and although there are now other claims upon her, which she chooses to fancy sacred, I hope to supersede them by means of the *other* heroine of the story.

Jas. The other? oh, I remember—No 2.

Sir A. Exactly; a very noticable little creature, indeed, who voluntarily throws herself in my way; of course she must be indulged, especially as she serve my projects with the other.

Jas. Poor little No. 2! I'm afraid you'll sacrifice her to No. 1.

Enter VALERIA at c. from L., exclaims "Ah," on seeing SIR ARTHUR. She is immediately and rapidly followed by MARTHA.

Do you know I'd give the world to see this No. 1 and No 2?

Sir A. A little patience and perhaps you may. [*seeing VAL., R.; seeing MAR., L., smiling and looking at each in turn, aside.*] Here's one, and there's the other!

Mar. [*aside.*] Yes, he's here; I felt sure of it.

Jas. (C.) What do you want, Martha?

Mar. [*L., assuming naivete.*] Nothing, I only wanted a rest in here; it is so hot in there!

Jas. [*aside.*] "Rest in here! Hot in there!" Poor Stephen! that ever a son of mine should marry such language as that! By the bye, Martha, don't forget that my son Stephen and I have business early in the morning at Gloucester; we shall start the moment the ball is over; you had, therefore, better retire early, in order to be stirring when factory work begins.

Mar. Very well, sir. [*SIR A. shows that this arrangement has not escaped him.*]

Sir A. [*R., to LADY V.*] Allow me to reconduct you to the ball-room, [*aside to her, and earnestly.*] I must

speak to you alone—hush ! we are observed. [*loud.*] We shall see you presently, my dear Mr. Plum. [*conducts LADY V. out at C. and L.*]

Mar. [*L., aside.*] Again together ! [*about to follow.*]

Jas. Heyday, Miss Martha, is that the way you take “a rest in here, because it is so hot in there ?”

Mar. [*not minding him and still looking after SIR A.*] He leads her to a retired part of the room—she leans on him for treacherous support—I’ll part them at every risk, in spite of him—in spite of herself. My dear departed mistress, help me to save your child !

Exit at C. and L.,

Jas. Well, somehow or other I begin to feel a horrible suspicion that my exceedingly deep-laid plan against Martha will turn out excessively shallow.

Enter LADY LEATHERBRIDGE hastily at C. and L.

LADY L. The bold impertinent minx ! [*walking to L.*]

Jas. Her ladyship, and apparently in a devil of a passion. [*following her.*]

Lady L. The pert, presumptuous hussy !

Jas. [*still walking after her.*] You seem agitated ; I dread to enquire the cause. Haven’t they given you enough to eat and drink ?

Lady L. [*L., suddenly turning upon him ; JASPER jumps away.*] Eat and drink, man ! Do you think I’m a woman to be influenced by confectionery ? besides, I’ve partaken copiously of everything.

Jas. [*aside.*] I begin to suspect she has. [*loud.*] What is the matter ?

Lady L. [*loud and suddenly ; JASPER jumps away*] Plum ! listen. There is a certain young woman, an inmate of your house, report says the affianced bride of your eldest son—

Jas. (R.) I blush to confess it ; but only conditionally, on the condition solely of her exemplary conduct.

Lady L. (L.) ’Tis on that point I wish to speak. [*loud again.*] Plum ! do you sleep with your eyes open ?

Jas. Never !

Lady L. Because when awake you certainly keep them shut, or you would have perceived long ago the

as I invariably ride; but a modest girl may be dazzled by an elegant exterior——

Jas. Flattered by attentions——

Lady L. Especially from a superior——

Jas. To whom she's inferior.

Lady L. In a word, young man, I advise you as a friend to keep an eye upon Miss Martha Gibbs.

Jas. So do I—one eye on her, and one eye on——somebody else.

Lady L. And that somebody else——Sir Arthur Lassell!

Ste. The young baronet? Martha? Ho, ho, ho! [*very loud*]

Jas. [*aside.*] That damned laugh again!

Ste. Come, dad, and you, my lady, confess you've uttered a cruel calumny against a poor innocent girl, and that you be ashamed of yourselves, as you ought to be. Come, confess it——'twill do you good, both on you.

Lady L. Judge for yourself. [*points to MARTHA, who enters arm-in-arm with SIR ARTHUR; LADY VALERIA, escorted by another GENTLEMAN; male and female GUESTS, c. from L.*]

Ste. [*aside.*] Together! arm-in-arm!

Lady L. [*significantly*] Ahem! [*retires to back*]

Sir A. (R. C.) Really, my good Plum, your style of doing the thing is by no means bad. [*looking round*]

Jas. (L. C., *bowing.*) My style of doing the thing feels itself highly honored. [*aside to him.*] By-the-by, I've taken the enormous liberty of making a discovery! I've found out who your No. 1 is.

Sir A. [*starts*] Indeed! [*aside*] I hope not!

Jas. [*aside*] I have—and what's more, I'm happy to tell you she doats on you—in a word, Lady Leatherbridge is yours! [*with great earnestness*] I happen to know it!

Sir A. [*aside*] Ha, ha! [*loud*] I see I must be cautious when the eyes of so discerning a person as Mr. Plum are fixed on me.

[*JASPER bows, retires up, and joins the GUESTS at back; SIR ARTHUR joins LADY VALERIA.*]

Ste. (L., *who has been standing alone and abstracted*) I must, I will speak to her. [*loud*] Martha!

Mar. (R., *coming to him*) Yes, Mr. Stephen.

Ste. I've just two words to say to you, Martha.

Mar. Indeed!—not now—presently—during the next dance. I hope you remember you are my partner?

Ste. Oh, yes! I've no objections to make a fool of myself for once, just to please you. [*taking her hand, and earnestly*] Martha! [*observing that she is looking at SIR ARTHUR, he quietly drops her hand and turns away to hide his emotion*]

Mar. [*watching SIR ARTHUR and LADY VALERIA*] He whispers her again! Ah, that blush! that emotion! I cannot, dare not separate them again—what's to be done? [*suddenly*] Ah! yes, it shall be so. [*loud*] Mr. Stephen.

Ste. [*approaching*] Well, Martha.

[*SIR ARTHUR and LADY VALERIA, who are talking apart, advance down Stage, R.*]

Mar. You'll not refuse me a favor?

Ste. I don't think I could if I tried. What is it, Martha?

Mar. Why, that you ask your sister-in-law, Lady Valeria, to be your partner for the next dance.

Ste. [*trying to conceal his vexation*] The next dance! Certainly, Martha, if you wish it; only I thought—

Mar. That you were engaged to me. So you are—only Lady Valeria is evidently hurt at your want of attention—I see she is.

Ste. Is she though? Lord love her, I'm sure I'll dance with her till I drop, and she too!

Mar. Then make haste, ask her before she is engaged—now go. [*pushing STEPHEN*]

Ste. [*approaches VALERIA, and slightly shouldering SIR ARTHUR to R.*] Beg pardon, baronet. Sister-in-law, I understand you want to dance with me—I mean, you understand I want to dance with you—that's it. I'm not much of a hand at it; so if you turn and twist me about too much, down I go, as sure as a gun. However, I'll do my best.

Val. [*aside*] How fortunate! I can thus avoid the interview Sir Arthur solicits. [*taking STEPHEN's arm*] I assure you, my dear brother-in-law, I am only too happy to secure you for my cavalier.

Ste. Be you, though? then come along. [*hurries VALERIA out, pushing unceremoniously through other DANCERS, who follow them off with JASPER, C. and L.*]

Sir A. (R.) So, so! she thinks to escape me. Well, let the poor bird flutter her wings a little longer, and dream of liberty; my prize may be delayed, but is not the less secure. I'll not lose sight of her. [*here LADY L. puts her arm within his, hiding her face modestly with her fan; SIR ARTHUR annoyed goes out rapidly, at C. L., dragging her after him. Soft Music heard, L. U. E.*]—"Sir Roger de Coverley."

Mar. [watching him out] Once more I've parted them, and for a short time, at least, she is safe. Would that Mr. Frederick were returned; for every hour that prolongs his absence gives hope to Sir Arthur, and fear to me! [*looking off at C. L.*] Ah! what do I see? Sir Arthur again at her side! How earnestly he speaks to her! and there stands Mr. Stephen staring up at the ceiling like a great simpleton—and now, now—he starts off, dancing all by himself, and throwing the whole room into confusion. If I could but interrupt them! Ah, Sir Arthur looks this way!—sees me!—shall I hesitate? No—*her* reputation must be saved, though I risk my own. Perhaps a smile even from the poor factory girl will not be lost upon his vanity. [*looking off at C., and smiling*] Yes, he comes. Did he but know how I despise and hate him! [*seats herself, R.; Music ceases*]

Enter SIR ARTHUR, C. from L.

Sir A. [aside] I was right—she is here, and, of course, alone—that alluring smile couldn't be mistaken. As I have never been made love to before, I am rather curious to see how women set about it. [*takes book, seats himself at table, L., pretending to read, but keeps his eyes on MARTHA*]

Mar. [aside] He doesn't speak.

Sir A. [aside] Not a word! perhaps a step or two towards the door may assist her powers of articulation. [*rises and moves towards door, C.; meets TOBY, who appears, C. L., with his tray*] Nothing, I thank you. [*TOBY turns and goes out, C. L.*]

Mar. [aside] If he leaves me, he returns to her. [*loud*] Sir Arthur Lassell—

Sir A. Ah, my good Martha—

Mar. I wish to speak to you; a few moments are all I ask, you will then be free to return to—another. [*with pretended emotion*]

Sir A. [*aside*] Jealous! better and better. [*loud*] Another, did you say?

Mar. [*with heavy sigh*] Heigho!

Sir A. [*aside*] Poor thing! now I look at her, she's really very far from ill-looking! [*going up and taking chair, L.*; TOBY again appears with his tray, L. 3 E.; SIR ARTHUR sees him; TOBY turns and goes out, L. 3 E.] Damn that fellow! [*approaches MARTHA with chair, sits, L. C.*]

Mar. [*aside, and watching him*] He remains; I thought so. [*loud*] The conversation which I ventured to interrupt, must, doubtless, have been very interesting; at least, it appeared so—to the lady, especially.

Sir A. Nay, a mere string of ball-room common-places.

Mar. Why deceive me? In your earnestness and her emotion, I read my own folly—and—its punishment. [*turns her head away with pretended emotion*]

Sir A. [*aside*] So, so. Now then, effectually to arouse her jealousy, and the victory's mine. [*about to take her hand, but stops on seeing TOBY; who again appears at another door, R. 2 E.; after a pause TOBY turns and goes out again, R. 2 E.*] I shall kill that man presently, I'm sure I shall! Frankly, then, Martha—dear Martha—[*taking her hand, she shudders*—the earnestness you observed in my manner to Lady Valeria, was the natural effect of the language I was addressing her.

Mar. [*aside*] I must and will know the worst. [*aloud*] O, Sir Arthur, think me mad, if you will, but did she—did she say—[*unable to continue; suddenly*]—What did she say?

Sir A. [*aside*] One drop more in her cup of jealousy, and she's mine! [*aloud*] Her reply is yet to come. [*low*] I have solicited an interview to-morrow, and when the ball breaks up, should she consent to meet me, she will let the flowers which she carries in her bosom, fall to the ground.

Mar. [*imploringly*] O, promise—swear to me that you will not meet her.

Sir A. [*more boldly and earnestly*] On one condition—and on one condition only.

Mar. [*hurriedly*] Name it.

Sir A. Listen, Martha. [*about to address her in a half whisper sees TOBY, who appears at door, L. 2 E.; TOBY turns and goes out again; SIR ARTHUR watches him out; then low*

and rapidly to MARTHA, pointing to window, R. 3 E.] Yonder casement communicates with the garden; the moment Mr. Plum and his son have left the house for Gloucester, let me find that casement open and you *here*. On that condition, and that only, I will not meet the lady.

Mar. [*shuddering*] No, no.

Sir A. As you please; Lady Valeria may possibly be more compassionate. [MARTHA *about to speak*] Nay, I do not require your answer now; reconsider my proposal, and when the company disperse, should you chance to feel less inflexible, recollect you have just taken your first lesson in the significant language of flowers! [*points to the nosegay she carries in her bosom and bows; at this moment STEPHEN enters C. L., sees him bow and stops; SIR ARTHUR going out at L. 3. E., meets TOBY, who again appears with his tray*] What the devil do you want, sir?

Toby. Why, I've been waiting for a considerable time to ask you, if you'd take an ice.

Sir A. No.

Toby. Then, perhaps, you'll take a card.

Sir A. Begone, booby! *Exit* SIR ARTHUR, L. 3 E. TOBY following.

Mar. [*aside*] An interview with him alone! No, no, I'm not prepared for that!

Ste. [R., *as if throwing off a painful suspicion, and rapidly advancing*] Martha!

Mar. [*startling*] Mr. Stephen!

Ste. I've been looking for you, Martha, and I was told by more than one of my father's guests, that the surest way of finding Martha Gibbs, was to look for the man who has just left her.

Mar. (L.) Oh, Mr. Stephen, you do not, cannot suspect—

Ste. [*taking her hand*] I never do suspect, Martha—where I place my love, there I place my trust—and now, Martha, there's a secret—a secret that much concerns me and—somebody else, Martha—a secret that I've had locked up in my breast for these three months past, and an uncommon hard matter I've had to keep it there, surely—

Mar. A secret.

Ste. Yes—[*taking her hand, and half timidly.*]—I'm—
—I'm going—I'm going to be married, Martha—at least, I
hope so—

Mar. [*with emotion, and withdrawing her hand.*] Married!
you!—

Ste. Don't take away your hand, Martha, but leave it
where it is—in *mine*—as a token and a pledge that you will
be my wife!

Mar. Your wife! [*clasping his hand.*]

Ste. My wife, Martha! Oh, it's all settled long ago; dad
knows all about it, Freddy knows all about it, and soon
everybody shall know all about it; in another week the
three months will be out, and then—Lord! Lord! it won't
bear thinking about.

Mar. The three months! what do you mean?

Ste. Why—[*with hesitation.*]—you see, when I told dad
how desperate fond I was of you, says he to me, “Harkye
Stephen,” says he, “let Martha know naught of this for
three months, and if during that time she does nothing to
forfeit the good character she hold, you shall be a husband,
and I'll be a father to her.” And now, Martha, you have
my secret.

Mar. [*with a strong impulse of affection.*] And you shall
have *mine*—Stephen, I love you! truly, gratefully, dearly
love you!

Ste. [*clasping her in his arms.*] Oh, oh! I'm so happy,
I don't know what I want to do most—laugh or cry. Lord,
lord, what a wedding we'll have! No fine folks in carriages
—no powdered coachmen and footmen, and all that gimcrack
nonsense—no, no. Martha, we'll walk to church, arm-in-
arm, with all the factory at our heels—five hundred of 'em
—and every one with a prayer in his heart, and a blessing
on his lip, for his young master and mistress. [*suddenly
trying to look grave.*] But don't forget, Martha, there be
another week to slip away, and mind you be a better girl
than ever—if that be possible.

[*GUESTS pass across from, L. to R.*]

Mar. Do not fear. Do but add confidence to love, and
whatever you may see, whatever you may hear, trust me,
Stephen, I will be worthy of them both.

Ste. Don't I *know* you will? Look, there be the com-

pany breaking up. Not a word afore dad. [*retires up, R.*]

Mar. I can scarce believe my happiness! A few minutes since, and I might have compromised myself and lost the greatest joy that life can give—the honest love of an honest heart! I now renounce the task I had imposed upon myself! Henceforth, Lady Valeria, I can only *pray* for you.

Enter LADY LEATHERBRIDGE, LADY VALERIA, and

SIR ARTHUR, C. *from* L.

Jas. [*without, L.*] Where's Lady Valeria? Where's Lady Leatherbridge? Where's Stephen? Where's anybody?—where's everybody? [*runs in with open letter in his hand.*] News! great, glorious news!

All. What?

Jas. He's here—I mean he will be here—he's come back—that is, he's coming back!

All. Who?

Jas. (C.) Frederick William! my darling son! [*to VALERIA.*] Your husband! [*to STEPHEN.*] Your brother!

Ste. Brother Freddy coming back—huzza!

Jas. I have just received this letter—my boy is now on his return to England—nay, may be hourly expected here.

[*Exit, C. L., with* LADY L.

Sir A. [*aside.*] Hourly expected—but not yet arrived; and I not yet defeated!

Mar. [*R., aside, and thankfully.*] Her husband returns and she is saved!

Val. [*L. aside.*] And is mine the only heart that feels no joy? I cannot—dare not—*will* not meet him! [*starting at seeing* SIR ARTHUR'S *eye fixed upon her.*]

Mar. [*R., aside, and observing her.*] What ails her! Ah! the tempter's eye is upon her! She trembles—hesitates—life and death, honor and shame are in that struggle! Ah! [*seeing* VAL. *drop her bouquet.*] She's lost!

Sir A. [*aside.*] I triumph! [*smiles significantly at* MARTHA.

Mar. [*under strong emotion.*] She stands upon the brink of ruin! Shall I not snatch her from destruction? Yes, yes—I *will* save her, whose mother preserved mine! [*looks at* SIR A.; *and drops her bouquet.*]

Sir A. [*C., aside.*] A double shot, egad!

Ste. [*coming down, R.; picking up* MARTHA'S *bouquet*

and presenting it to her.] Martha, you've dropped your nosegay. *[seeing her hesitate.]* Take it, Martha. *[in a subdued tone, and affectionately pressing her hand.]* The next flowers you wear will be a wreath of bridal flowers!

Exit SIR A. and VAL., C. and L.; *as he is going out,* SIR A. turns, looks significantly at MARTHA, and bows to her; STEPHEN notices the action and seems struck.

Mar. [crosses to L., aside, and shuddering.] I am sick at heart!

Ste. [up R., to MARTHA, who seem absorbed in thought, and gently touching her arm.] Martha, the ball-room be nearly empty! Martha, I say! *[MARTHA covers her face with her hands.]* This agitation! this emotion! What has happened? Speak!

Mar. [C., in high excitement.] I cannot—cannot—Stephen---*[unable to proceed.]* Heaven help me! *[rushes out, R. 1. E.]*

Ste. [a long pause.] This is strange! very strange! she says she loves me, yet when that man returns—the very man that I've been warned against—she seems bewitched that moment! her eyes are fixed on him, and not one look for me! and when I ask her to explain, she hides her face, runs away, and leaves me in this terrible cruel doubt. *[going to L. 1. E.]* Doubt? Did I say doubt! If I did, I ought to be ashamed of myself—for look---a light in her room and her door open---and there I see her now, sitting with her book spread afore her, and writing down all she's said, and done, and thought, with Heaven and her own conscience looking on! Oh, Stephen, 'tis the *first* doubt of her, that ever came into your heart, and let it be the *last*! Ah! she rises---shuts her book and leaves her room! She comes this way! I'll take the other passage! I must and will read what she has written! 'Twas there I first learnt her worth; 'tis there I'll seek her justification!

[Exit, L. 2. E.]

Enter VALERIA, L. 3. E.

Val. What can Martha mean? Why the mysterious tone and tenor of her words as she passed me hurriedly in the corridor? She begged, implored me instantly to meet her here---Ah! she comes!

Re-enter MARTHA, *hurriedly,* L. 1. E.

Mar. [L., approaching VAL.] Oh, thanks, thanks!

Val. [R., coldly and retiring from her.] To the business before us—why have you solicited this interview!

Mar. [with animation.] To save you from a villain—yes, lady, if his actions call him villain, why should my tongue do less? [with increasing energy.] The man who cheats at cards is struck from the fraternity of gamblers as a wretch too base to mingle even with the base—but what must that man be, who tempts a virtuous wife to a game where she stakes all and he stakes nothing? Where she, poor cheated thing, madly lays honor, conscience, happiness, heaven itself upon an accursed chance—whilst he has nothing left to lose, not even his worthless character.

Val. [aside] Does she presume to rebuke me? [aloud.] I beg to know the drift of this eloquent invective.

Mar. A little patience and you shall. [aside, and looking towards window.] Not yet come! [goes up L., and looking towards, R., window.]

Val. You seem expecting some one.

Mar. Yes, madam! one who loves me! at least he tells me so! Ah, that noise! [hurries to window and looks out.] My visitor is here, madam! you may, perhaps, recognise him. [partly withdrawing curtain.]

Val. [L., who has gone a few steps up the stage.] Sir. Arthur, 'tis he!—[to MARTHA.]—and do you presume to say Sir Arthur has asked a secret interview with you?

Mar. I do.

Val. And even pretended love to you?

Mar. I do.

Val. I'll not believe it.

Mar. You shall hear it from his own lips.

Val. Still so confident? if you prove this—

Mar. [hurriedly.] I will—I will—but moments are precious—in, in here. [hurries VAL. into room, O. P. 2. E.; the window is opened, and SIR ARTHUR looks cautiously in.]

Sir A. The window open? then Mr. Plum and his son must have left the house. Martha, are you alone?

Mar. Yes. [aside.] How I tremble. [leans for support on chair, looking anxiously towards the door at which VAL. is gone out; SIR A. enters then, closes window; at this moment the door, P. S. 3. E., is cautiously opened, and LADY L. looks in.]

Lady L. [*aside.*] I was not deceived, then ! O the monster ! O the hussy ! [*closes door again.*]

Sir A. [*R., who turns and sees the motion of the closing door.*] 'Tis strange ! my presence seems to agitate the very doors. Again ? Ah, that glance revealed a petticoat ! I am watched, what but jealousy can prompt this espionage ? it *must* be Valeria. [*smiling.*] Then I must change my tactics. Audacity befriend me ! [*approaching MAR., and assuming a cold and constrained manner.*] Martha, you will think me a strange creature, and so I am ; but in the fashionable world one contracts bad habits, and does mischief without intending it. At this evening's ball, for instance, I was betrayed into a tenderness towards you, which, though in every way qualified to inspire it, it is my duty to tell you, you can never create in me. [*in a loud tone, and looking towards door, L. H. 3. E.*]

Lady L. [*looking out.*] Noble Arthur ! take that hussy !

Mar. [*L. aside.*] Have I been deceived ? [*loud.*] But this interview, sir—your own solicitation—

Sir A. Was eminently moral—as my explanation will prove. [*directing his speech towards door, L. H. 3. E.*] My dear young friend, I have long fancied I observed in you a partiality for my society ; which, however flattering to my vanity, honor compels me to suppress. [*loud and pointedly.*] My heart has long been exclusively devoted to a woman, whose life I had once the happiness to save !

Lady L. [*bobbing out at door.*] Extatic recollection ! happy Letitia. The victory's mine, and now for my revenge upon that hussy ! [*disappears, closing door with noise.*]

Mar. [*aside, and looking towards door where VAL. is.*] I thought to save her, and I have completed her ruin ! [*closes to. R.*]

Sir A. [*who has observed the closing of the door, L. H. 3. E., hurriedly approaches it, and looks out ; aside.*] Valeria's gone ! she's mine—now for the other ! A little bombast will do good here. [*hastening to MAR., and assuming a strongly contrasted manner.*] Dry the tears that dim those lovely eyes, sweet Martha, and let your ear bear these reviving tiding tiding to your heart—I love you !

Mar. [*R., aside.*] What do I hear ! [*aloud.*] Indeed ! then your love for another—

Sir A. (L.) Pshaw! a mere lover's stratagem to convince myself of your affection; and now, sweet Martha banish jealousy for ever, exert your empire over me, and you will find me the slave of your every wish. [*about to take her waist; gale bell, R. M. E.*] What noise is that?

Mar. [*running to window.*] A travelling carriage at the door,

Jas. [*without, L.*] What, oh—John—Thomas—lights here!

Sir A. Plum's voice—the devil!

Mar. Fly—fly—by the garden—quick—

Sir A. We shall meet again—

Mar. Yes, yes—but fly—save yourself—save me! [*Sir A. hurries out at window; at the same moment Val. staggers in door, 2. R., pale and almost fainting; leans on chair for support, R.*]

Mar. [*running to her.*] Oh, Valeria—dear Valeria—speak to me. Forgive, O forgive me, for the misery you have suffered.

Val. Forgive you, Martha? you who have taught me to loathe this heartless hypocrite, and love the generous husband in whose face I can now presume to look—in whose arms I can now presume to shelter! Forgive you? O Martha, my endless gratitude is yours!

Mar. Speak not of gratitude—say you will love me, lady—let me be your friend.

Val. My sister! [*falling in Mar. arms.*]

Mar. And now, dear friend—dear sister—be yourself again. Mr. Plum has this moment unexpectedly returned—hark—he's here!

Jas. [*without.*] Where's Lady Valeria?—this way—this way!

Mar., looks at **Val.**, putting her finger on her lips; **Enter** **JASPER**, **LADY LEATHERBRIDGE**, and **FREDERICK**, in travelling dress, C. from 1.

Fred. (P. C.) Valeria! [*opening his arms.*]

Val. My husband! [*rushing into his arms.*]

Fred. Dear dear Valeria! what happiness to meet again! do you not think so, dearest?

Val. [*with deep emotion, and clasping his hand in both of her's.*] Yes; indeed, indeed, I do! [*they talk apart.*]

Jas. [R. C., *aside to him.*] It's all very well, Plum, but remember you have a duty to perform. [*pointing to MAR., who is mutely expressing her joy at FRED'S return.*]—There she stands: how demure the little hypocrite looks! do your duty, Plum.

Jas. [*aside to her.*] You're sure of the facts?

Lady L. Quite.

Jas. Then here goes! [*aloud and assuming a serious tone.*] Frederick, and you, Lady Valeria—[*motioning them to approach.*]—the day of your return home, my dear boy, should have been one of unalloyed happiness to us all; but, unfortunately, it is not so! [*looking severely at MAR.*]

Fred. (R.) Father, what mean you?

Lady L. [*aside.*] Now, now comes the triumph of Leather-bridge over Gibbs!

Jas. Martha Gibbs!

Mar. (L.) Sir—

Jas. (C.) You have not been *alone* since the ball broke up., [*MAR. and VAL. exchange looks.*] Late as it is, you have had a visitor!

Mar. [*without hesitation.*] Lady Valeria—sir—

Jas. The visitor, I allude to, is Sir Arthur Lassell—I have proofs—you have been seen together—

Lady L. (L. C.) Yes! I am proud to say I was a listener behind that door! [*pointing to, L. H. 3 E., MAR. and VAL. again exchange looks of alarm.*]

Jas. [*to MAR.*] You are silent; and to think that you— you whom I should soon, very soon have welcomed as a daughter, should have basely attempted to bring this blight upon the Plums! Lose no time in making the necessary preparations for your departure; in ten minutes you leave this roof for ever.

Mar. For ever!—oh, sir! [*bursts into tears, and hides her face in her hands.*]

Val. [R., *aside.*] Accused—disgraced—and for me! It must not, shall *not* be! [*aloud*] Hold, sir! [*to PLUM.*]

Fred. (R. C.) Nay, Valeria, my father is right; for all our sakes—for *your* sake especially, this unhappy girl must leave this roof: I cannot allow your character to be endangered by any farther association with one so undeserving.

Mar. [*aside.*] This from *him*!

Val. [*aside.*] She shall not suffer for my fault. [*aloud to FRED.*] One moment, sir, and listen to me—

Mar. [*quickly.*] Be silent, lady, I implore! You have heard your husband's words—[*with emphasis,*] it is necessary for your reputation that I should leave this house.

Val. [*crosses rapidly, and aside to her.*] Oh, Martha, you cannot think that I will suffer—

Mar. [*aside to her, and taking her hand.*] Nay, Valeria—the knowledge that you are happy, will comfort me when I am gone. One word more—[*with deep emotion.*] there is *one* heart, beside your own, that will lament me—tell him, when I am gone, that I owed a heavy debt of gratitude to a benefactress, and—I have paid it!

[*Exit, L. 1. E*]

Jas. [*C., affected.*] Somehow or other, I don't feel quite so indignant as I did.

Lady L. [*L. C., aside to him.*] Plum, you're melting.

Jas. No—no—no; Plum is all stone again. She must, she *shall* quit the factory!

Enter STEPHEN, hurriedly, C. L., followed by TOBY.

Ste. Quit the factory! Who, dad? No, no—no anger against any one, the day that my brother comes back to us. Welcome home, Freddy, a hundred and a hundred times welcome!

Fred (*R.*) Dear Stephen! [*they shake hands heartily.*] Ah! my good friend Toby! [*shakes TOBY's hand.*]

Toby. (*R.*) Yes, sir; I didn't feel inclined to go to bed; and so, for want of something better to do, I was asking myself to take cards, when I saw you arrive.

Ste. (*R. C.*) And now, dad, who is it that must quit the factory? [*seeing JASPER and FREDERICK appear confused.*] Why, father—brother—brother—what's the matter with you both?

Toby. [*affectionately to JASPER.*] Ain't you well, sir?—And yet you didn't eat and drink so *very much* after all; if her ladyship had been poorly, I shouldn't have been so much surprised.

Lady L. Fellow!

Ste. Hold your tongue, Toby! [*seriously.*] For the third time, father, who is it that must quit the factory?

Jas. You shall have your answer, Stephen Plum—the

person just discharged from your father's factory is—Martha Gibbs.

Ste. [*starting.*] Martha Gibbs! But why?—why?

Jas. Because I have proved her to be ungrateful to *me*, and false to *you*!

Ste. [*staggering.*] False! Father, you have been deceived, some one has been imposing on your simplicity, for you know you be simple, dad—ye—ye—you've been deceived—I know—I'm sure you have! [*deeply affected.*]

Jas. I wish I had, my poor boy; but her perfidy is undeniable. I have proofs, that on this spot, within this hour, she has received a lover, and that lover not Stephen Plum.

Lady L. Yes, young man.

Ste. [*violently to her.*] Silence!

Fred. Stephen, it grieves me to afflict you, but Martha's admitted visitor this night was Sir Arthur Lassell.

Ste. (R.) Sir—Arthur Lassell!

Toby. (R., *suddenly.*) I knew it—I expected it, from what I saw.

Ste. (R. C.) You *knew* it? [*crosses to TOBY*] What?

Jas. Speak, sir—what did you see? Did you observe any familiarity?—speak! [*anxiously.*]

Toby. Well, then, I certainly must say, my constitutional delicacy was considerably shocked at witnessing the familiarity—

Jas.

Lady L. } [*anxiously.*] Yes—yes—

Toby. The astonishing familiarity between you and Lady Leatherbreech!

[JASPER and LADY L. turn up stage indignantly.]

Ste. Ha, ha, ha! Well said, Toby! I can laugh now I will laugh—for I see the plot against me. My father and brother would blush to see me marry an honest girl out of honest love, and they do this cruel thing to drive me mad! But I'll not go mad. Martha Gibbs shall be my wife; for she's innocent—I know it and can prove it.

Lady L. (L.) Absurd!

Ste. [*violently.*] Silence, woman!

Toby. (R., *confidentially to her.*) I would really advise you to put a curb on your parts of speech.

Ste. (R., *crosses to C.*) Father, come here—and you too,

brother. If I could show you, *prove* to you, that Martha has for some time past—years, perhaps—never laid her head upon her pillow at night, without writing down in a book everything that she had thought, said, or done, in the day that was gone—supposing, I say, that this poor girl's diary was placed in your hands, would you, *could* you disbelieve what you found written in it? No, I'm sure you couldn't! Such a diary has Martha kept, and here it is! [*producing book and opens it.*] Yes, here's the page she has just written—the ink scarce dry. I had a hard matter to find it in the dark—but though I've not read it, I know that it will justify her. Listen:—[*reading.*] “During the ball to-night Mr. Stephen took me aside and told me that he loved me”—I did, dad; I let the secret out; I couldn't help it!—[*reading agin.*] “The next moment Sir Arthur Lassell came to me, and—and”—[*suddenly stopping.*] No---no---it can't be!

Fred. Proceed, Stephen.

Ste. (collecting himself and reading slowly.) “Sir Arthur Lassell came to me, and telling me——” (*covers his face with his hand.*)

Fred. (reading the book which STEPHEN still holds in his hand.) “And telling me he loved, too; solicited an interview, which I granted.” [*STEPHEN falls into a chair, R., overwhelmed with grief*]

Val. [L., snatches book out of STEPHEN'S hand, and looks at it; then aside.] Not one word that condemns, or even compromises me! Dear, generous, noble hearted girl, you have taught me my duty! [*hastens to table, L., seats herself and writes; FRED. goes to STEPHEN, and attempts to console him.*]

Enter MARTHA, L. 1. E.; has changed her dress to that of a Spinner, as in Act I.; she carries an account book; JASPER crosses to L.]

Mar. [to Jas.] Before I leave the factory, sir, I wish to place in your hands these accounts; you will find I have kept them faithfully. [*JASPER crosses to R., who at the first sound of her voice has looked up; their eyes meet; aside.*] Stephen here, and they have told him all! I can bear their scorn, but not his sorrow!

Ste. [*putting FRED. aside, who endeavors to detain him, and advancing towards MAR.*] Martha! [*with a violent effort to control himself.* You said to me, not an hour since, "Stephen add confidence to love, and whatever you may hear---whatever you may see---trust me, I will be worthy of them both." What I have *heard*, Martha, I need not tell you; what I have *seen*, I must tell you! I have seen written in your diary---in your own hand, that after I had told you that I loved you, and proved that love by asking you to be my wife, Sir Arthur Lassell, "telling you he loved you too, solicited an interview, which you granted." I now ask you, Martha, is this true? has that man been here?

Mar. [*in a subdued tone.*] He has!

Ste. (*without looking at her, motions with his hand towards door c.*) O Martha! Go! go! [*MARTHA is about to go, when she turns, takes STEPHEN's hand and presses it to her lips; then about to go off*]

Val. [*suddenly rising and advancing to, L. E.*] Hold! [*to JASPER and FRED., who are about to interfere*] One moment, I beg, Martha! [*MARTHA turns; STEPHEN retires up L., and there watches the scene.*]

Val. [*L. E., resuming in a loud and decided tone.*] Martha, I must not---will not accept your generous sacrifice!

Jas.

Fred.

Lady L.

} Sacrifice!

Mar. [*eagerly to VAL.* Oh, Madam! what are you about to do?

Val. (E.) My duty! These pages, the poor girl's diary, upon which you have accused, condemned, and degraded her, contained but a portion of the truth; the supplement I have supplied! [*placing the book in FRED's hand.*] Read sir!

Fred. [*R. E. aside.*] What can this mean? [*reading aloud.*] "Sir Arthur Lassell solicited an interview, which I granted"---

Jas. Now for the supplement. [*all appear anxious.*]

Fred. In Valeria's handwriting! why do I tremble? [*reads.*] "Martha granted the interview, not to indulge her affection, but to dispel my infatuation. This false friend once preserved my life, and reared upon my gratitude

the base design of robbing me of all that makes life worth preserving. To save *me*, Martha tore away his mask, and exposed the features of the selfish libertine. O Frederick to this calumniated generous girl I owe, perhaps, the precious privilege of thus asking your forgiveness!" [*turns and sees VAL. on her knees before him, her face buried in her hands, unable to speak; lets the book fall and staggers to chair, R.*]

Ste. (L.) She's innocent---she's innocent! O my blessed girl! Ha, ha, ha. [*ushing forward, and receiving MARTHA, who sinks in his arms.*]

Toby. (R., imitating STEPHEN's hysterical laugh.) Ha, ha, ha. [*throws his arms round LADY L.*]

Mar. [*recovering; runs to VAL., and addresses FRED.*]
O sir, speak to her; her heart is almost breaking!

Fred. (R. C., to MARTHA.) Noble girl, you are too just to urge me to my own dishonor; your virtue is my full security that I am not called upon to pardon guilt. (*turns to VAL. still kneeling; opens his arms.*) Valeria! (*she rushes into them.*) No allusions to the past---no word of reproach shall ever pass my lips!

(SIR ARTHUR heard without, L. C.)

Sir A. My friend Frederick returned, say you.

Fred. (R. E.) Ah! the villain's voice!

Val. (E.) Frederick, for my sake no violence---

Ste. (L.) No, Freddy, no violence; I'll just chuck him out of the window, or something of that sort. (*JASPER picks up book, and crosses to L.*)

Toby. (R.) Or suppose we treat him with the quiet contempt he deserves, and all pitch into him at once.

(STEPHEN turns up stage, L., and crosses to R. E., at back.)

Enter SIR ARTHUR, C. L.

TOBY [*meeting him, and bowing him down.*] This way, sir; I won't take your hat and cane, because I don't think your's is likely to be a long vist.

Sir A. [*E. looking round the room.*] Quite a family party, I declare. [*to Fred.*] My dear Frederick, I heard of your arrival, and late as it is, hastened to congratulate you. [*offering hand; FREDERICK is about to assault him, but is withheld by VAL. and STEPHEN*]

Val. Frederick, I implore—

Ste. [*R. E. getting between FRED. and SIR A.; to FRED.*] Be quiet, Freddy, let me talk to him; if you let me talk to him, I won't chuck him out of the window—there now! [*to SIR A., smiling*] Yes, sir, as you say, we *be quite a family* party. There be Freddy and *his* wife, and there be me and *my* wife—[*here VAL. and MAR. pointedly embrace their husbands*]—and then there be dad and his new daughter, Martha.

Jas. [*L. taking MAR. in his arms*] Yes—the dear adopted daughter—the pride of the house of Plum!

Sir A. [*E., aside.*] They have counterplasted, and I have got the worst of it; but I'll mortify them by my unconquerable serenity. [*aloud*] My dear friends, I congratulate you all. [*sarcastically.*] The ladies especially; I will intrude no longer.

Fred. [*advancing*] One moment, Sir Arthur Lassell. But that reflection tells me my indignation would be thrown away; rely on it I should have readily found a tongue and *weapon* to express it: you have disappointed me even of revenge. The man who is incapable of *shame* is unworthy of *resentment*. Retire, sir! Retire, unenviably, safe in the contempt and scorn you inspire! [*points to door.*]

Sir A. [*with perfect placidity.*] Contempt and scorn! Well, I rarely quarrel with expressions; indeed, it would be singularly unjust on this occasion, for I can assure Mr. Frederick Plum and the rest of this refined cotton-spinning fraternity, that I take my leave with the most profound reciprocity of feeling. [*bowing low, and moving to door.*] Ha, ha, ha—

Toby. [*R. up stage, thundering in his ear.*] Ha, ha, ha.

Sir A. Go to the devil!

Toby. [*points to door.*] After you, if you please.

[*Exit SIR ARTHUR, C. L*]

Jas. (C.) Shameless to the last! [*taking STEPHEN aside*] Stephen, my boy, I see you were right—all that glitters is not gold!

Ste. [*D., aside to JAS.*] Gold! Lord love you, no, dad: but—[*pointing after SIR A.*]—they do work up brass with such a polish, now-a-days, it be no easy job to tell one from t'other

Toby. [*returning down stage, R.*] Well, I'm not naturally fond of rascals, but I do like that man—he's such an out and outer !

Lady L. [*R., aside.*] I've lost Arthur, but Plum remains. To be sure, the thing is old and the thing is ugly, but the thing has money ; I'll try the thing. [*loud.*] Plum ! [*simmering and nodding.*] Plum !

JAS. (C., aside) I do believe she's ogling me. Heaven preserve me ! (*shakes a decided negative.*)

TOBY (R., confidentially to LADY L.) Mr. Plum doesn't seem to cry about it, my lady ; but if you'll leave me everything you've got when you're gone, and go as soon as you conveniently can, you are at liberty to propose for me.

LADY L. Faugh ! (*flings out at C. L. ; TOBY follows her up stage, and returns down, L.*)

JAS. (C.) We have shrunk to a narrow circle ; but I begin to think that the circle of happiness is like one of your factory wheels, Stephen—all the *stronger*, the smaller the circumference ! Bless you all, my children, bless you all ! (*FRED. passes to, R.*)

STE. (presenting diary to MAR.) Martha, look here—your diary—what will be your next entry in this precious book ?

MAR. (L.) I hardly know. (*crossing to audience, L. C., hesitatingly*) But if on retiring, I *dared* venture to inscribe there, that we have gained the approving sympathies of the good, kind hearts around us, that would, indeed, be the brightest page, the proudest line in all—The Poor Girl's Diary.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion.

As the world's population grows, the demand for food and other resources will increase. The world's population is expected to reach 8 billion by the year 2025. This means that there will be 8 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 9 billion by the year 2050. This means that there will be 9 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 10 billion by the year 2100. This means that there will be 10 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 11 billion by the year 2150. This means that there will be 11 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 12 billion by the year 2200. This means that there will be 12 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 13 billion by the year 2250. This means that there will be 13 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 14 billion by the year 2300. This means that there will be 14 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 15 billion by the year 2350. This means that there will be 15 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 16 billion by the year 2400. This means that there will be 16 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 17 billion by the year 2450. This means that there will be 17 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 18 billion by the year 2500. This means that there will be 18 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 19 billion by the year 2550. This means that there will be 19 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 20 billion by the year 2600. This means that there will be 20 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 21 billion by the year 2650. This means that there will be 21 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 22 billion by the year 2700. This means that there will be 22 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 23 billion by the year 2750. This means that there will be 23 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 24 billion by the year 2800. This means that there will be 24 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 25 billion by the year 2850. This means that there will be 25 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 26 billion by the year 2900. This means that there will be 26 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 27 billion by the year 2950. This means that there will be 27 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 28 billion by the year 3000. This means that there will be 28 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 29 billion by the year 3050. This means that there will be 29 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.

The world's population is expected to reach 30 billion by the year 3100. This means that there will be 30 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today. The world's population is expected to reach 31 billion by the year 3150. This means that there will be 31 billion people competing for the same resources that we have today.